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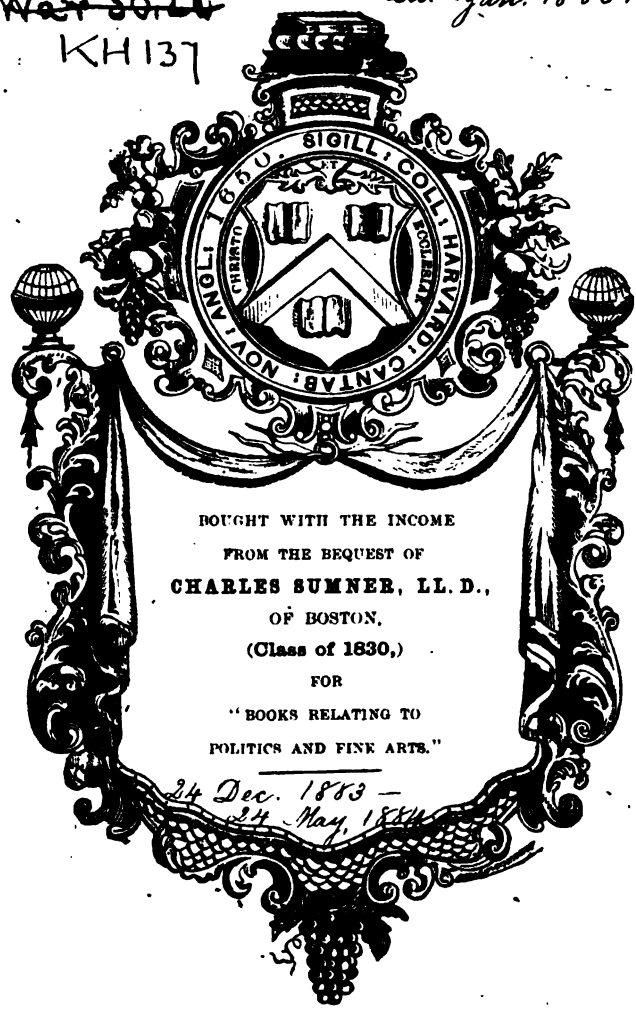

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THE

UNITED SERVICE.

JANUARY 1884.

THE ITALIAN FLEET: ITS CHARACTER AND ORGANIZATION.

(Concluded from page 544, vol. ix.)

AFTER the production of these important opinions it seems that enough has been said on the question of a military debarkation in Italy, but we wish to add another extract from a Parliamentary document of recent origin. On the 9th of last February, during the discussion of the budget on Public Works in the Chamber of Deputies, General Pozzolini, a member of Parliament, made a very important speech, of which the Navy was by no means the subject. Certain strategic lines of railroads was the subject, and the possibility of a debarkation was presented to the orator under the form of a fundamental argument.

General Pozzolini did not fear a debarkation at the *commencement* of hostilities, thinking it would be easy to concentrate at the menaced point enough troops to repulse the enemy; and that even if beaten, the army of the defense, having its retreat unobstructed, would still be able to retaliate. But such conditions would not always hold.

" . . . Suppose the war had already commenced in the valley of the Po, and that the inconstant fortunes of war had not smiled on us. Now, when all our forces had been concentrated in that valley at some point of the two frontiers, it is evident that the army would be too far from the debarking point on the coast to prevent the adversary having time enough before him to seize a piece of our territory before we could intercept him. A debarkation would, therefore, be more cer-

tain and destructive during the progress of a war than at its commencement.

"I might add, that our most dangerous side is the Mediterranean, and not the Adriatic. To my mind a debarkation is possible both to the north and to the south of Mount Argentaro. There are favorable points on both coasts, which it is not my province to indicate here, but the localities may be easily guessed.

"The object of a debarkation to the north of Mount Argentaro would probably be to cut the communications of the army encamped in the north of Italy; while a landing executed to the south of that mountain could have a more decisive object in view, to menace the capital.

"Now, when I consider the powerful ally we have to assist us in the defense of Rome,—*the malaria*,—I do not trouble myself very much about the last case. I wish the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture could, without delay, drain or improve the malarial districts; but, nevertheless, that improvement would result in the loss of a solid means of defense.

"It was around Rome that the hordes of Goths and other barbarians were annihilated, much less by the valor of the defenders than by the ravage of the malaria. During the dangerous months of the season it would suffice to keep an army within the walls of Rome, and the malaria would become the efficacious ally of the defense.

"I also believe that the debarkation most dangerous to us would be that executed at an opportune moment on the coast of Tuscany, with the object of separating the army from the rest of Italy. And in order to prepare against such an event we need a tunnel through the Apennines, placing the valley of the Po in easy communication with Tuscany, so that we would be able to transport troops as rapidly as possible to the point where the landing would take place.

"After a long and conscientious study of all the conditions, particularly those which would result in the interruption of the communications with the coast, and of the multiplicity of points for debarkation, I have acquired the conviction that the line which best satisfies these conditions is the road from Lucca to Modena, etc. . . ."

IX.

Let us turn now from this long digression to the report in which Mr. Maldini considered the nature of the defense of Italy from a maritime point of view. By reason of his antecedents and his professional competency, he was certainly in a position to understand the study which he had pursued for a long period. But even thus elucidated, it was still somewhat complex.

"In the study of coast defense there are two phases to distinguish:

to prevent the attack or the debarkation of the enemy, and to repulse him or resist him when the attack has not been prevented. The first object may be obtained by fleets navigating at large in quest of the enemy's fleets, to destroy or disperse the convoys carrying debarking forces. They can prevent the enemy from approaching the coast, they can pounce on him unawares during his preparations for landing, they can expedite fast cruisers to the armed ports and naval arsenals for information and to give notice of the movements and intentions of the fleet. The great operations that the enemy might attempt, the destruction of important establishments, the attack and investment of the large maritime cities, the landing of a large *corps d'armée* with the intention of penetrating the country, all these operations, which require an imposing array of force and considerable time for their execution, would be unsuccessful if we had a squadron cruising at large, unless the enemy was strong enough to previously destroy our fleet or force it to retire to the ports and there blockade it.

"Whatever be the nature of the war in which we will find ourselves engaged, defensive or offensive, the fleet has a special mission which always comprises aggressive and offensive operations. To suppose the navy limited, in case of war, to defensive operations is to demonstrate that its mission is not understood. 'Defensive operations' for fleets means absolute inaction, and for the development given during peace to the naval forces to be in harmony with the maritime resources of the nation that state of inactivity is inadmissible.

"To protect the merchant marine of the country and destroy that of the adversary within the limits of international law; to attack the enemy's coasts and to cover our own coast; to destroy the maritime establishments of the adversary and to succor the menaced points of our own country; to engage the naval forces of the enemy or to blockade his ports; to debark a military force on his coast or prevent by offensive movements a similar attempt on his part; to co-operate with our land forces and prevent such operations as the enemy might attempt along our maritime frontier,—all these are operations reserved to the fleet.

"The war between Russia and Sweden, at the close of the last century, taught us what a navy under similar circumstances could do. Naval battles, debarkations, bombardment of maritime places, blockade of commercial ports, combined operations of the land and sea forces, were all executed in that war, which had for its theatre of operations such inclosed seas and ragged coasts as the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland.

"Squadrons should not, therefore, shut themselves up in the arsenals or huddle together in the military ports.

"Among the different missions reserved to the navy figures that of defending the ports against the attacks of the adversary's fleet, but we

will fall into a grave error if we consider that particular mission of the navy as its true *raison d'être*. It would be limiting its action to the defense of ports which, on the contrary, should be so fortified as to be able to defend themselves, independently of the aid they might eventually receive from the fleet."

The *rôle* of the navy in general could not be more fully expressed, and without doubt its action on the open sea is the most common as it is the most rational. In the "defensive-offensive" lies the only true efficiency, but it requires a certain freedom of action. Is Italy, in respect to the configuration of her territory, in the same condition as the other maritime powers? This writer does not seem impressed, to the same extent as many naval officers, his compatriots, with the exigencies of the geographical situation, nor convinced that there are particular duties devolving on this fleet.

From this definition of the different services that can be demanded of a navy, considered as one of the fundamental elements in the defense of the country, we find that the character of its *matériel* must satisfy two conditions:

"1st. It should be composed of vessels of the largest dimensions, capable of cruising and remaining on the open sea in search of the enemy's squadrons, for the purpose of engaging them and opposing all enterprises they might attempt against the coast. 2d. It should also possess special vessels particularly adapted to the defense of the ports and coasts according to the local hydrographic conditions, and capable of guarding them against a surprise."

This law evidently applies to all maritime powers. Among all nations and during all epochs the floating *matériel* has been composed of vessels satisfying both conditions; nevertheless, although this writer recognizes that the construction of special types is necessary, he does not hesitate to declare that in Italy more than elsewhere their employment would be very rare and their action forcibly limited.

"Ever since vessels destined to attack the enemy's squadrons have assumed large proportions, every maritime power has deemed it useful to possess vessels adapted to the defense of the coast, and conforming in construction with the character and disposition of their lines of defense as well as their respective hydrographic conditions.

"The armament of the lake of Venice, established by the ancient republic, the character of the English naval reserve and England's maritime *matériel* in general, the monitors constructed during the American civil war, all represent different types for coast defense corresponding to the special conditions of their respective localities.

"The same type which serves for the defense of coasts is still used for the attack of fortified points on the coast, as we have seen for several centuries. The vessels employed by Admiral Duquesne in 1682 and 1683 to bombard Algiers, the special batteries with which the

Franco-Spanish fleet attacked the rock of Gibraltar on September 13, 1782, the floating batteries of the last Admiral of the Venetian republic, Angelo Emo, with which he bombarded Tunis in 1792, all furnish examples of special types employed in the attack of strong positions.

"In the attack of Kinburn, although there were only three ironclad floating batteries, four years later, in the attack prepared against Venice, there were twenty-one gunboats armored at the bow, and drawing very little water, so as to be able to get near the forts and coast-batteries.

"During the American war we saw vessels of that character developed to a great extent. The special conditions of the American coasts, the great rivers, vast lakes, and the peculiar situation of the principal objectives to the attack and defense, explain the extraordinary development of the monitors in preference to larger ironclad vessels, and the nature of the internal strife itself, the operations of which were strictly offensive on the Union side, justified those constructions.

"But similar vessels would answer poorly for the defense of our coasts, where the conditions are absolutely different. We have open harbors, and our shores permit large vessels to approach near enough to attack them; all our ports were built by the hand of man, they are formed by artificial moles inclosing bodies of water, immediately on leaving them we are on the high seas, and on the other hand, large ships can go right along side of these moles. In fact, generally speaking, the hydrographic conditions do not render special types of vessels necessary with us, while they are expected to engage the enemy's ships of the line under all circumstances along the coast. Nevertheless, in such localities as the estuary of Venice, the Tuscany and Roman coasts, special vessels could be employed under certain circumstances, and could assist also in the defense of permanent works erected at these points.

"The prime object of such vessels is to reinforce the land defenses and to ward off sudden attacks by single vessels or detached squadrons. It would be a great mistake to use them for any other purpose. A navy composed of such vessels only could not accomplish its mission in a war with a foreign power. The enemy's fleets would soon destroy it, either in detail or combined action. And it is easy to understand why, if we think of the difference in mass and velocity of a heavy ironclad line-of-battle ship and a gunboat or a coast-defense ram.

"To the means of attack employed by an adversary it is necessary for a navy to oppose analogous means, and as all maritime powers possess fleets composed principally of line-of-battle ships (in the modern acceptation of the term), it is necessary for us to possess a fleet of the same nature, in which small special vessels hold subordinate positions."

This author's observations on the co-operative nature of the fleet are given in terms which deserve also to be entirely quoted.

"Independently of the value of the diverse naval operations that

a fleet can undertake by itself, for the defense of the country, its importance and its necessity in proportion to the land forces depends on the character of their combined action, either in the case of an invasion by the enemy, or an offensive operation undertaken by the national army.

"The topographical, geographical, and hydrographical configuration of our peninsula renders very evident the connection between the land and sea operations of our forces. In fact, the general defense of Italy requires that at any moment of the war we should be able to concentrate in certain positions all the resources of the peninsular and insular port of the country. And to do that the sea must be unobstructed by the enemy's squadrons, in order that the communications between the peninsulas and the islands, between Northern and Southern Italy, remain equally free.

"The most probable theatre of war, or better, the field on which Italy would be called to repel an invasion by way of her continental frontiers, is certainly the valley of the Po. Now, the lines of defense to be met with on this vast theatre of war, from the Maritime Alps to the Adriatic, could be attacked on the side opposite the sea-shore, since they terminate near the sea, where they have behind them and on their flanks large maritime cities. It is thus easy to understand the advantages to be derived from the combined operation of the two military forces, with the object of protecting our army.

"In the study of questions which concern the defense of nations, it will not suffice to examine the hypothesis of victory. If our army were beaten in the valley of the Po, it would retire to the Apennines, which present an important line of defense, capable of arresting, or at least retarding, the ulterior operations of the enemy. In that case it would be necessary to abandon a large part of continental Italy, and then the communications between the rest of the peninsula and the abandoned provinces could only be maintained by sea. It is, therefore, by sea that we must have the means and the facilities for offensive returns directed against the invader, and, consequently, the different operations that our army might have to perform along the coast require the support and co-operation of the navy.

"All places under siege are obliged to succumb at last, whatever their forces, if relief is not brought to them, and the outside allies are unable to raise the siege, either by diversions or by operations against the enemy's convoys. It is thus easy to see how such relief is possible for places like Genoa, Gaeta, Ancona, Venice, Spezia, Messina, and others by the combined efforts of the land and sea forces. If we are masters of the sea, we have nothing to fear for our coast fortifications whenever they may be under siege or invested from the land side.

"Considering next the case in which our army would take the initiative and would carry the war into the enemy's country, we find that

for the execution of military operations that same harmony of action between the land and sea forces would be equally indispensable. The siege of a maritime stronghold undertaken by the army necessarily requires the assistance of the fleet, because in such cases it could seldom reach the sea-front, or if it did, could not hold it, so that the place would have to be blockaded by the fleet to cut off supplies from that direction. This was the case in the siege of Venice in 1849, and against Gaeta in 1860. . . .

"The fleet alone, however, will not suffice for the defense of the coast, and this we say not with the intention of diminishing the importance of the fleet, but, on the contrary, to state its true mission more precisely. It is necessary, above all things, to guard the relative development of the effective power of the different arms against a current of erroneous opinion, because in time of war such opinion invariably becomes the origin of absurd exigencies, bitter revelations, or perfidious judgments. To pretend that the defense of the coast should be confided to the fleet alone, and that it is not necessary to employ other means for that purpose, is to exaggerate the *rôle* of the navy and to falsify public opinion in regard to its true mission."

This writer knew that his theory was not universally accepted, and we have already heard Admiral Saint Bon proclaim, "The *rôle* of the navy is to defend the coast," and Commander Morin, "If the coast cannot be defended by the fleet it cannot be defended at all."

X.

This official expression of views exercised a serious influence on the opinion of the Italian Parliament, but it was afterwards modified by the contradictory writings of many naval officers, who endeavored to reduce the very flattering *rôle* attributed to them to its most modest proportions and to assume in the defense of the coast a more direct cooperation. To-day, however, the current of opinion in the military press favors, more and more, the idea that the navy can alone defend the coasts of the peninsula, and that all efforts should tend to putting it in a condition to accomplish that task.

"In the present condition of our country, and probably for a long time to come, the character of our maritime organization should be eminently defensive and limited to the Mediterranean. To contemplate anything greater, in the shape of offensive operations against the coasts of an enemy, would not harmonize with the prime necessities of our national existence; and these ambitious views, besides requiring a development of power incompatible with the state of our finances, would not be consistent with our political position.[1]

[1] (*Sui migliosi ordini tattici per una flotta moderna*, by Commander Grillo, Italian Navy. This was the subject given out for competitive essays in 1879, by

When Commander Grillo thus limited his maritime programme to the defensive, he did not exclude the possibility of certain operations away from the coast; but he admitted, in common with other naval writers, that a fleet organized in view of a defensive action should always be ready to effect partial counter-attacks, which often constitute even the best mode of defense, or to undertake offensive expeditions at a distance from the coast; that they should be attempted, however, only when the fleet is free to leave the coast without fear of the security of the territory.

It is, we see, the exact reverse of the terms in the report of the permanent committee. According to these ideas, the forms of naval intervention may be classed as follows, in the order of their importance: (1) defense of the coast against attacks having for an objective the occupation of a point on the coast, the ransoming of maritime cities, and debarkations with a view to invasion; (2) defense of the maritime lines of communication for the purpose of assuring the prompt mobilization of the army and preventing the islands from falling into the hands of the enemy and serving as a base of operations; (3) protection of commerce, by preventing the blockade of ports and protecting merchant ships against the enemy's cruisers.

Colonel Perruchetti, whom we have quoted before, made these principles the base of a system of defense against invasions by sea, and shows at great length his understanding of the course to be pursued by the fleet in the particular case which he considered as most menacing.

"When we are weaker than the adversary it is necessary or advantageous either to remain concentrated to manœuvre successfully against an enemy obliged to be divided, or to so divide ourselves as to prevent being surrounded and crushed. Now, it is clear that the French fleet would present itself united, either to protect its convoys or to watch ours and attack our maritime establishments, and it is therefore necessary that our fleet should be so divided and very mobile as to enable it to pounce upon the enemy and hold him constantly in doubt or uncertainty and to seize every opportune moment to attack him.

"In anticipating a maritime invasion from France by the Mediterranean, Italy would have to choose between three systems of defense:

"1st, to organize a base of operations in the Gulf of Spezia. . . . From which place the Italian fleet, *ranged in line of battle at the entrance to the gulf*, being advised of the movements of the enemy by means of numerous rapid cruisers, could quickly move to the menaced point, where it would arrive after the delay of half a day to find some of the simplest operations already ended and others, fortunately, only commenced; . . .

the Minister of Marine, and that of Commander Grillo, which obtained the first prize, was published in the *Rivista Marittima*.)

"2d, to defend the coast by a vast and mobile cruising fleet, steaming along the Mediterranean coast on two or three concentric lines, after the method of the United States cruisers in closing the markets of Europe to the rebels;

"3d (most preferable because energetic), to utilize the island of Sardinia, situated, happily, between the Gulf of Genoa and the Gulf of Lyons, at the doors of Spezia and Naples, as a base, and to establish our fleet in the Straits of Bonifacio, or, in other words, in the enemy's waters between Sardinia and Corsica. A squadron holding the Straits of Bonifacio would have a hold on Corsica with the resources of Sardinia at its disposal, it could not be blockaded, it would defend Spezia, cover Genoa, watch or menace Toulon and all Provence; it could offer, accept, or refuse battle whenever and wherever desired, provided it could obtain plenty of coal and torpedoes enough to open or close at will the passes and canals so that its numerous scouts could enter or leave while those of the enemy would be destroyed."[2]

This last system is the one generally preferred by the officers of the Italian Navy.

Lieutenant Bonamico, in order to simplify the defensive action of the fleet, thus enumerates the three forms that an offensive operation, by France against Italy, would take: 1st, the *external offensive*, or that of which all the objectives are at sea, and against which naval defense only is possible; 2d, the *coast offensive*, of which all the objectives are found on the coast, and against which the defense can be entirely or partially coast or naval; 3d, the *internal offensive*, or that which would have the sea for a line of operations, the coast for a base of operations, and an interior strategic point as its principal objective, towards which it would tend, after having accomplished the preliminary naval operations. Against the latter offensive the defense could be as much naval as coast or interior.

The development given to the study of each of these forms of attack and their corresponding forms of defense is too considerable to be completely exposed in this work, but we will endeavor to confine ourselves to the points most directly connected with the subject under consideration.

"The most effective of offensive tactics is the blockade,"—in the particular hypothesis of a maritime struggle between France and Italy, where the proportion of forces would be as three to one,[3]—in fact,

[2] *Geografia militare*, Perruchetti.

[3] The author represents the comparative force of the different fleets in 1881 as follows: England, 8; France, 5; Russia, 2; Turkey, 1.3; Italy, 1.2; Germany, 1; Austria, 0.8; Spain, 0.6; United States, 0.5; Brazil, 0.4; Denmark, 0.2; Holland, 0.2. The "Italia" and "Lepanto" do not enter into this calculation, and in comparing the value of France and Italy as 3 to 1, he admits that it "would represent the real condition on account of probable reductions to which the French fleet, for many reasons, would have to submit."

the success of numerous maritime operations depends on the elimination of the enemy's fleet, which can only be accomplished either by a strong blockade, or by annihilating it in a tactical battle, of which the strategic character of our defensive plan excludes the probability. Being thus forced to strike out from the list of operations the tactical naval battle that we should at any price refuse, the offensive fleet should then blockade that of the defense, in order to have full security and absolute possession of the sea. Such would always be the objective of an offensive fleet operating against Italy in the Mediterranean.

"In order to do this, it would be necessary to present itself before the enemy's arsenals with sufficient force to prevent the strategic concentration of the defensive fleet; otherwise it would be impossible to make the blockade effective, or at least to so dispose of a number of ships more than triple that of the adversary in such a way as to have the certainty of being able to reunite them at any moment of the campaign.

"It is an operation which would have its difficulties, and which would offer, to the weakest defensive fleet, an opportunity to avail itself of many advantages. The defense, having the possibility of a rapid mobilization, and the enemy being less favored in that respect, would be able to effect a concentration of forces and operate successfully against the divided forces of the offense.

"Although it is not admissible to count on a succession of advantages arising from the ignorance or imprudence of the adversary, I do not hesitate to affirm that such an initial period would be, from a maritime point of view, the most important and most fecund in results for a fleet such as that of Italy, which should thus be for several days superior in force to that of the enemy, and have more freedom of action. In this case its operations would take a tactico-strategic character, because even then it would be necessary to proscribe tactical actions (great naval battles) which might compromise the fleet. The character of our defensive operations during the period when we would be able to dispute with the enemy the sovereignty of the sea should be,—to remain concentrated at sea with our elements most mobile; to preserve the contact with the enemy's fleet and with the coast; to surprise isolated operations; to attack without hesitation, when the result is not doubtful; to endeavor to prevent or retard the formation of the enemy's squadrons, and to prolong as far as possible that period of possession of the sea which assures the mobilization of the army, preserves the country from a peninsular invasion during the concentration of our land forces, and retards the development of offensive operations.

"The war having taken a new phase and the blockade having been effected, the enterprises that the enemy would be free to attempt are the following:

"1st, to compromise or prevent our mobilization by sea;

"2d, to create havoc along the coast, by destroying railroads, telegraph lines, and bridges, in order to retard the concentration of our forces and war material;

"3d, to separate our islands from the continent, by intercepting all communication between them;

"4th, to destroy in our ports all vessels which have not been sheltered in the defensive centres, or to seize them and prevent all commerce, etc.

"None of these aggressive enterprises are so vital, so menacing as to compromise the fate of the nation, and, consequently, the fleet would not be called upon to sacrifice itself in a decisive naval battle, if there were no other object than that of saving honor by some heroic act, at the expense of leaving the country exposed to the gravest menaces against which the fleet could probably otherwise defend it.

"The *external offensive*, disastrous though it be, does not compromise the existence of the nation, and thus does not require the sacrifice of the fleet. . . . Eliminating these, the necessity for a decisive tactical action, it remains to determine the most opportune kind of defense, and that easiest to offer under the circumstances presented by the external offensive, or, in other words, to find out what freedom of action is left to us under a blockade.

"The principles which regulate the blockade remain much the same as during the past period of naval precedents. . . . But they would be full of deception if we were to apply them vigorously to a modern blockade. With sailing fleets, the objective of the blockading fleet was more commercial than military, its inspection more maritime than coastwise, but a modern blockade, to be effective, should take the form of a siege at sea.

"It is true that a blockade undertaken by a great power against one much weaker could be established by means of an active watch over the enemy's strategic centre in the principal zone of his operations, but this system, if it were not intelligently organized and prepared with excessive forces, would be hazardous, owing to the defense being able, from time to time, to profit by numerous opportunities, which would be sure to occur during the course of a maritime campaign.

"I do not believe, for many reasons useless to enumerate, that such a strategic blockade could be accomplished in the Mediterranean by any power except England; France could attempt it only during a period of relative truce, when her operations would have nothing to fear from our defense. During the first months of the war, before her maritime expeditions had become thoroughly organized, and before her army had become independent of a maritime base, a blockade would be as difficult as that stage of the campaign would be critical. . . .

". . . With our fleet, whose effective power is only one-fourth that of the enemy's fleet (due regard being paid to the bad general condition of his ships of war, and leaving out of consideration his latest

constructions, the defensive value of which it is as yet impossible to appreciate), it is illusive to suppose that we could force a blockade without accepting a decisive battle and sacrificing ourselves. If, then, this sacrifice were imposed when the operations of the enemy threatened the existence of the country, in the hope that some vessel would succeed in escaping destruction and pursuit, it would never be justified if the offensive enterprises were of a secondary importance only.

"Under such circumstances, a fleet blockaded in its own strategic centre should not be under orders to prevent exterior attacks at any price, however disastrous they might be. By this I do not mean to say that it should remain inactive, waiting for its last day; on the contrary, it should profit by many circumstances, such as would occur during the course of a campaign, keep itself in a state of efficiency by occasional tentative offensive efforts, and, above all, keep advised of all the enemy's movements by means of rapid cruisers and preserve its contact with the coast. But I would not exaggerate the importance of small enterprises, because it would be politic in the enemy to allow their accomplishment, in order to carry out more important operations and crush us at a single blow."

This opinion of the *rôle* of the Italian fleet, before and after the concentration of the adversary's naval forces, is expressed in similar terms by Captain Grillo: "We should be able to take advantage, without losing an instant, during the first period of hostilities, of all circumstances favorable for obtaining some important advantage, by bold attacks if the enemy is inferior in numbers, and, if he is not, by seeking to strengthen such points as would serve him as a base of operations against us, and, above all, to prevent the formation of his squadrons. Afterwards, if the enemy should concentrate himself in a preponderating force, it would probably reduce us to an absolute defensive and force us to be content with responding to the operations of attack by different ruses showing our superiority in speed, and refusing all decisive actions of which the issue would be doubtful."[4]

The customary and most important offensive operations against an enemy's coast can have for an objective:

1st, the development of a line of invasion, sustained by interior or coastwise communications;

2d, the taking possession of a zone of a coast as a base of maritime operations, strongly fortifying it against the attacks of the defensive

[4] After this expression of the theory of the blockade of an Italian fleet, it will be interesting to know the evaluation of forces judged necessary to undertake this operation. Lieutenant Bonamico considered that to blockade Spezia the following force was necessary: eighteen ironclads of the first or second class, chosen from the most rapid; twelve dispatch-boats or rapid cruisers, of first or second class; six corvettes or frigates for special squadron service; twelve torpedo-boats. This represents the minim. For the blockade of Messina and other places they should be at least double in number to be certain of success.

fleet, and finally assuring the full development of the continental operations;

3d, the bombardment of a place or maritime city, for the purpose of forcing it to capitulate, occupying the port and levying impositions;

4th, the siege of a maritime place, with attacks of its fortifications, eventual debarkations, construction of counter-batteries on the islands or on some dominating point insufficiently defended or previously reduced;

5th, to force the entrance of a river or a strait, and finally to reach interior objectives by means of operations similar in character to those performed on the coast, and to maintain along a river-line an efficacious co-operation between the fleet and the arms operating on the river.

All these varieties of coastwise offensive operations can be exercised against Italy, but all are not equally important, and do not require the same defense; such are the classifications given by Lieutenant Bonamico, and he gives significant reasons for their arrangement in this order of importance:

"After the first two, which are closely connected with the continental defense, comes, in order of importance, the bombardment of a maritime city. Although this attack is secondary with other nations, it is very serious with us, because of our peculiar geographic and hydrographic formations. I am not one of those who point to the spectre of bombardment to demonstrate the necessity for a fleet, for I assign it a task very superior to that of the protection of our maritime cities; but I cannot agree with those who consider a bombarding operation as transitory and superficial. Indeed, I believe that its importance is greater than that of a siege or the attack of a war establishment, and that it would have a greater influence on the political and military development of our defense. If it were necessary for me to give reasons for this defensive anachronism I would find myself embarrassed, by being obliged to leave the domain of military science to plunge into the limpid waters of politics and moral influences.

"However, my conviction is, that in future we will have more to fear from the simultaneous or successive bombardment of our cities than from the attack of our defensive strategic centres."

XI.

As we do not wish to augment the proportions of this article indefinitely, we will not follow the author through all the successive theatres of operations which surround the peninsula of Italy, but there is one, the Ligurian coast, which requires a careful study. It is here that the Italian fleet would be called upon to operate under particular conditions which are imposed on all European fleets, and we believe it will be in-

teresting to examine somewhat in detail his view of naval defense at this point.

He believes that in its present condition the Italian fleet could not think of covering the sea-approaches to Liguria, but admits that this desideratum might be attained in the future.

On account of the insufficiency of the fleet the defense of that coast is to-day a problem of defense partly naval, partly coastwise, and partly interior, and he presents the mode of employing the fleet principally in its relation to the other defensive factors. After concluding that the success of a mobile defense rests upon the possession of the sea and obliges the Italian fleet to dispute it with the enemy, in order to be able to watch and thwart his land attacks, and after pointing out the strategic importance of Genoa and Vado, he states that the problem of the defense of Liguria, reduced to its simplest expression, would be resolved into a system requiring the following elements:

1st. A great field of manœuvres near Vado, or in the western part of the Gulf of Spezia, and dominating the shore without resting on it.

2d. The great stronghold of Spezia, which is destined to become the centre of gravity of the correlative defense of the valleys of the Arno and Po, in order that the double water-shed of the Apennines shall satisfy the logistic necessities of the great strategic situations.

3d. The maritime stronghold of Magdalena, an island off the north coast of Sardinia, without which it would be impossible to realize an active naval defense of the Ligurian coast.

4th. A fleet on the high seas capable of keeping up a vigilant cruise along the coast and commanding the coast by its fire, of arresting the progress of convoys or surprising them *en route* or at anchor, of inviting at any cost an engagement with the enemy's ironclads, and finally, accomplishing its principal mission, which is to render impossible or difficult the progress of the enemy's columns along that coast.

"When I consider that a few ships can render the line of invasion along this coast impracticable by the enemy and most difficult to defend; when I think that a mobile defense from the meridional water-shed and from the crest of the Ligurian Apennines constitutes the strongest resistance that it is possible for us to oppose to the enemy's columns trying to occupy Piedmont; and when, nevertheless, I reflect that this confidence is illusory and will disappear before the first day of the campaign, inasmuch as it is impossible for the enemy, without possession of the coast, to derange the isolated operations of the heads of our columns radiating from the interior positions of this meridional water-shed; when I also contemplate the difficulties that would be presented to the enemy by several of our vessels along the whole line of invasion even after the enemy had forced the passages of the Apennines, I wonder if we are truly conscious of the manner in which this coast, the most vulnerable of our frontier, should be defended.

"The defense of Liguria is notably different from that of the Roman and Tuscany coasts, absolutely different from the defense necessary to prevent a bombardment of our cities, absolutely different from that which we should adopt offensively in the Adriatic, and its preparation should accordingly be in keeping with the nature of the situation.

"In accordance with that special idea and in proportion to the Italian naval forces, the ends to be successively attained in the defense of Liguria would be:

"1st. To prevent, or at least to render difficult or uncertain, an invasion between Vado and Sestri Levante.

"2d. To co-operate as far as possible in the mobile defense of our troops, by aiding and rendering their movements possible along the coast, if only for several hours.

"3d. To disturb, destroy, or burn the encampments, depots of munitions, artillery parks, and supplies of the enemy gathered along the coast, which would be almost wholly commanded by the guns of a fleet; in other words, to render the progress of an invasion dangerous by compromising the complete and active development of the line of operations between Vado and the frontier.

"The fleet, the mobile forces, the interior defenses, each in proper proportion, under existing conditions, should constitute the defense of the Ligurian zone, or any other line of invasion of the same character; but it should be remembered that a naval co-operation would not require the presence of great squadrons, and that on land it could be realized with forces very inferior to those of the enemy, by employing such forms of defense as are the simplest, most explicit, and require the smallest sacrifices of blood and money.

"How, then, should the fleet operate during the successive phases of the campaign, and what defensive attitude should it adopt at the opening of hostilities? The invasion might be produced parallel to the sea and along the coast of the Gulf of Genoa before the first days of the campaign; but the relations existing between the different columns called upon to pour forth simultaneously into Italy requires that the forces developed along that coast should await the progress of those 'canalized' in the most difficult Alpine valleys. The length of this period is uncertain and cannot be valued at less than thirty days. Military history demonstrates that the passage of the Alps, by armies of thirty to forty thousand men, has never been accomplished in less than ten or twelve days. Considering also the time required for initial preparations, it will then be conceded that this co-operative action of the enemy's debarking force would not be attempted inside of forty days from the declaration of war.

"The first month would be employed by the enemy in establishing himself in solid positions along the coast as far as Vado, and eventually as far as Genoa. But all this time spent by him in thus organizing

the line along the coast should count as an advantage to us during the initial period, because it is of prime importance in the mobilization of our army. The time spent in concentration, in the construction of temporary works, being that on which the progress of the whole campaign depends, what means have we of prolonging it?

"The conditions of our defenses in the Alps and the Apennines, more permanent than mobile, are not satisfactory, and we would not be able, like France in a Franco-Italian war, owing to the power and solidity of her works, to paralyze the invader with a handful of territorial militia. Therefore the only truly efficacious means at our disposal is the fleet, with which it is possible to prevent the development along the coast of the forces necessary to attack the Apennines.

"The character of our fleet does not permit us to prolong the period of concentration more than twelve days, because the first ships dispatched from the arsenals of Cherbourg and Brest would be able to arrive on the scene of action after this brief delay, and, joining the enemy's forces already in operation, form a large squadron, which would oblige us to rally around our strategic centres. But ten or perhaps fifteen days thus gained is enough to justify some sacrifice in our naval mobilization. . . .

"The fleet being blockaded, what should be its course of action?

"Unless the enemy were master of the Apennine heights and all lines of communication leading from the valley of the Po to the sea, an imperious duty would be imposed on him, in the accomplishment of which he would not hesitate to risk several detached ships, which would be in no greater danger, however, than our battalions operating in the same defense. His operations would have for objectives in this case not our fighting ships, but the protection of his own transports and vessels serving the base of operations, the troops engaged along the roads of the coast, the encampments and the intrenchments leading to the sea. Our operations would then require a suddenness of action, an intensity, a precision, and a boldness for which I do not think independent vessels are sufficient; whence the necessity for operating in groups or by divisions. And to these homogeneous groups should be accorded a maximum of initiative and independence, in order to take advantage of any signs of the enemy's weakness.

"The mobile defense of the Apennines having become impossible, and the enemy having forced the entrances to the valleys and consummated a junction of his columns in the valley of the Po, the necessity would cease for our fleet to operate in groups, and the utility of isolated actions against the line of invasion and ships employed in supplying it would commence, with the view to accumulating obstacles, retarding continental operations, and compromising the enemy's retreat in case fortune should favor us at last. The simultaneous employment of all our fleet united or divided I do not deem advisable, even during

the initial period, but I do not exclude the possibility of a general tactical enterprise should the improvidence of the enemy assure us temporary superiority." . . .

In regards to bombardment, he says,—

"The bombardment is supremely a naval function, and by it important results may be obtained with small means. The energy and possibility of a bombardment cannot be restricted to the consideration of existing conditions, because with the advance of progress in metallurgy, in industrial productions, in ballistics, the problem undergoes continual transformation, and the advantage is sure to remain with the assailant, as the only limit is the increasing range of heavy guns.

"Experience, however, has not yet taught us the frightful efficacy of a bombardment, and the people form only a confused and inaccurate idea of its destructive power; and many military writers, most of whom are very young, attach much importance to the defensive value of moles and other obstructions, the thickness of armor plates, the calibre of guns, the power of submarine mines, and their power to prevent the bombardment and occupation of a port. I protest once more against these delusions on which we would squander much money, and which would cost us, by way of compensation, much blood, many ruins, and deep humiliation.

"Renouncing the possibility of guarding all our maritime cities from bombardment by the construction of fortified works, we have no other defensive factor than the fleet or the local flotillas with which to confront the enemy's fleet. But, whereas against the external offensive and against the most menacing of the coast attacks it was possible, even in our present condition, to struggle with some hope of success, here, we could not be confident of that. No other solution remains than to sacrifice the cities, or to pay, if happily that suffices, their ransom. This sacrifice could not save the cities, but at the same time it would not leave the country exposed to menaces which would consummate its ruin later on.

"To leave without defense, abandoned so to speak, so many riches and sources of life, without even trying to dispute them with the enemy, is a thought so new in the military history of nations, and is so humiliating, that the spirit refuses to accept it; and it would require great force of character, a virile prudence, a profound knowledge of the necessities of war, to resist the temptation to go to their rescue and engage the enemy in supreme battle. Heretofore nobody has said to the country that we should sacrifice the cities in order to save the fleet, and yet it is necessary that the country should be persuaded of that grim necessity, and that it should be habituated to the idea of regarding the fleet inactive and concentrated at our naval arsenals, while the most flourishing cities are being ransomed, bombarded, or burned, if not worse.

"This thought seems so exaggerated, so repugnant, so cowardly, that I have been loath to acknowledge the sad reality.

"The defense against bombardment is the only one which can oblige us under favorable circumstances to engage all our forces against those of the enemy. The present condition of our national defenses, however, requires us to avoid a tactical action at any price to spare our fleet, and to leave the maritime cities uncovered and defenseless. But having arrived at this doleful conclusion and while awaiting a better state of affairs, we should ascertain what naval forces are necessary to prevent a bombardment. To-day the question is difficult of solution, because starting from the same bases we may arrive at opposite conclusions. In studying a problem so confused and complex as that which is imposed by a battle against superior forces, it is necessary to remember the teachings of history, and that the secret of the victories of the weak over the strong lies almost entirely in the superior *morale* and organization of the first over the second. While waiting for experience to furnish us the tactical and technical excellence that we require, while waiting for the development of economic measures to render it possible for us to increase the fleet sufficiently to satisfy the defense of the country, let us perfect the discipline and organization of our *personnel*, because on its excellence more than that of any other element will depend the success of our arms at sea, if by chance we should ever be obliged to contend against a stronger enemy."

XII.

The Italian fleet has attained its present degree of excellence through the zeal, ardor, and love for his work that Admiral Saint Bon displayed while he held a seat in the cabinet. We have not forgotten his pen-picture of the coast menaced at many points by the danger of debarkation, and the rich maritime cities exposed to the enemy's shells; nor his conclusion that the *rôle* of the Italian fleet was to *defend the coast.* We also remember that, twenty years ago, he prophesied that we would eventually attach more importance to the individual value of ships than to their number, and declared that Italy should not allow a single vessel to be launched from her arsenals inferior in any respect to any other foreign vessel contemporary with it. He calculated before the first appearance of the ironclad, the dominating influence, that science was going to take in the construction of fleets, and foresaw that the new transformation would be favorable to secondary powers for gaining advantages over greater powers by wise administration. His opinion was moulded by practical experience and study. The history of navies was familiar to him, and he found, notably in the successive phases of transformation of the United States navy, precepts and an assimilation

particularly applicable to the maritime situation of Italy, all in proof of the ideas of which he anticipated the triumph.

"In the construction of their fleet and guns the Americans did not blindly follow existing models, but they exercised careful discretion and built types to satisfy special conditions." It was not only during the civil war but during the war of 1812 that the Americans followed this theory. The "Constitution" and the "United States" were larger and more powerfully armed than frigates of the same class in the English navy. Following the experience of that war, the Americans persevered in their naval development and built a new class of frigates, in which emphasis was given to the fundamental idea of obtaining, by the size of the vessel and the individual power of her guns, a superiority over the contemporary types of other nations.

"These new frigates—of the 'Minnesota' type—were war-vessels such as the world had never seen, and they marked an important epoch in naval architecture."

"Almost double in tonnage and triple in power of armament to the English 90-gun ships of the period, these frigates merited in their day the term 'giant-ships,' much more than do the 'Duilio' and 'Italia,' which exceed by one-seventh only the dimensions of other ironclads. It was evident that the American idea was to create a class of vessels more formidable than any existing vessel. In a war with Great Britain at that time they would possibly have repeated their triumphs of 1812 on a greater scale with more decisive results. Although the United States navy, small in total number, could not have successfully engaged the immense fleets of England, the 'Minnesota' or any vessel of the same class would have taken any isolated English vessel it might have encountered."

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the English considered the "Triumph," one thousand tons, a very large vessel; several years later the "Prince Royal," one thousand six hundred and ten tons, took first rank; then the "Victory," three thousand five hundred tons, the "Queen," five thousand tons, and finally the "Bretagne," auxiliary screw, displacing six thousand five hundred tons, represented the growth in size.

"Can we now define at what moment these vessels, which represented an even and uniform type, ceased to be considered small, when they become medium, when large, and when gigantic?

"They were the simple products of naval science in the epoch in which they were constructed, and as the size of a vessel cannot alone be considered as an element of power, it is not to be supposed that our predecessors amused themselves with building large vessels for the pleasure of having them. . . . The most logical conclusion is that they were *forced* to follow such a line of development.

"The elements which serve as a base for the study of a good fighting

ship are few and simple: superiority in speed, in order to be able to invite or avoid attack at will; power of artillery, to engage an equal force; and invulnerability of armor.

"The nation which, at the beginning of a war, possesses a small number of ships fulfilling these conditions would be certain of victory over a power possessed of numerous vessels lacking these qualities, and it is wrong to imagine that number, by itself, can constitute an efficient force independently of the absolute power of each one of the units of the group."

Such were the conclusions of Admiral Saint Bon, and their soundness is demonstrated by two famous naval engagements during the civil war in America,—the naval combat in Hampton Roads and that in Mobile Bay.[5]

Twenty years after these engagements, the lessons that they taught were fully confirmed by the sea-fights during the war between Peru and Chili.

XIII.

With such precedents, then, was there anything extraordinary in wishing to add to the navy of Italy vessels capable of repeating the exploits of a "Merrimac," a "Monitor," a "Tennessee," or an "Almirante Cochrane"?

In giving a prominent place to the bill for getting rid of the old vessels he was preparing for victory, and it only remained for him to put the finishing stroke to the hesitancy of Parliament by demonstrating how Italy could rebuild an efficient fleet, and by demanding the authority to put his ideas into execution.

To analyze his *exposé* of principles would be to deprive it of all its characteristic force, and we will, therefore, leave the following extracts as nearly as possible in their original expressive forms:

. . . "In such a country as Italy, it seems to me that there are four different plans that Parliament could follow concerning the navy. It could first adopt the plan of having no navy at all, by reasoning that the state of our finances would not permit us to develop simultaneously the army, the public works, and the fleet.

"Another plan would be *to utilize* from year to year, as of old, *the few ounces of blood reluctantly given to the navy for the purpose of reani-*

[5] Here follows a detailed impartial and interesting account of those memorable engagements, with which we are all too familiar to justify its reproduction here. He points out that in the first case the "Merrimac" held, for a while, a numerous unarmored fleet completely at her mercy, and in the second case that the ram "Tennessee" fearlessly engaged a mixed ironclad and wooden fleet of seventeen vessels with reasonable prospects of success, inasmuch as she was supposed to be invulnerable to the artillery of all, and that a single shot from the monitor "Manhattan," the only vessel engaged carrying 15-inch guns, settled the fight.

mating its old corpses, which might thus be made to move about for a few years at a time completely impotent. This absurd policy Parliament has refused in passing the bill for the sale of old material.

"A third plan is to imitate our neighbors. It is the one that some men pronounce most prudent, and they pretend that we are too poor to make experiments, that we should wait until others have made something, and when they have finished imitate them. In adopting this system we would commence certain types of vessels after others had ceased building them, and their ideas had changed, owing to the continual advance of progress. But suppose we finally decided to imitate a foreign construction and actually commenced to build. As we have not much money its construction would progress slowly, and when the ship is finally launched it would be already antiquated. By such a method of procedure we would always have an old-fashioned *matériel* instead of one new and good. This system, which seems prudent, is, therefore, not so in reality, and I do not advise it.

"There is, finally, a fourth plan, which is the one I advocate. It consists in *tracing for ourselves the curve of progress,* when a ship is placed on the stocks, and in foreseeing the ideas which will prevail at the epoch of its launch, by taking for a base the general progress of ideas and facts up to the time of beginning its construction. This system seems to me not only a good one, but the most economical and the only acceptable one for a country which has faith in its destiny. Following this method, when a ship comes to be launched we can be certain that for a sufficient length of time she will remain efficient, because the moment she takes the sea she is superior to all existing ships; and before the mass of the others have regained the immense stride made by this vessel she will have had time to live her twenty years *creditably* to the nation.

"My predecessor, Admiral Riboty, understood this when he put the two ironclads 'Duilio' and 'Dandolo' on the stocks. One ship such as these is worth a whole fleet of old ironclads such as some we have preserved. An engagement between the 'Duilio' and the remainder of our fleet would not be doubtful; the former being fast enough to remain at a safe distance to prevent being hit by the whole or part of the fleet, would still be in a position to use her 100-ton guns efficaciously. The whole fleet would fall before this single adversary. She could maintain a position at a range where she would be absolutely invulnerable, and could discharge her heavy projectiles one after the other with the greatest care, because when one is in a position of perfect safety the guns can be worked and pointed calmly and carefully.

"This, then, is an eminently economical vessel whatever her cost."

To keep alive with and foresee the progress of the age, and to know how to make the most of all natural advantages, was, briefly, Admiral Saint Bon's system, and we might stop here, because it was the unique

principle which served as a base for the reorganization of the Italian fleet. This theory, however, though clear in its simplicity, is less easy of application; its realization presupposes rare faculties of divination which are not given to every one in the same degree as to Admiral Saint Bon, who perceived twenty years in advance the present forms of naval construction.[6]

Some time after announcing the foregoing precepts he introduced Parliament to the secrets of the future, by demonstrating to them how and why the era of these formidable ironclads seemed to be of short duration.

"Our actual ironclads, in common with all those of other navies, have a belt of armor extending a small distance below the line of flotation. When they risk engagements with nothing but guns it is possible to render them invulnerable by means of an armor sufficiently thick; but to-day, owing to the use of torpedoes, and above all automobile torpedoes, the bottom of the vessel remains defenseless. A single torpedo, at small cost, striking an ironclad in a weak part, is sure to make a hole; if the ship is constructed of wood, she sinks immediately; if she is of iron, compartments are flooded and she is paralyzed.

"Besides, against ironclads there is another objection,—the guns we now possess and those we will possess in future. The guns of the 'Duilio' can easily pierce the strongest armor, such as that of the 'Inflexible.' It is already impossible to go further in that direction, and of what good, then, is such armor? It may evidently be employed on special vessels designed for the attack of fortifications, because it can in such cases be one or two metres in thickness; but for a vessel designed to navigate the high seas it can no longer be thought of. In the future, then, armor will be applied to those vessels designed to attack fortifications, but never to those intended for fighting in squadron or singly on the open sea. Against fortifications the thing will be feasible, because such vessels need armor to cover a small surface only, while at sea a ship needs to be entirely protected.

"At present we have two ironclads on the stocks on which we are working with all the energy possible. If, as I hope, we are able to launch them without delay, when they take the water they will be the most powerful in the world; *but, nevertheless, I would not dare to put another ironclad on the stocks to-day, because for the past two years it has been possible to do better.*

"I maintain that *an ironclad squadron could not resist three or four torpedo-boats such as I could construct. In the actual condition of the navy, against existing ironclads, which are all vulnerable below the water-line, I believe that the torpedo-boat is the arm par excellence.* When

[6] "Increased by several tons, the 'Polyphemus' is to-day the realization of Admiral Saint Bon's idea in 1862." This is an extract from an important study by Captain Cottron, Italian Navy, printed in the *Revista Marittima* of October, 1880.

other transformations intervene, however, *the torpedo will cease to be the convenient arm it now is*, and we will see a fighting-ship of another species. What it will be I cannot say; I have plenty of ideas on the subject, but it would be useless to enunciate them, since we could not, poor as we are, commence the construction of this new vessel immediately." . . .

These ideas were as forcible and as correct as he had formerly held on the future of ironclads. But he would not, and with reason, explain them openly, because one essential condition necessary to get ahead of others is not to divulge the road that one intends to take. Instead of denouncing at once, at the risk of discouraging confidence in their own, the impotency of colossal ironclads when face to face with an engine of destruction still in its infancy, and of which few then suspected the full value, he carefully guarded, in the interest of his studies, the secret of his preoccupations. The new revelation began to disturb the public mind and he was obliged to explain his position, but notwithstanding the irresistible power of torpedoes, he refused to actually follow this line of construction and to explain towards what end his foretelling faculties were tending.

In reality, all those who rendered justice to the exterminating power of the torpedo considered it an arm of offense highly destructive to the *personnel* required to manipulate it. Now, Admiral Saint Bon did not consider its employment, under such conditions, as possible to any reliable extent, but he sought the means of giving it to the fleet for service under normal conditions, or, in other words, such as would not require, in this case more than any other, an appeal to the heroism, the devotion, and willingness to sacrifice life of his sailors. The "protected" torpedo-vessel "Pietro Micca" of which he already contemplated the construction was of the same type that England undertook a few years later,—the first idea in the construction of the "Polyphemus."

The "Duilio" and "Dandolo" as first conceived were "relatively modest" in proportions, with an armor of fifty centimetres, and it was proposed to arm them with 60-ton guns; but Admiral Saint Bon in substituting guns of one hundred tons realized his desire to be ahead of the age. In fact, the heaviest English gun at that time was the 81-ton gun, and England had but one vessel thus armed. The offensive superiority of the "Duilio" over all contemporary vessels was indisputable, and her defensive superiority was no less, since her armor had resisted the power of her own guns. In speed she was equally superior to all the great English ironclads. The English "Inflexible" and the French "Duperré" were not finished for several years afterwards. The additional dispositions regarding the discharge of Whitehead torpedoes placed her well in advance of all vessels contemporary with her.

Formidable as these vessels were made after undergoing the various

transformations, they are not now the most formidable of their epoch. In from four to six years they were outstripped; they had not made sufficient advance, and, in a word, were not the vessels of the future. The type of ironclad representing "*independence, speed,* and *power,*" offensive and defensive, and capable of defying the torpedo, was foreseen by Admiral Saint Bon, and its embodiment was afterwards placed on the stocks in the shape of the "Italia."

XIV.

In the design of the "Italia" it was necessary to discard many of the features of other types of war-vessels. She was to be much faster than the "Inflexible," the "Dreadnaught," and even the "Duilio" herself, whose displacement was more than ten thousand tons; and not only faster, but more efficiently protected, more powerfully armed, endowed with better sea-going qualities, and capable of remaining at sea a long time, or, in other words, provided with a much greater coal supply. It can be easily be imagined what enormous dimensions the "Italia" would have assumed if the features of the other ironclads had not been departed from; and we can appreciate the transformation, not less rapid than radical, which took place during the few years when partially-protected ships succeeded totally-armored ironclads.

The type, the disposition of artillery, the arrangement of armor, are always changing and, happily, always improving; otherwise, if the progress realized did not permit such changes, we would soon see ships of fifty to sixty thousand tons in process of construction.

We can realize the march of progress by comparing the "Minotaur," "Northumberland," and "Agincourt," each of about ten thousand six hundred tons, eleven to thirteen centimetres thickness of armor, and fourteen miles speed, with the "Alexandra," protected by armor of thirty to fifteen centimetres thickness, speed fifteen miles, and nine thousand six hundred tons displacement. The "Inflexible," armed with four 81-ton guns, whose armor is sixty-one to forty centimetres thick, speed fourteen miles, and displacement eleven thousand two hundred tons, and the "Duilio," armed with four 100-ton guns, armor fifty-five to forty-five centimetres thick, speed fifteen miles, and displacement only eleven thousand five hundred tons, furnish also excellent examples of the constant advance of progress.[7]

[7] Suppose we wished to construct a ship similar to the "Alexandra," but to increase her speed from fifteen to seventeen miles, the maximum thickness of her armor from thirty to seventy centimetres, the weight of her artillery from seven hundred to thirteen hundred tons (increases such as have been made in the "Italia"), and augmenting by one hundred tons only the weight of ammunition without decreasing the radius of her sphere of action or coal supply.

The weights of the "Alexandra" are divided as follows: hull, three thousand eight hundred tons; armor, two thousand three hundred and seventy tons; engines,

The abolition of armor at the water-line was one of the newest and most important features of the "Italia," and although the abolition of vertical armor had been warmly advocated, the Italian navy was the first to apply it to the two powerful "battle-ships," "Italia" and "Lepanto." Another essential innovation not less important was the adoption of steel in the construction of the hull, whereby an economy of fifteen per cent. in weight was accomplished. But these reductions alone in the weight could not counterbalance the increase in weight required by the increase in speed of this new type. The power necessary for the engines increases as the cube of the speeds, and an increase from fifteen miles per hour in the "Duilio" to seventeen in the "Italia" required an increase of from seven thousand five hundred to eighteen thousand indicated horse-power. Closely connected with the question of speed is that of coal capacity, and if the design of the "Duilio" had been followed, the "Italia" would have required an increase of from one thousand to two thousand seven hundred tons of coal. But the independence of the latter was not sacrificed in giving her a coal capacity of sixteen hundred tons only, because her engines were so designed as to admit of an extremely economical consumption under special conditions. One of Admiral Saint Bon's happiest ideas was to devote considerable attention to an "*elastic*" *system of engines*, or, in other words, engines capable of maintaining low speed with minimum power for very long intervals of time, and at the same time capable of developing very high speed for comparatively short intervals. The degree of success in this respect attained in the "Italia" may be judged from the following table:

Speed per Hour.	Power Developed.	No. of Hours Steaming Capacity.	Consumption per Hour.	Distances Run.
17.0 miles.	18,000 I. H. P.	74	21,600 kilogrammes.	1,258 miles.
15.1 "	10,000 "	133	12,000 "	2,008 "
12.7 "	6,000 "	333	4,800 "	4,233 "
8.5 "	2,000 "	1,000	1,600 "	8,500 "
6.5 "	800 "	2,222	720 "	14,440 "

thirteen hundred and sixty tons; coal, five hundred and ten tons; artillery, seven hundred tons; armament, nine hundred tons; total, nine thousand six hundred and forty tons.

Now, by applying the formula used in such cases, we find that the co-efficient, by which it would be necessary to multiply one of the principal dimensions of the "Alexandra" to obtain the homologous dimensions of the projected vessel, is 1.57, the cube of which is 3.870, and that thus the displacement tonnage of the new vessel would be 9640 $\times$ 3.87, or 37,307 tons.

If instead of taking the "Alexandra" we had taken the "Achilles" or the "Northumberland" as bases, we would have arrived at dimensions really fantastic.

According to Admiral Saint Bon, the superiority in speed of the "Italia" was the preponderating element in her definitive superiority both from an offensive and a defensive point of view; defensive because he considered speed an effective defense against torpedoes. And he considered that the possibility of possessing great speed was the only feature which justified the construction of such great ironclads, after his condemnation of the "Duilio." But this magnificent vessel, the "Italia," which he conceived, realized all the properties of independence, speed, power of artillery, and resistance of armor, with the moderate increase in tonnage, over that of the "Duilio," of two thousand five hundred tons.

A vessel of fourteen thousand tons displacement seems enormous, but its *raison d'être* is humorously described by Commander Brin. . . . "When we wish vessels that are swift and small, it is necessary to exclude something, and that something must be military power. Consequently, we wish vessels that are always inferior to others which they are expected to attack. After all, it would perhaps be more economical to abstain entirely from building vessels if they are always to cruise at sea in hopes of running away from the enemy."

XV.

We will now allow Admiral Saint Bon to demonstrate how, in his opinion, the "Italia" can impose whatever form of combat desirable on her adversary, and how that her qualities are the best adapted to the defense of the coast. Her superiority in speed, the range and accuracy of her guns, enable her to keep an adversary at a distance under fire, without permitting him to engage in one of those uncertain circular duels at short ranges.

"It is a curious fact that almost without exception the writers who oppose the new vessels are admirers of that species of *contre-danse*,—circular duels,—and seem persuaded that two vessels turning about in a circular orbit, like plumed horses in a hippodrome, is the quintessence of naval tactics, and should be the manœuvre preferred in combats.

"That singular opinion has its origin, I believe, in an absolute generalization of several particular principles taken from authoritative naval tacticians, and it is justified by a perfectly legitimate sentiment that I mention in praise of my opponents. With modern ships the naval combat presents, to those who meditate on its probable phases, an aspect severe and calm, possessing little attraction to an ardent imagination. When it is transformed into a promiscuous *steeple-chase* amidst rams, shells, torpedoes, and smoke, we give it, on the contrary, an appearance which recalls the famous charge of Balaclava. But, alas! *ce n'est pas la guerre*, and even those who burn with that generous fever

are manifestly doubtful of the efficacy of that method when they advocate small vessels of little cost. We understand that a passionate predilection and the ardor of a noble aspiration can produce illusions and make us believe in the possibility of that which we desire, and we are often encouraged in that appreciation by the recital of several struggles which have had that character.

"In fact, history and reason both declare that maritime duels may take that form if ships of equal speed and equal power, after finding it impossible to damage each other by ramming, determine to settle the fight by artillery alone. But the engagement will then be long and uncertain. The unfortunate shell, if it is not a tray or a deuce, is certainly a lottery ticket. An 'Alabama' vanquished by a 'Kearsarge' is a different picture from two ironclads similarly engaged for a very long time.

"It is easy to explain the error of those who advocate numerous rapid-firing guns, firing from the shoulder. Out of a hundred shots fired it would be a miracle if one or two reached the object; this sort of firing would be done in hot haste, no care would be taken in pointing, and the smoke of battle would render it illusory. Its accuracy would also be affected by the nervous excitement of the great crisis of battle, by fast-beating hearts, by unsteady arms, and by the awfulness of the drama in which so many spectators are also actors. And in this feverish dance what part would the 'Italia' perform in the columns of her majesty and at the distance composed by her fire? It would require a half-day for her to fire one hundred shots, of which none would fall short of the object, and the rapidly-fired missiles aimed at her would all fall short of the target.

"But this circular form of duel is not indispensable, because it requires the consent of both antagonists, and the ship certain of superiority in speed, armed with powerful artillery and efficiently protected, would employ an entirely different system."[8] . . .

In regard to her *rôle* in the defense of the coasts, it is her independence above all other qualities which allows the "Italia" to fulfill all the required conditions.

"Even in the Mediterranean and on our coasts, it is believed by some that a large coal supply is of no great importance; that a vessel requires enough to go from Spezia to Venice and return and no more. This would certainly be an improvement on the past, but is it sufficient? During the progress of future wars, with small torpedo-boats holding the sea even in boisterous weather, we could not always count on safe anchorages. We should then remain in motion, always burning coal; and if to this coal consumption we add that for the daily needs of the galley, the auxiliary machines controlling the guns, the rudder, the

[8] The *Quistione delle navi*, per il Vice-Amiraglio Simone de Saint Bon, Torino, 1881.

steam-launches, the distiller, and that required for steaming to and from a port for the purpose of obtaining supplies, and finally the reserve that prudence declares we should not touch, we see that the coal supply of the 'Italia' is not exaggerated.

"To better illustrate my meaning, let us suppose that in time of war we could count only on such localities as were not only well fortified, but still open for obtaining supplies. . . . Under such circumstances our ships would have only two ports, Spezia and Venice. Now, what would these new vessels we are constructing do? Should they unite with the older decrepit vessels, still called battle-ships, to assist them? God forbid! That would be reducing the new vessels to their minimum value without aiding the old ones very much. *I believe, on the contrary, that they should remain at sea in semaphoric communication with the coast to receive orders and news. In that way they could powerfully assist in preventing a debarkation;* because nobody would dare to attempt it in the face of a danger which threatened a great loss of *personnel.*

"If we intrusted this mission to one of our ships that could steam one thousand miles at most, and rely on her to guard the north coast of Sicily, she would require on leaving Spezia four hundred miles coal supply to go to her post, and four hundred miles more as a reserve for returning to Spezia, which would leave very little remaining for operations at that place, without mentioning the consumption for auxiliary purposes.

"A ship like the 'Italia,' however, which to power and invulnerability unites independence, could cruise for a lengthy period along the coast, could fall upon a part of the enemy detached by bad weather, throw confusion into the convoy of a debarking force, and be so able to confuse the enemy that he would not attempt anything serious while she was at sea.

"And if our interests required us to send her on a distant cruise on one of the great steamer lines for the interception of the enemy's commerce, I do not think that she would be very agreeable to the stranger." . . .

The admiral always looked ahead without turning back to seek encouragement from others, and nothing seemed more agreeable and easy to him than to take the lead. But among spirits less bold, less independent, less penetrating, and less easily convinced, the moral effect of England's disapproval gave rise to hesitation and doubt, and it was to such men that he addressed the following philosophical explanations:

"The fact that England does not construct such vessels as the 'Italia' gives rise to serious doubts in the minds of many sensible men. I will not attempt to repeat my dissertation on the genesis of the new ideas and their propagation, nor will I dwell on the repugnance of a

country, habituated to take the part of the chief of orchestra, obliged to play second fiddle under the leadership of a much weaker power and to desert her old traditions. I must confess that the 'Italia' represents nothing less than a revolution in naval architecture, and I will confine myself to the interesting point of the argument.

"Since 1870 England has launched twenty-seven ironclad 'battleships,' without counting five others now on the stocks, and it seems to me perfectly natural under the circumstances that she would be loath to follow in our footsteps. Confident in her herculean strength, sure at the hour of need of being able to build rapidly the vessel best adapted to the particular conditions of the war, and counting on the powerful aid that could be furnished by her merchant marine, rich in fast ships, she is perfectly safe in making pauses in regard to the direction from which the wind blows.

"On the other hand, the distinctive character of the 'Italia,' her independence, is not so necessary for an English ship as it is for all other nations of the world, because England has her coaling and supply stations scattered all over the world.

"If England were inclined to acknowledge the wisdom of building such costly types as the 'Lepanto,' is it not natural that she should be slow to put her hand in her pocket and give the impulse to the new construction, whilst she has all her costly *matériel* on hand? Should England point out the road, all would follow in her tracks. But while Italy stands alone on the new road, the other powers regard us with an air somewhat ironical, astonished, and uneasy, in the same manner that we regarded Prussia and her needle-guns for twenty years before the field of Sadowa taught us their value.

"The experience of the past demonstrates the attitude of England towards these vessels if our supposition is true. We all remember the revolution produced in naval architecture by the appearance of the ironclad. France, sure of her ground, resolutely devoted her attention to the new transformation, and commenced the construction of ironclads without caring whether others imitated her or not. England, jealous of her sovereignty of the sea, waited and watched with a tearful eye while contemplating the death-blow to her fifty fine ships of the line. She thought of the pounds sterling that it would cost her and hoped; but when she saw that it was serious and that there was nothing else to do, she commenced the construction of ironclads with such feverish activity, and sought to regain the lost time, that soon after the French 'Gloire' the English 'Warrior' was launched.

"Be assured that if our type is truly good it would be to England's interest to act as she now does, and if other considerations failed to make us believe this type the best for us, this attitude of England ought alone to confirm our convictions instead of making us hesitate."

XVI.

The zeal and activity which Admiral Saint Bon had displayed inspired all the *personnel* of the navy, officers and contractors, whose hopes he had raised and whose zeal he had inflamed with unlimited confidence. And he raised the enthusiasm of the younger officers to such a pitch that it is no exaggeration to say that he held the future of the Italian navy in his own hands. He was not destined, however, to have the honor of carrying out directly the plans he had inaugurated and the ideas with which he had reassured the impatience of his country. A ministerial crisis decided otherwise, for on March 15, 1876, the cabinet, presided over by Mr. Minghetti, retired, and with it General Ricotti and Admiral Saint Bon, leaving to their successors the care of continuing the work in the army and navy to which they had given such a startling impetus.

The maritime interests of the country were not the cause of this political rupture, and it was not until long afterwards that the admiral's opponents began to agitate their fears concerning the soundness of his doctrines, so that the choice of his successor naturally fell to a partisan of his ideas and methods. It could not have fallen to a more faithful partisan than Commander Brin (*Inspettore-Generale degli Genio Navale*), who had been intimately associated with the admiral in all his work, and his most intelligent, devoted, and resolute collaborator. He thoroughly believed in the designs of the "Duilio," "Dandolo," and "Italia," and entered into their execution without changing in the least the programme laid out by his predecessor, who, as we have seen, never ceased to lend his aid in the defense of the system. On the 31st of July, 1877, the "statute for the organization of the *matériel*" was promulgated, after meeting with very little opposition in both chambers, and the systematic methods of reorganization, or the "organized plan," was firmly established.

We will quote an extract from Commander Brin's report:

"But should occasion require it, the 'Hotspurs' of Naples, those of Palermo, or those of Cagliari could not rally on the 'Hotspurs' of Genoa, nor could those of the Adriatic come to the assistance of those on the coasts of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and so instead of building 'Hotspurs' and 'Taureaus' we build 'Duilios' and 'Dandolos,' *which have been designed precisely with those ends in view; and we will also establish a system of general defense, by means of mobile squadrons, of mobile naval divisions, and mobile groups. It is the truly economical, efficacious, reasonable, and unique means, because it is in keeping with the special hydrographic features of our maritime frontier.*" . . .

"I repeat that a fleet of sixteen ironclads is a considerable naval force. In the combats of a past century, with sailing-ships whose

movements were slow and dependent on a fickle wind, the attacks of forces numerically superior to which a lengthy resistance was possible, were ordinary episodes, where the advantage of numbers might be as decisive as in battles on land. But the great mobility and absolute liberty of action of modern ships renders it probable that success in future combats will depend less on numbers than on the individual value of the elements composing the fleet. That celebrated signal, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' seems to characterize the manner in which we shall have to fight future fleets, that is, by individual, independent, resolute, and spontaneous action, and the probabilities of the results will be measured by the steps taken by all navies in always seeking the most powerful and formidable type of vessel.

"I have limited the figures to that sum sufficient to maintain a fleet of sixteen 'battle-ships,' and the total value of the floating material when the complete change is made will be two hundred and seventy-five millions of francs; but these sixteen ships will represent about two hundred and eleven millions, leaving all the others to represent only sixty-three millions.

"The whole *matériel* would be divided into three principal divisions:

1st. Fighting or 'battle-ships.'

2d. Transport-ships and auxiliaries to the fleet.

3d. Local ships.

"The principal and most costly portion of the first division comprises the sixteen large 'battle-ships,' to be called *ships of the first class.*

"I do not care to complicate the question by definitions of dimension, form, armor, or armament, because such particulars are subject to change with the progress of science. But it should be clearly understood that in point of *nautical qualities, speed, and military power, these ships should always be of the best type of the age,* and always fit to take part in any kind of operations that may be required, be it naval combat, attack of an enemy's coasts, expeditions, bombardment, blockade, maintenance of communications, or protection of commerce.

"The ships of the second and third classes of the first division differ materially from the preceding; they will have an inferior offensive power, and cost much less. But they will unite superior nautical qualities with great speed, and they will also be able to take part in all operations. In time of peace they will serve efficiently as cruising ships in foreign seas for the protection of the commercial interests of the country, and they are indispensable for the instruction of officers and men, and other important objects worthy of preoccupation in the interests of naval efficiency and the commercial interests of the country.

"The titles of the second and third divisions explain the natures of the vessels composing them."

The following is the legislative form of the article relating to their *rôle* and composition, and explains itself:

ARTICLE 1.—*The fleet of the nation will be composed as follows:*

BATTLE-SHIPS.

Sixteen ships of the first class, adapted to all the wants of maritime warfare;

Ten ships of the second class, adapted to the special services of naval warfare and the protection of commerce, such as ships for local defense, special cruisers stationed abroad for special service, etc.;

Twenty vessels of the third class or less, such as dispatch-boats, torpedo-vessels, small gunboats, and others.

TRANSPORT OR AUXILIARY FLEET.

Two transports or auxiliary ships of the first class, of not less than three thousand tons each;

Four transports or auxiliary ships of the second class, of from one thousand to three thousand tons each;

Eight transports or auxiliary ships of the third class, of from two hundred to one thousand tons each.

LOCAL SERVICE FLEET.

Twelve vessels for local police or daily service under the navy department, of not less than two hundred tons each, in addition to the tugs and boats necessary for service at the different arsenals.

Article 2 prescribed a plan which may be called "the preparatory plan for the fleet," and which was submitted to Parliament in an appendix entitled "*Repairs of existing vessels in service or under construction, in the divisions and classes established by the newly-organized plan.*"

After long and patient study, the government fixed *ten years* as the period necessary for the transition from the old organization to the new.

This delay of ten years was considered necessary to satisfy all exigencies, and a longer time would have rendered all the calculations much more hypothetical. If they had fixed the period at fifteen or twenty years, the provision for the progress of the future would necessarily have rendered the data on which to found the basis of the work more uncertain, besides, it would have deranged the economy of the projects regarding the old material, the life of which at the end of that time would have far exceeded twenty years, and they would possibly have encountered the serious inconvenience of having exhausted their disposable resources long before the completion of the new *matériel*, without mentioning the inconvenience of being obliged to undertake at the same time several constructions of an identical type.

The financial aspect of the question required that the necessary yearly expenditure be portioned out in such a way as not to encroach upon that of succeeding years, so as not to make the burden too heavy on the public treasury during one year more than another.

The condition of the existing *matériel* was such that during the first five years fifteen vessels, representing a value of seventeen million francs, would be condemned, while during the succeeding five years the reduction would include twenty-three vessels, representing only twenty millions. We see, then, that if five years had been chosen as a basis for the development of the *matériel*, the calculations could not have benefited by the regularity resulting from a longer period.

A board of constructors appointed for that purpose decided that twenty-eight of the existing ships should be replaced by new constructions during the ten years, and two more were afterwards added to the list, making the whole number thirty. *This was the first element in the calculations.*

The second element was furnished by the ships in process of construction, eight in number, which were to be finished at the expiration of a fixed time.

The third element resulted from the necessity for commencing, before the expiration of the ten years, several constructions destined to replace the vessels which would be condemned during the first years of the succeeding period, in order to avoid finding, in 1888, a discrepancy between the effective vessels and those determined by the "organized plan,"—a state of affairs which would surely have been produced by waiting for a vessel to be condemned before beginning to replace it.

On these bases the balance of expenses was established, as follows:

Construction of new vessels during the fixed period . .	90,000,000	francs.
Completion of vessels in process of construction or armament	39,000,000	"
Commencement of constructions destined to replace the first vessels to be condemned after 1888	17,000,000	"
	146,000,000	"

If, setting aside the proposed plan, they had calculated, in the budget, the expenditure necessary for the regular renewal of existing *matériel*, it would have been absolutely necessary to add to the yearly appropriation (*la partie ordinaire*) the annuity corresponding, not to the actual value of the *matériel* to be renewed, but to the value of that *matériel* actually replaced in each class of each division, after the manner of taking one step ahead and two back.

Now, the budget of 1877 showed a standard yearly expenditure (*partie ordinaire*) of eleven million six hundred and five thousand francs. Adding to this another sum of one million, appropriated for extra expenditure (*la partie extraordinaire*), but used for the same purposes, we find

the current expenses to be twelve million six hundred and five thousand francs, a figure which we may regard as normal for the succeeding years, giving for the ten years a sum of one hundred and twenty-six million five hundred thousand francs. The remaining nineteen million five hundred thousand francs was the only new expense demanded by the project from Parliament, under the form of an extra credit to be divided among the budgets of the ten succeeding years, not in equal yearly sums but as occasion should demand, in order to be able to return to the one million (*la partie extraordinaire*) at the end of 1887.

Such is, in a few words, the financial economy of the "organized plan" adroitly arranged to please Parliament, which body had anticipated a much greater sacrifice; and that sum (in round numbers) twenty millions) once appropriated was, in fact, a very small item even for a poor country, if her maritime defense could be assured at that price.

Translator's note.—We will not prolong an already lengthy article by following the author through his succeeding numbers in endeavoring to show whether Italy has met with the desired success thus far in her construction policy or not, but will close with some tables showing the present strength and character of the Italian navy, extracted from data compiled at the office of naval intelligence.—W. I. C.

STEEL TORPEDO-BOATS.

Names.	Class.	Displacement, Tons.	Length.	Beam.	Mean draught.	I. H. P.	Cost.	Machine-Guns.
Sparviero	1	39	100′	12′ 6″	2′ 9.5″	600	$51,900	1
Falcone	1	39	100′	12′ 6″	2′ 9.5″	600	"	1
Gabbiano	1	35	95′ 9″	10′ 9″	3′	500	45,240	1
Aquila	1	35	95′ 9″	10′ 9″	3′	500	"	1
Aldebaran	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	41,600	1
Antares	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	1
Andromeda	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	1
Centauro	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	1
Dragone	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	1
Pegaso	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	1
Sagittario	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	1
Sirio	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	1
Orione	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	40,400	Building.
Viga	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	"
Cassiopea	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	"
Arturo	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′	500	"	"
Lira	1	36	100′ 4″	11′ 9″	3′ 6″	.....	"	"
Nibbio	2	.....	78′ 7″	10′	.....	.....	25,000	Two tubes.
Avvoltoio	2	.....	86′	10′ 9″	.....	.....	32,000	" "
Euterpe	2	13.5	63′	7′ 6″	2′	.....	17,000	Building.
Satea	2	13.5	63′	7′ 6″	2′	.....	"	"
Erato	2	13.5	63′	7′ 6″	2′	.....	"	"
Melpomene	2	13.5	63′	7′ 6″	2′	.....	"	"
Tersicore	2	13.5	63′	7′ 6″	2′	.....	"	"
Polieumia	2	13.5	63′	7′ 6″	2′	.....	"	"
Urania	2	13.5	63′	7′ 6″	2′	.....	"	"
Calliope	2	13.5	63′	7′ 6″	2′	.....	"	"
Clio	2	30.45	78′ 6″	9′ 10″	3′ 11″	.....	23,660	"
Mosca	2	.....	65′	8′	2′ 5″	.....	24,492	
Ape	2	.....	65′	8′	2′ 5″	.....	"	Building.
Vespa	2	.....	65′	8′	2′ 5″	.....	"	"
Farfalla	2	.....	65′	8′	2′ 5″	.....	"	"
Lucciola	2	.....	63′	7′ 6″	2′ 1″	.....	21,060	"
Formica	2	.....	63′	7′ 6″	2′ 1″	.....	"	"
Cicolo	2	.....	63′	7′ 6″	2′ 1″	.....	"	"
Locusta	2	.....	63′	7′ 6″	2′ 1″	.....	"	"
Grillo	2	.....	63′	7′ 5″	2′ 1″	.....	"	"
Zanzara	2	.....	63′	7′ 5″	2′ 1″	.....	"	"

IRONCLAD SHIPS.

Names.	Date of Launch.	Material of Hull.	Displacement, Tons.	Indicated Horse-Power.	Max. Speed, Knots.	Type and Armor.	Armament.
Italia	1880	Steel	13,898	18,000	16	Barbette casemate 3′ 3″ thick, 30′ from W. L. Protective deck of 3″ steel, 5′ 6″ below L. W. L. Can carry one division of army, or 12,000 men.	IV 17″, 100-ton, B. L. R.; XI 6″, B. L. R., and IV Whitehead torpedo-ports.
Lepanto	1883	Steel	13,550	18,000	16		
Duilio	1876	Iron	11,438	7,710	14	Two closed turrets, *en echelon*, above an armored citadel armor 22 to 18 inches thick. Protective deck below L. W. L.	IV 17.7″, 100-ton, M. L. R.; IV 4.75″, B. L. R., mounted on top of turrets. Torpedo port below L. W. L. at bow, stern port for torpedo-boats.
Dandolo	1878	Iron	11,225	8,150	14		
Ruggiero Loria	Bld'g	Steel	10,045	10,000	16	Barbette casemate, with protective steel deck below L. W. L., similar to Italia, without main-deck battery.	IV 17″, 100-ton, B. L. R.
Andrea Doria	Bld'g	Steel	10,045	10,000	16		
Francesco Morosini	Bld'g	Steel	10,045	10,000	16		
Palestro	1871	Composite	6,419	3,496	11	Complete armor-belt, 3.75″ to 6″. Two casemates.	I 11″, 25-ton, M. L. R.; VI 10″, 18-ton, M. L. R., and IV light guns.
Principe Amadeo	1872	Composite	5,854	3,413	11		
Venezia	1869	Wood	5,700	4,000	11	W. L. armor-belt, 4.75″, central casemate, bow-gun protected.	VIII 10″, 18-ton, M. L. R.; I 9″, 12-ton, M. L. R. Incomplete.
Roma	1865	Wood	5,814	3,000	11	W. L. armor-belt, 4.75″ to 3″, central casemate. Protected bow and stern guns on spar-deck.	XI 10″, 18-ton, M. L. R. Incomplete.
Ancona	1864	Iron	4,224	2,471	11	W. L. armor-belt, 4.75″, central casemate. Redoubt shaft footle for 2 bow guns.	II 9″, 12-ton, M. L. R.; IX 8″, 9-ton, M. L. R., and VIII light guns.
Maria Pia	1863	Iron	4,268	2,924	9.5	W. L. armor-belt and casemate, 4.75″ to 3″.	Same.
Castelfidardo	1863	Iron	4,224	2,115	10	Same.	Same.
San Martino	1863	Iron	4,268	2,620	9.5	Same as Ancona.	Same.
Affondatore	1865	Iron	4,376	3,240	11	W. L. armor-belt, 5″ to 3″, musket-proof superstructure. Double turret monitor.	II 10″, 18-ton, B. L. R.; VIII light guns and machine-guns.
Terribile	1861	Iron	2,725	1,100	8	Floating batteries, old types, W. L. belt, 4.5″ to 3″.	VIII 7″, 8-ton, M. L. R., and VI light guns.
Formidabile	1861	Iron	2,725	1,100	8		IV 7″, 8-ton, M. L. R., and VI light guns.
Varese	1865	Iron	2,000	1,000	7		

TRANSPORTS.

Names.	Date of Launch.	Material of Hull.	Displacement.	Indicated Horse-Power.	Motive-Power.	Rig.	Armament.
Città di Napoli	1865	Wood	3733	1814	Screw 1.	Bark.	IV 4.75″ M. L. R.; II machine-guns.
Città di Genova	1865	Wood	3733	1898	Screw 1.	Bark.	IV 4.75″ M. L. R.; II machine-guns.
Europa	1863	Iron	2300	680	Screw 1.	B'k'tine.	II 3″ M. L. R.; II machine-guns.
Conte Cavour	1855	Iron	1870	678	Screw 1.	Bark.	II 4.75″ M. L. R.; II machine-guns.
Washington	.....	Iron	1400	340	Screw 1.	Bark.	II 3″ M. L. R.; II machine-guns.
Dora	1855	Iron	1100	560	Screw 1.	Bark.	II 3″ M. L. R.; II machine-guns.
Sirena	1859	Wood	350	300 (?)	Pad.-wh'l.	B'g'tine.	II 3″ M. L. R.; I machine-gun.
Garigliano	1854	Wood	330	282	Pad.-wh'l.	B'g'tine.	II 3″ M. L. R.; I machine-gun.
Lesia	1862	Iron	330	280	Pad.-wh'l.	Schoon'r 2.	II 3″ M. L. R.; I machine-gun.
Vulcano	.....	Iron	265	103	Screw 1.	No masts.	II 3″ M. L. R.; I machine-gun. Torpedo transport.

NOTE.—Seven third-class auxiliaries and twelve tugs for local use are building.

UNARMORED SHIPS.

Names.	Date of Launch.	Material of Hull.	Displacement.	I. H. P.	Max. Speed, Knots.	Rig.	Coal Supply.	Armament.
Not yet named.....	Bld'g	Steel	3,530	6,000	17	Sch. 2 m.	.....	II 11", 35-ton, B. L. R.; VIII 8", 12-ton, B. L. R.; and IV machine-guns. Torpedo ahead and each beam. Cork compartments, protective deck of 1.5" steel, and a conning tower. Torpedo ram.
Not yet named.....	Bld'g	Steel	3,530	6,000	17	Sch. 2 m.	.....	
Giovanni Bausan.....	Bld'g	Steel	3,068	5,500	17	Sch. 2 m.	.....	II 10", 25-ton, B. L. R.; VI 6", B. L. R., and IV machine-guns. Torpedo ahead and each beam.
Savoia.....	Bld'g	Steel	2,850	5,000	15	No sails.	.....	IV 5", B. L. R., machine-guns. Steel yacht.
Maria Adelaide.....	1859	Wood	3,484	2,255	12	Bark.	.....	II 6", B. L. R.; II 4.75", M. L. R.; I 10", M. L. R.; I 8.5", M. L. R.; VIII 8", M. L. R.; X 6", M. L. R. Gunnery ship.
Vittorio Emanuel...	1856	Wood	3,253	1,488	9.5	Ship.	380	IV 8", M. L. R.; XV 6.3", M. L. R.
Garibaldi.....	1860	Wood	3,376	1,079	9	Ship.	332	VIII 6.3", M. L. R.
Flavio Gioja.....	1881	Steel	2,533	2,500	15	Bark.	.....	VIII 6", B. L. R.
Amerigo Vespucci...	1882	Steel	2,533	2,500	15	Bark.	.....	VIII 6", B. L. R.
Cristoforo Columbo.	1875	Wood	2,362	3,782	16.3	B'k'tine.	620	VIII 4.75", B. L. R.
Vettor Pisani.....	1869	Wood	1,703	956	9.6	Ship.	180	X 4.75", B. L. R.; V in broadside.
Caracciolo.....	1869	Wood	1,580	973	10	Ship.	194	VI 6.3", M. L. R.
Staffetta.....	1876	Iron	1,506	1,991	15.1	B'k'tine.	306	IV 4.75", B. L. R.
Ripido.....	1876	Iron	1,456	1,920	13.5	B'k'tine.	306	V 3", B. L. R.
Esploratore.....	1863	Wood	1,245	1,681	17.2 (?)	Sch. 3 m.	319	IV 3", B. L. R., and torpedoes.
Massoggere.....	1863	Wood	1,245	1,615	17 (?)	Sch. 3 m.	319	IV 3", B. L. R., and torpedoes.
Vedetta.....	1866	Iron	827	670	11	Bark.	140	IV 4.75", B. L. R.
Agostin Barbarigo...	1879	Steel	656	1,700	15.9	Sch. 2 m.	200	V 3", B. L. R., or II 4.75", B. L. R.
Marc' Ant. Colonna.	1879	Steel	656	1,700	15.9	Sch. 2 m.	200	II 4.75", B. L. R.
Scilla.....	1874	Wood	1,050	826	10.9	Bark.	140	I 6.3", B. L. R.; II 4.75", B. L. R.
Cariddi.....	1875	Wood	1,050	956	10.5	Bark.	140	I 6.3", B. L. R.; 11 4.75", B. L. R.
Sentinella.....	1874	Iron	265	195	8.6	No sails.	180	I 8.5", M. L. R.
Guardiana.....	1874	Iron	265	231	8.6 (?)	No sails.	180	I 8.5", M. L. R.
Pietro Micca.....	1876	Iron	535	972	14.5	No sails.	80	X Whitehead torpedoes.
Sebastian Veniero...	Bld'g	Steel	649	1,000	18 (?)	Bark.	80	Special torpedo-vessels.
And. Provana.....	Bld'g	Steel	649	1,000	18 (?)	Bark.	80	Protective decks armored.

PLODDER'S PROMOTION.

For five years the life of Second Lieutenant Plodder of the —th Foot had been a burden to him. For more than five years Second Lieutenant Plodder had been something of a burden to the —th Foot. In the dreary monotone in which the psalm of life is sung, or was sung, in frontier garrisons before the introduction of such wildly diverting exercises as daily target practice or measuring-distance drill, the one thing that became universally detestable was the man with the perennial grievance, and Mr. Plodder's grievance was slow promotion. There was nothing exceptionally harrowing in his individual experience; dozens of other fellows in his own and in other regiments were victims of the same malady, but for some reason Mr. Plodder considered himself the especial target of the slings and arrows of a fortune too outrageous for even a down-trodden "dough-boy" to bear in silence, and the dreary burden of his song—morn, noon, and night—was the number of years he had served, and might yet have to serve, with never a bar to his strap of faded blue.

Entering the army as a volunteer in '61, he had emerged, after four years of singularly uneventful soldiering, a lieutenant in the company in which he started as private. Provost-guard duty and the like had told but little on the aggregate of present provost duty with his command, and that sort of campaigning being congenial, Mr. Plodder concluded to keep it up as a profession. A congressional friend got him a second lieutenancy at the close of the war, and the devil himself, said Mr. Plodder, got him into that particular regiment. "I never saw such a God-forsaken lot of healthy fellers in my life," he was wont to declare over the second or third toddy at "the store" in the long wintry evenings. "There ain't a man of 'em died in six years, and here I am after nigh onto twelve years' consecutive service, and I ain't a first lieutenant yit."

We youngsters, with our light hearts and lighter pockets, used to rather enjoy getting old Plodder started, it must be confessed; and when pin-pool or auction-pitch had palled in interest, and we would be casting about for some time-killing device, and the word would come from the window, scattering the group of oldsters, that Plodder was on

his way to the store, somebody would be apt to suggest a project for "putting up a job on Grumpy," and it would be carried *nem. con.*

"Heard the news, Plod?" some young reprobate would carelessly inquire while banging the balls about the table.

"What news?" says Plodder.

"You're in for a file. They say old Cramps is going to die. He's off on leave now."

"Who says so?" says Plodder, eying his interlocutor askance. He is always suspicious of the youngsters.

"Fact, Plodder. Ask the major if you don't believe me."

And before long Plodder would be sure to make his way into the inner court,—the *sanctum sanctorum* of the store,—sacred ordinarily to the knot of old officers who liked to have their quiet game aloof from the crash of pool-pins and the babel of voices in the main room, and there, after more or less beating round the bush, he would inquire as to whether the major had recently heard news of old Captain Cramps, and what was the state of his health; returning then to the billiard-room with wrath and vengeance in his eye, to upbraid his tormentor for sending him off on such a cruel quest.

"Well, what did you go for?" would be the extent of his comfort. "I only said Cramps was going to die, and it's my profound conviction he will—some time or other."

And Plodder would groan in spirit, "It's all very well for you youngsters, but just you wait till you've served as long as I have, twelve years' consecutive service, by George! and if you don't wish lineal promotion would come in, or the grass was growing green over every man that ever opposed it, you can stop *my* pay."

It got to be a serious matter at last. It was Plod's monomania. We used to swear that Plod spent half his time moaning over the army register, and that his eyes were never fixed upon the benevolent features of his captain that he was not wondering whether apoplexy would not soon give him the longed-for file. Every week or two there would come tidings of deaths, dismissals, resignations, or retirements in some other corps or regiment, and second lieutenant so or so would become first lieutenant *vice* somebody else, and on such occasions poor old Plod would suffer the tortures of the damned. "There's that boy," he would say, "only two years out of that national charity school up there on the Hudson, in leading-strings, by George! when we fellers were fightin' and bleedin' an——"

"Hello, Plod! I forgot you fought and bled in the provost-guard. Where was it, old man? Take a nip and tell us about it," some one would interpose, but Plodder would plunge ahead in the wild recitative of his lament, and the floor would be his own.

Tuesday evenings always found him at the store. The post-trader's copy of the *Army and Navy Journal* arrived soon after retreat, and it

was one of the unwritten laws of the establishment that old Plod should have first glimpse. There had been a time when he resorted to the quarters of brother-officers and possessed himself of their copy, but his concomitant custom of staying two or three hours and bemoaning his luck had gradually been the means of barring him out, and, never having a copy of his own (for Plodder was thrifty and "neat"), he had settled into the usurpation of first rights with "Mr. O'Bottle's" paper, and there at the store he devoured the column of casualties with disappointed eyes, and swallowed grief and toddy in "consecutive" gulps.

It used to be asserted of Plodder that he was figuring for the Signal Corps. He was at one time generally known as "Old Probabilities"; indeed, it had been his nickname for several years. He was accused of keeping a regular system of "indications" against the names of his seniors in rank, and that godless young reprobate Trickett so far forgot his reverence for rank as to prepare and put in circulation "Plodder's Probabilities," a Signal Service burlesque that had the double effect of alienating that gentleman's long-tried friendship and startling into unnatural blasphemy the staid captains who figured in the bulletin. Something in this wise it ran (and though poor fun at best, was better than anything we had had since that wonderful day when "Mrs. Captain O'Rorke av ye plaze" dropped that letter addressed to her friend "Mrs. Captain Sullivan, O'Maher Barrix"):

"PLODDER'S PROBABILITIES.

"*For Captain Irvin.*—Higher living together with lower exercise. Cloudy complexion, with temperament choleric veering to apoplectic. Impaired action followed by fatty degeneration of the heart.

"*For Captains Prime and Chipsey.*—Barometer threatening. Squalls domestic. Stocks lower. Putles and Soaker bills falling (due N.E. S. and W.) from all parts of the country.

"*For Lieutenant Cole, R. Q. M.*—Heft increasing. Nose and eyelids turgid. Frequent (d) rains. Sp. Fru. Heavy sportage C. and G. E. S. T. 187X.

"*Cautionary Signals* for Burroughs, Calvin, and Waterman. Something sure to turn up."

We were hard up for fun in those days, and even this low order of wit excited a high degree of hilarity. The maddest men were Prime, Chipsey, and the R. Q. M., but their wrath was as nothing compared with the blaze of indignation which illuminated the countenances of Mrs. Prime and Mrs. Chipsey, next-door neighbors and bosom friends as feminine friendships go. Each lady in this instance was ready to acknowledge the pertinence of Mr. Trickett's diagnosis in the case of her neighbor's husband, and confidentially to admit that there was even some justification for the allegation of "squalls domestic" next door,

but that anything of this sort should be even hinted at in her own case nothing but utter moral depravity on the part of the perpetrator could account for it. Trickett paid dear for his whistle, but for the time it seemed to hold Plodder in check. The ruling passion soon cropped out again, however. Gray hairs were beginning to sprinkle his scanty beard, and crow's-feet to grow more deeply under his suspicious eyes. He never looked at a senior without a semi-professional scrutiny of that senior's physical condition as set forth in the clearness of his eye or skin. He never shook hands without conveying the impression that he was reaching for a man's pulse. If any old officer were mentioned as going off on "surgeon's certificate" to visit the sea-shore, and the question should be asked, "What's the matter with him?" the interrogated party invariably responded, "Don't know. Ask Plodder."

It was not only in the regiment that Plodder became a notoriety. For one eventful year of his history the —th Foot was stationed in close proximity to department headquarters, and department headquarters became speedily and intimately acquainted with Mr. Plodder. Having once made his calls of ceremony upon the commanding general and his staff, it became his custom to make frequent visits to the city and, passing beyond the established haunts where his comrades were wont to dispense for creature comforts their scanty dimes, to spend some hours pottering about the offices at headquarters. But for a month no one really fathomed the object of his attentions. "Trying to get a soft detail in town" was the theory hazarded by some of the youngsters, who were well aware of his distaste for company duty; "Boning for aide-de-camp," suggested another. But not until the medical director one day explosively alluded to him as "that —— old vampire-bat," with an uncomplimentary and profane adjective in place of the ——, and the acting judge-advocate of the department impulsively asked if "that infernal Mark Meddle couldn't be kept at home," did it begin to dawn on us what old Plodder really was driving at. His theory being that army casualties could be divided up pretty evenly between the Medical Department and the Bureau of Military Justice as the expediting means, he hoped by ingenious engineering of the conversation to pick up points as to probabilities in the —th Foot, or to furnish such as might be lacking.

In plain words, it transpired about this time that Plodder had taken to haunting the office of the judge-advocate at hours when he could hope for uninterrupted conversation with that officer, and one day, with very ruffled demeanor, he was encountered making hurried exit therefrom, pursued, said Mr. Trickett, by the toe of the judge-advocate's boot. Indeed, Mr. Trickett was not far wrong. He and his now reconciled captain were about calling upon the judge-advocate when Plodder burst forth, and surely there was every symptom of a wrathful intent in the attitude of the staff-officer whom they met at the door.

It was a minute or so before he could recover his composure, though he politely invited them to enter and be seated. No explanation was vouchsafed as to what had occurred, but Trickett and Prime came back to barracks full of speculation and curiosity, told pretty much everybody what they had seen, and, all being convinced that Plodder and the judge-advocate had had some kind of a row, it was determined to draw Plodder out. Consequently there was a gathering in the billiard-room that night, and when Plodder entered, with visage of unusual gloom, he ought to have been put on his guard by the unexpectedly prompt and cheery invites to "take something" that greeted him. But Plodder had been taking several somethings in the privacy of his quarters, and, being always ready to partake at somebody else's expense, he was speedily primed into talkative mood, and then the inquisition began.

"Saw you coming out of Park's office to-day," said Prime. "What was your hurry?"

No answer for a moment, then a rather sulky growl, "I'd finished my business, and thought you might want to see him."

"I? Lord, no! What should I want to see him for except socially?"

No answer.

"*Nice* fellow, Park," said Trickett; "seems such a calm, self-poised sort of man, you know."

"One of the most courteous men I ever met," said Waterman.

Then the others joined in with some kind of transparent adulation of the official referred to, all keeping wary eyes on Plodder, who at last burst forth.

"You all can think what you like. *My* idea is he's no gentleman."

Of course Plodder was assailed with instant demands to explain his meaning. Everybody was amazed; but Plodder would only shake his head and mutter that he knew what he was talking about. Nobody could tell him what constituted a gentleman. Park wasn't one anyhow, and all hopes for light upon that interview were for the moment dashed; but a day or two more brought everything out in startling colors, when it was announced that Lieutenant Calvin, who had been commanding a detachment "up the country," was ordered to return and explain certain allegations that had been brought to the notice of the regimental commander. Plodder's cautionary signal had been hoisted to some purpose after all.

It seems that being cut off from congenial society, and having no associates with whom to while away the weary hours of his detached service, Lieutenant Calvin had sought solace in the flowing bowl, had become involved in a quarrel with some rather hard cases among the citizens, and in some mysterious way the matter had reached headquarters. Calvin was on a sort of probation at the time, for his con-

duct on some previous occasions had given great cause for complaint to his colonel, and that officer had now received a note from headquarters on the subject of Calvin's recent misdemeanor, and felt himself called upon to investigate. This note had come three days before the date of Plodder's last visit to town, and the colonel had communicated its contents to no one but his adjutant, and yet it was known throughout the garrison on the day after Plodder's visit that Mr. Calvin was to be overhauled, and the colonel decided to inquire, among other things, *how* it became so speedily known.

"I would prefer to have some officer sent from elsewhere to relieve him," he had said to the commanding general in presence of the judge-advocate. "It will then create no talk or speculation at the barracks before he comes."

"It is known there already," said the judge-advocate.

"Most extraordinary!" said the colonel. "I don't see how that could be and I not know it." And indeed there were very few matters on which he was not fully informed.

"It is so, nevertheless," said the staff-officer. "One of your—a—subalterns—a gentleman with whom I have very slight acquaintance, came to me to tell me about it, as he expressed it, yesterday."

Then the colonel insisted upon hearing the whole story, and it came out. It seems that after one or two somewhat embarrassed visits, Mr. Plodder had succeeded in finding the judge-advocate alone on the previous afternoon, had then drawn his chair close to that officer's desk, and, very much to his surprise, had bent forward, and in confidential tone had remarked, "Say, I want to tell you about Calvin," and before the astonished judge-advocate could well interrupt him he had rushed through a few hurried sentences descriptive of the affair in which Calvin was involved, and looked up in very great astonishment when the judge-advocate suddenly checked him.

"One moment, Mr. Plodder. I do not understand the object of this narrative. Have you come to make an official complaint of Mr. Calvin's conduct? I am not the person. Your colonel——"

"Oh, no, no. You don't understand," interrupted Mr. Plodder. "*I* don't want to appear in the matter at all; but you see I happen to know——"

"You don't mean to say that you have come to me to give confidential information about an officer of your regiment?" burst in the judge-advocate with growing wrath.

"I thought you ought to know," said Plodder, sulkily. "You have charge of the court-martial business, and I s'pose charges are to be preferred——"

"And you want to appear as a witness, do you? or do you mean to prefer additional charges, or—what the devil do you mean?"

"No, *I'm* not a witness," exclaimed Plodder, hastily. "I just

thought you ought to know about this, you see, and all you've got to do is to write to so-and-so, and so-and-so. *They* were there and saw it. Oh, no, I don't want to appear at all."

"In plain words, then, Mr. Plodder, you came here as a tale-bearer, and expect me to treat you like a gentleman," said the judge-advocate, rising in wrath and indignation, while Mr. Plodder sat gazing at him in pained surprise. "By (— gulp) sir, I did not suppose the uniform had got so low as that. Go to your colonel if you want to tattle, sir; don't come to me. There's the door, Mr. Plodder; there's the door, sir." And in utter amaze the gentleman of nigh onto twelve years' consecutive service slipped out into the hall as ruefully ruffled in spirit as though he had been kicked thither. It was there he encountered Prime and Trickett, and it was in this shape that the interview was eventually made known to the regiment, but not until some time after, —not until the grand evolution of a pet and long-projected scheme. Then it was that this experience of Plodder's was made known, with many unflattering comments; and so it happened that not one grain of sympathy was felt for him in the moment of his most supreme dejection,—the crowning disappointment of his life.

For the first time in his "years of consecutive service" Plodder actually saw a first lieutenancy within his grasp, and this is how the matter stood.

Among a lot of desperately, hopelessly healthy and virtuous captains and first lieutenants there appeared the unfortunate Mr. Calvin, whose record had been somewhat mottled in the past, and who was now in a very precarious state. To get him out of the way would ordinarily secure for Mr. Plodder only a step, for at this moment he stood third on the list of second lieutenants; but here was a case of unusual combinations. The senior second lieutenant was at that moment undergoing trial on charges that must dismiss him from the service. There was no question as to his guilt; indeed, he had hardly made any defense against the allegations. But even were he to be dismissed, how was that to help Plodder? Look at the list:

Second Lieutenants —th Infantry.

1. John B. Riggs (in arrest, undergoing trial).
2. William H. Trainor, *regimental adjutant.*
3. Pariah Plodder.

The army reader sees the scheme at a glance. With Riggs dismissed, Trainor came to the head of the list, and was entitled to immediate promotion to first lieutenant, "he being the adjutant." This, then, made old Plodder senior second, and now—*now*, if he could only get Calvin out, there were his bars. Under these circumstances Plodder was not the man to hesitate. Knowing Calvin's weakness, he

had "kept an eye on him," had obtained through some mysterious correspondent details of his proceedings at his post of isolation, and it was not long before it began to be suspected that it was he who inspired the rumors that appeared in the local paper, and so drew the attention of the authorities to Calvin's offense.

Well, Calvin came in, had an interview with his colonel, who was stern and non-committal. Calvin protested that his offense had been grievously exaggerated. Britton, who took his place up the country, swore that the best citizens up there came in to speak in high terms of Calvin. The men with whom he had had the disturbance were rough characters, who had purposely insulted him, and Britton said that he believed the whole statement could be traced to one of the enlisted men, a bad fellow, whom Calvin had disciplined. The man was known to be writing letters frequently, and no one knew to whom they were sent. Calvin behaved well around garrison, and the colonel was divided in his mind. He hated to prefer charges he could not fully substantiate, and it was by no means certain that the allegations against Calvin could be reliably supported, although there was strong probability of their truth. Then it began to be rumored about the post that the colonel was wavering, despite his firm front against all Calvin's appeals, and that night Plodder was observed to be in a high state of nervous excitement. He had a confidential interview with one subaltern, and sought another with at least one more, but was sternly and angrily rebuffed. "I cannot say what the matter was," explained the offended youngster, "as he made me agree to regard his offer, as he called it, confidential. But it lets me out on Plodder, that's all."

The next day Plodder had a long talk with Calvin. The latter looked infinitely depressed at its close, and went up to town by permission of the colonel to see some legal friends. When night came he did not return, as was understood to be the arrangement, and the adjutant, driving up in the ambulance immediately after retreat, reappeared at tattoo escorting Calvin, and Calvin, perceptibly intoxicated, was conducted to his quarters, and bidden there to bide in close arrest.

Two days more and his unconditional resignation was forwarded "approved" from regimental headquarters, and a few days later, sadly bidding his comrades adieu, Calvin started homewards. "It was no use trying to make a fight," he said. "Some fellow had been spying around up the country and had prejudiced the colonel, and he told me he meant to bring up charges for the old matter. I could have stood up against them separately, but not collectively, and I had no war record, no friends, no influence. What was the use? Old Plodder gave me a check for four hundred dollars, payable at the First National in Chicago. I'll go back to railroading. Wish to God I'd never left it for soldiering, anyhow!" And with that he was gone, to await at his home the acceptance of his tendered resignation.

Now, there was unexpected sympathy for Calvin in the regiment. He was a plain man of limited education, who had run an engine on one of Tecumseh Sherman's vitally important railways in '64, and when his train was attacked by Hood's horsemen he had fought like a hero, had been made an officer in a regiment doing railway-guard duty, and at the end of the war a lieutenant in the regular infantry. Being sociable, warm-hearted, and weak, he had fallen into drinking ways, had spent his money fast, and so had fallen from grace. He had long been unhappy and out of his element in the service. Perhaps it was best that he should go back to the old life, where drink was an impossibility.

But the wonder was how could old Plodder bear to spend four hundred dollars of his hoarded gains even for the coveted file? *That* was not answered until long afterwards, and really has no place in the immediate *denouement* of this plot. It might come in handily elsewhere. He *had* given Calvin four hundred dollars to resign at once, and perhaps the colonel breathed freer at having the case decided for him. Now we were all agog for the result. It depended of course upon Riggs's sentence.

Now, Riggs was an anomaly. He had few friends in the regiment. He was a shy, sensitive, retiring sort of fellow, a man who read a great deal, was known to be very well informed, a man who rarely appeared at the social gatherings at the store, never played cards or billiards, was civil and courteous to the younger officers, but a little surly to the seniors. He was disliked by most of the latter, and cordially hated by his own captain. When they sat on courts together, Mr. Riggs invariably carried the day in all discussions that came up. He knew more law than any of them. Indeed, there seemed to be no point on which he had not more information than all but two or three of his seniors, and he rather delighted in drawing them out and exposing their ignorance. On the other hand, in the thousand little ways in which superior officers can inflict humiliation upon their juniors his own and other captains made him feel his dependent position, and poor Riggs, with all his knowledge, was a very unhappy man. He had not a real friend, certainly not an intimate, in the regiment; in fact, he incurred the hostility of many of the subs at the very start by being transferred from an old regiment to near the top of the list of this one when the consolidation took place in '71,—a transfer that drove Mr. Plodder nearly frantic at the time and laid the solid foundation of his undying hate. Riggs made no attempt to conciliate anybody. He never mentioned his past life or services. No one knew his war history, though it was known that he had served. No one ever heard him refer to what he had seen or experienced. Yet the few caustic comments with which he occasionally silenced Plodder's reminiscences amid an explosion of laughter from the youngsters assured every one that he knew whereof he spoke. He was sad, dreamy in tempera-

ment; some said he took opium, all knew he took whisky, and a great deal of it, though never was he known to do or say an unseemly thing under its influence. His face would flush and his speech sometimes thicken, but for a long time that had been all. He was what was called a steady drinker, and as an excuse, his wife (and she was a devoted little woman) was wont to tell the ladies of the regiment, who ventured to allude to it, that Mr. Riggs had a pulmonary difficulty, a bad cough, and that his physicians had prescribed whisky.

Cough he certainly had, and at times a very consumptive look, and as time wore on he had grown moody and sullen. Then came an exciting period in the history of the regiment. Several days and nights of sharp and stirring service against rioters in the streets of the adjoining city. Several days with irregular food and nights with irregular sleep, and after forty-eight hours of such experience, Lieutenant Riggs, suddenly summoned at daybreak by his captain to command a guard to be sent to some public buildings, plunged stupidly drunk into plain sight of assembled officers and men, and was sent back to the garrison in disgrace and close arrest. This was the offense for which he had just been tried. There was no hope for him said the colonel and the officers of the regiment. Dismissal short and sharp was the only prospect before him. A Presidential announcement had but recently been made that *that* was the one thing not to be overlooked at an executive mansion where dismayed diplomats were compelled to struggle through state dinners unaided by the accustomed Chateau Yquem and Pommery Sec, and rushed away chilled and alarmed to seek vinous aid for their offended stomachs. Riggs was ruined and must expect to go.

But the case had been tried before a general court of considerable rank, and composed of officers from other posts and commands. Only one of the —th Foot was on the detail. Admitting the facts alleged in the specification, Mr. Riggs had called upon one or two officers, his colonel and the major, for evidence as to his general character and previous conduct, and they could say nothing of consequence against him, and *did* say much that was favorable. When they had retired, Mr. Riggs surprised the court by calling upon one of its own members, an old surgeon, and subsequently upon another, a veteran lieutenant-colonel of artillery.

"What in thunder could he have wanted of them?" was the amazed inquiry down at the barracks that evening when it was there announced, and all that was said in reply was that they had known him during the war. Next day some important documentary evidence was introduced, and then, asking only twenty-four hours in which to write his defense, Mr. Riggs, in a voice that trembled with emotion, and with eyes that filled with tears he strove in vain to dash away, proceeded to address the court. "My wife is very ill, gentlemen, and her anxiety on my

account has increased the trouble. The order convening the court assigned the barracks as the place of meeting, but it was changed very properly to suit the convenience of the members who were in the city. As it is, I have to leave there early in the morning and be away from her all day. May I ask as a great favor that you arrange to meet tomorrow at the old place? I can then be near her in case—in case——" Here he stopped short, and, covering his face with his hands, turned his back upon the court.

The solemn silence was broken by the voice of the old surgeon.

"I know Mrs. Riggs and have known her for years; she is indeed very much prostrated, and I have a note from Dr. Grant at the barracks substantiating what Mr. Riggs says." The judge-advocate stepped out and had a short consultation with the adjutant-general of the department in his adjoining office, and when the court adjourned it adjourned to meet at noon on the following day down at the barracks.

It was perhaps an hour after adjournment when the judge-advocate of the court accompanied by one of its members started out to take a drive. Passing the headquarters building where they had been in session during the morning, they were surprised to see Lieutenant Riggs standing alone at the doorway and gazing anxiously down the street.

"Why, I thought his wife was so sick, and supposed that he would be on his way to barracks by this time," said the member.

"And I too; I don't understand it," said the junior, who was driving. "At least," he added, hesitatingly, "he may be waiting for the ambulance. It's a six-mile drive, and no hackman will go there for less than a small fortune."

There was silence for a moment as they trotted briskly along. Both the judge-advocate and the member caught each other in the act of glancing back toward the dim and lonely figure of Mr. Riggs, and in another minute the younger officer pulled up his team.

"Major, you want to go back and see what's the matter?"

"Yes, and so do you. Hold up a minute; there's Coles now. He'll know about the ambulance."

Reining in towards the sidewalk, the sauntering quartermaster was hailed, and that somewhat bulky official stepped up to the side of their stylish turnout.

"Was the ambulance to take Riggs back to the post? He seems to be waiting for something very anxiously," said the judge-advocate.

The quartermaster started. "Why, yes; I thought it had gone long ago, and had stopped below here where I met it. Captain and Mrs. Breen and one or two others were doing a little shopping I reckon."

"Meantime, poor Riggs is waiting to get back to his sick wife, and has been waiting for an hour," said the legal adviser of the court with

an impatient crack of the whip that startled his spirited grays as they were whirled about and sent spinning up the street, leaving the dazed quartermaster staring after them. At headquarters the team again abruptly pulled up, and its driver called out in cheery tones—,

"Riggs, we are going out to barracks. Can we give you a lift? It may be some time before that ambulance comes along."

"It was to have been here over an hour ago," said the infantryman, slowly. "I don't know what's the matter, and I could not go in search of it: my arrest limits me to this building when in town. I hate to trouble you, yet I ought to have been home by this time."

"Jump in, man, jump in! We'll get you there in less than no time," exclaimed both occupants. And, only too willing, Mr. Riggs "leaped aboard," and they sped away for the outskirts of the city.

Passing a favorite restaurant where officers and ladies were wont to rendezvous when in town, they caught sight of the missing ambulance.

"Weren't you ordered to be at headquarters for Lieutenant Riggs at three o'clock?" demanded the judge-advocate of the driver.

"Yes, sir," replied that party, glancing in nervous embarrassment over his shoulder at somebody in the depths of the vehicle, "but——"

A forage-capped head appeared from behind the curtain, the benign features of Captain Breen slowly hove in sight, and a smile of greeting spread thereover as his eyes met those of the staff-officers.

"Oh, ah! Good-afternoon, colonel. How de do, Captain Park. Why, a—yes, there was something said about going for Riggs when we got through—when the ladies finished shopping, you know. I was just reading the evening paper. If you are ready, Riggs, I—I'll hurry them out now," said the captain, startled into civility to the subaltern on seeing the distinguished company in which he drove.

"Thanks; we won't trouble you. Hup there!" said Captain Park, dryly and energetically, as once more the grays dashed off at rapid trot, and in half an hour Mr. Riggs was landed in front of his quarters in the garrison.

He said very little as he stepped from the light road-wagon, but he grasped the extended hands of the two officers and looked up in their faces with mute eloquence. The post surgeon happened along at the moment, and Riggs turned eagerly towards him.

"A little easier if anything," said the doctor in answer to the look of anxious inquiry. "Better, I think, than she has been for the last two days. Your telegram cheered her a good deal."

"Excuse me now, will you, gentlemen?" said the lieutenant to his late conductors. "You understand my haste and will forgive my inhospitality in not asking you in. You—you don't know how I thank you." And with that he was gone.

"Doctor, what seems the matter with Mrs. Riggs?" asked the judge-advocate, impetuously.

"Heart-trouble mainly. Any great anxiety tells right there. She was a mighty sick woman yesterday. Won't you stop at my quarters?"

"Thanks, no. We were just out for a drive and must get back."

Whether from motives of delicacy, or possibly from lack of curiosity, very few of the older officers of the —th Foot were present in the court-room when Mr. Riggs read his brief statement or defense on the following day; but nothing could keep Plodder away. Among the group of four or five junior officers his keen little eyes and eager face peered out ferret-like, glancing from member to member of the court as though he sought to probe their inmost souls. Brief as it was, Riggs had written an admirable little argument. He made no accusations, no recriminations; indeed, he rather slightingly alluded to a portion of the evidence which went to show that during the forty-eight hours preceding his offense he had been kept almost continuously on duty night and day, while the other company officer, his captain, slept almost as continuously. He manfully admitted his guilt, he showed that never before had he been accused of such an offense, and then, with brief reference to the testimony of the surgeon and his old division commander of war days, and the documentary evidence in their possession, he threw himself upon the mercy of the court.

The youngsters could not repress a murmur of admiration as he closed. Plodder with open mouth and staring eyes looked around the long, littered table like a military Shylock imploring the fulfillment of his bond. His eyes brightened as the judge-advocate slowly rose; he knew how trenchant he could be at least, and he had confidence that his response would shatter the favorable impression left by Mr. Riggs's defense. It was with an almost audible gasp of dismay that he heard the next words that broke the silence of the court-room. The judge-advocate calmly said, "The case is submitted without remark."

Not until Mr. Waterman had plucked him by the coat-sleeve and hoarsely whispered, "Don't stand there like a stuck pig, you old idiot. Court's cleared," could Mr. Plodder be made to understand that all outsiders were required to withdraw that the court might proceed to its deliberation. Even at the outer door he again stopped and looked back, a half-formed project taking root in his bewildered brain, and again Mr. Waterman unfeelingly interrupted him. "Come on, Plodder. D—n it all! are you thinking of going in and haranguing the court yourself?" It was in more than perturbation that Plodder finally sought his quarters and, secure in his solitude, unlocked and uncorked his demijohn.

In another hour the court had adjourned and gone its way. Issuing from the stuffy room over the colonel's office, the members had been met by hospitable invitations to take luncheon here, there, and elsewhere about the garrison, and the story of the documentary and war evidence having got around by this time, there was much questioning as to its

exact nature, and much wonderment that it had not been heard of before. The surgeon had testified to Mr. Riggs having been twice severely wounded, once at Shiloh, again at Chickamauga. The artillery colonel to his having twice noticed admirable and gallant conduct in action, which he had praised in orders. The documentary evidence went even further. Evidently Riggs's stock was looking up. Of course no member of the court could give the faintest hint of the action taken, and as they finally drove away, and the officers after evening parade were discussing the probable fate of the accused, the colonel quietly put a stop to speculation by the remark made to the second in command, "He pled guilty. They had to sentence him to dismissal. Now only the President can save him. He has no influence, and the President has just said he would not overlook such offenses in future. That settles it in my mind."

That night, therefore, Mr. Plodder went to bed half full of comfort and whisky.

But it was noticed that the judge-advocate, Captain Park, had gone off with the surgeon after the adjournment of court, and while the rest of the garrison was at lunch he, with Dr. Grant, had appeared at Riggs's door.

"She has begged to be allowed to see you," the doctor had explained, "and what she needs is some little word of hope. *His* hopefulness she fears is only simulated for her sake." And nodding appreciatively in response to the doctor's significant glance, Captain Park was shown into the plainly furnished little parlor, where, reclining in a broad sofa-chair, propped upon white pillows, white as her own wan face, was the fragile form of the invalid. He had known her only slightly, but her gentle, unassuming, sweet-tempered ways had often attracted his attention, and her devotion to her husband was a matter that had excited the somewhat envious remarks of Benedicts less favored. She held out her thin white hand, and looked with glistening eyes up into the grave bearded face that bent over her in courteous greeting and kindly interest.

"I wanted to see you and thank you," she said in her gentle voice. "More than once Mr. Riggs has spoken of your consideration and courtesy in all this—this sad affair; but yesterday he was quite overcome. They did not get back with the ambulance until nearly seven, and all that time he would have been kept waiting, and I——"

"It was a pleasure to me to be of any service," he answered; "but I am grieved to see you so prostrated, so ill. Do you know I—I think you are worrying far too much?"

Eagerly she glanced up into his face. "Oh, Captain Park! I know you cannot tell me the sentence; I know you cannot tell me anything they have done, but I am so torn with doubt, so unhappy! Mr. Riggs seems so friendless here. No one knows him, no one under-

stands him. Last night he almost broke down as he said that in a whole year yours was the only voice he had heard that seemed to have a ring of friendship or sympathy. His people have written to him to come home. They think he must be dismissed, and have so written to him and to me. They urge me to come at once and get the little home they offer in readiness, so that he can be induced to come right there if the order is—is against us. I am ill, but if need be I could go. I would be glad to think of having that little haven for him in case he were crushed by this, but *ought* I to go? Ought I to leave him here alone? It will be full three weeks or a month before we can hear from Washington I suppose."

Still standing, he bent over her chair. "Shall I tell you what I think you ought to do, at once?" he asked, almost smiling. "I believe I will, anyway. It may be a very rude and impertinent thing to say, but it is my belief that the best thing you can do is get well,—get well right away, and be ready, you and Mr. Riggs, to take Christmas dinner with us. Mrs. Park will be back next week, and I know she will be delighted. There! It is nearly a month away to be sure, but that will give you abundant time. Meanwhile, of course you can't go home. Will you promise me, Mrs. Riggs?" And the legal adviser held out his hand, gave her a cordial grasp, and vanished before she could find one word in which to thank him. When Mr. Riggs rejoined his wife she was sobbing like a little child, and yet there was a world of hope and gladness in her swollen eyes as she gazed up into his tired face and drew it down to her lips.

As for Captain Park, it was observed of him that he whistled with considerable cheeriness on his way back to town, and as he sat at his desk that evening completing the record of the court. Some weeks afterwards, in speaking of the requirement that no officer of a court shall make known its sentence except to the reviewing authority, Captain Park was heard to mutter, "Wonder if inviting a fellow to a Christmas dinner would be revealing the sentence of a court?" and somebody present replied, "How could it be?"

And yet Mrs. Riggs was gaining health and spirits with every day, and Mr. Riggs, though still confined to the garrison in arrest, was serenely enjoying life in her society.

Three weeks later a brace of orders arrived from the War Department, and there was uproar and excitement among the youngsters in the —th Foot. Full information of course preceded the official announcement, but the very enlisted men grinned with delight when those orders were read on parade, for the story of Plodder's speculation had reached the ranks, where he was no favorite. Divested of their official forms the orders were, first, publication of the proceedings of the court-martial before which Lieutenant Riggs was arraigned and tried, and in accordance with his plea was found guilty and sentenced to be dismissed

the service. All of which was approved; but, said the order, "in view of the earnest recommendation signed by the entire court, and concurred in by the commanding generals of the department and of the army, the President has been pleased to remit the sentence, and Lieutenant Riggs will resume his sword and return to duty."

Then came the second order from the A.G.O.:

"PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

* * * * * * * *

"—*th Infantry.*

"Second Lieutenant John B. Riggs to be first lieutenant, *vice* Calvin resigned. December 3, 187–.

"Second Lieutenant William H. Trainor to be first lieutenant, he being the adjutant. December 3, 187–."

And Plodder's hoarded four hundred dollars had really purchased Riggs's promotion. "Bless your generous heart, Plod!" burst out that irrepressible scapegrace Trickett as the officers dispersed after dismissal of parade. "Let me shake hands with you, old man. Now just chip in another four hundred and buy me a file and I'll——" but the rest was lost in the explosions of laughter, under cover of which poor Plodder went raging to his quarters.

As for Riggs, he wore his bars for the first time at Park's Christmas dinner, and he wears them yet, only he hates to be spoken of as "Plodder's Promotion."

X.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH THE YELLOW FEVER.

FROM AN ACTUAL JOURNAL.

October 4, 18—. *Payta, Peru.*—I desire, before beginning the opening sentences of this journal, to glance back some months in the record of the last portion of my life. The closing words of the journal of the cruise thus far have been written, and the old book closed and strapped. I open the book now under my pen with the feeling that the commonplace occurrences of the past months will not be repeated in the present record. I have two reasons for such a feeling: first, we are bound on a roving cruise over the bosom of the mysterious and broad Pacific; second, we have the yellow fever on board.

We left Acapulco on September 20, 18—, making a quick run under steam to Panama. In the journal just closed I noted the general incidents of the voyage, the intense heat, and, later, the continuous rains as we approached Panama. Our stay there was short; partly because we were anxious to get south, but mainly on account of the yellow fever prevailing on shore.

We weighed anchor on the 27th September, and on the 2d October anchored in the harbor of Payta, Peru. The constant rains had ceased, and the heat of the southern summer had begun to be felt. It was in this harbor that my old journal closed and these first pages of my new one begin. Two days after our arrival, the coal was aboard, the first and second cutters repainted, and the first man since leaving Acapulco entered the sick-bay.

We had been well satisfied with our cruise thus far, and our ship was a beauty in every way. Only about two thousand knots had passed under her keel since her new outfit, and by reason of the various improvements made in the different departments wonders were expected of her. Our expectations were realized to just the proper extent. Her powers were developed, and we knew exactly what to predict for her.

The fact that one man had entered the sick-bay did not attract notice. Indeed, many were ignorant of that occurrence until develop-

ments made it known. Twelve hours after, at seven in the evening, all hands knew there was a dead man in the ship. The complete suddenness of the event was startling. The shortness of the interval between the first symptoms and death excited our wonder, but not alarm. At 7.30 A.M., to the surprise of everybody, orders came from the cabin for the burial. The body, sewed in the cot on which it lay, had been carried aft to the dinghy hung at the stern davits.

The truth seemed to have dawned on the crew quicker than on the officers, and they were gathered about the mainmast, staring aft and talking in low tones about the dead man. At eight o'clock the dinghy was lowered with its burden stretched along the thwarts, a small American flag, at half-mast, stepped in the stern, and the towing-line secured to the steam-cutter, which lay alongside officered and manned.

It was now evident that the body was not to receive a sailor's burial. The launch left the side with the floating hearse in tow, with some fifteen fathoms of line out. There was perfect silence fore and aft as that painfully sad train glided away. Three hours later the launch and boat returned, leaving the dead buried beneath the sand of a small island,—too small even for a name,—which, bathed by the fretful waters of the Pacific, stands alone and desolate. Such was the first victim of that fearful plague which possessed us; such the beginning of a long series of horrors which I hope never again to pass through.

There was no secret in the matter now: yellow fever was aboard, and, as expressed in our first victim, of the most malignant type.

The day passed in painful suspense, and in my last journal, which closed yesterday evening, I noted the order to make sail.

At 8 P.M. the anchor was clear, her head paid off, and our bows were pointed seaward. Unusual silence prevailed over the deck; even the work at the yards and braces was done in a subdued manner. There was no hilarity, no bustle, no sprightly activity, which is usually displayed when anchor is weighed. It was intensely dark, and the air hung heavy and hot, with just sufficient breeze to give steerage-way. The lights of the shipping went slowly astern and faded into the mists. At 10 P.M. the little island where our shipmate lay buried passed under our quarter, just dimly discernible. Those who were awake seemed drawn unconsciously to look towards it; and it was with a sigh of relief that it was dropped astern into the shadows of night.

October 8, 18—. *At sea.*—With the exception of to-day, the days since my last entry hold but little marked interest. Those who have traveled much at sea, under sail, can comprehend the dull monotony of the lagging days. Some hours after leaving our anchorage, on the night of the 4th, we left the lee of the land, and were blessed with a strong, steady breeze from the south by east. The yards were braced sharp up, and thus close-hauled we dashed along through a moderate head-sea at seven or eight knots. Day by day wore on, nothing but

ocean about us, with but one hope ahead,—that our ghastly passenger might soon be landed on a colder shore. We congratulated ourselves and the captain on the speedy measures taken; for not another case of that dreadful disease had shown itself. Anxiety had left every face—but the doctors'. Once more the mess was lively and the jokes went round. We recklessly *drank to the health of John,* and expressed ourselves in a *fever* to see him again.

There were serious moments when we spoke of the dead, and careless words were silenced by a half-felt fear. Thus the days waned. The wind held constant during the day, and thus far we have never looked upon a perfectly calm sea. The same pleasant heave of the swells, which increase every evening into white-caps; the same pressure against the sails, which we occasionally lighten for brief squalls. Not a drop of rain,—a fair, sunlighted sky, shadowed here and there by light, feathery clouds. If the monotony were not there, who could wish a pleasanter life? How soon was this to be disturbed! how soon was this contentedness to cease and only despair be pictured on these happy faces! At noon of the 8th a sight was taken and our position plotted. We were then in lat. 12° 11′ S., long. 86° 17′ W. About two o'clock in the afternoon there was some confusion forward, under the forecastle, and a man came aft and reported something to the officer of the deck. I was on deck at the time, and noticed some uneasiness in the manner of the man, but took no particular note of it. I was lazily leaning against the rail, watching the foam as it hissed past, and wondering where in the world we would see land again, when a touch on the shoulder turned me round to one of my messmates, who remarked, in a peculiarly dry tone,—

"We've got 'em again."

"You mean, I suppose, more properly, '*I've* got 'em again,'" said I, attempting something ridiculously funny.

A pitying smile was the reply. Then in a serious tone he said,—

"The doctor declares it a *bona-fide* case of——"

I could feel my face flush as a light broke on my mind.

"You mean to say that yellow——" I began, when my words were hushed by the hurry of feet, and, as I looked around, a cot, on which lay a man supported by six of the men, moved aft over the quarter-deck, and slowly mounted the ladder to the poop. A few minutes later, a glance over the poop showed a canvas partition stretched across the deck. Yes, it had really come! The man had shown symptoms the day before. He had been attacked with spasms of vomiting, and from other signs the doctors pronounced his case a fully-developed one.

It is ten o'clock the night of the 8th as I write, and some one has just told us, in a voice solemn and awe-struck, that the second man had died while unconscious, and that three more had been taken aft, all showing the worst symptoms.

"We're in for it," remarked some one.

It certainly is a terrible beginning. One by one our mess have retired or gone to their duties, and I sit here pen in hand to close these lines. They may be my last! Homeward in my thoughts I travel, —back to the old home, the picturesque hills and vales of Kentucky. There in the soft moonlight I can see the portico dark with vines, the dormer-windows glancing in the moonbeams, and the grand old chestnuts waving in the gentle night winds. Oh, for the peaceful silence of that dear spot to the creeping, deathlike stillness that reigns on deck! At ten the muffled bell rings four mournful strokes, and the "word" comes aft quietly but clearly. If nothing happens to me my pen will resume its labor, but I feel that it will have many a painful scene to picture.

October 9. *At sea.*—By ten this morning the "binnacle list" showed four patients. Then came a pause of some eight hours, giving us time to look about. At noon our position was lat. 14° 18′ S., long. 88° 35′ W. We had been making splendid time, and to a great degree had passed beyond the powerful Peruvian current which sweeps along the coast.

The log registered from 6.30 to 9.30 knots. At that rate in thirty days we could confidently expect a snap or two of cold weather. But during those thirty days? The four men aft are "blue-jackets," and at inspection the fact was noticed that these men belonged to the same gun's crew; furthermore, the man who had died on the 8th was of the same crew. The remaining men betrayed uneasiness, which was rather increased by the captain's decision not to replace the vacant numbers. Sailors are reckless beings, as shown by a remark of one of this crew.

"They (the sick men) were numbers 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12; you're 13, aren't ye, Jack?" with a chuckle and laugh. "Jack" did not seem to enjoy the joke, but looked around uneasily at his comrades on the other side of the gun.

At eleven o'clock all hands were called to burial services. The launching-board, on which lay the body, was supported upon two trestles. A short, impressive service was read by our executive, then the body was borne to the open pivot-gun port. As the low words of prayer ceased, the order was given, the board raised, and the body fell through the air and disappeared in the dark waters. The men slowly moved away and were visibly affected, rough as they were. This feeling soon wore off, and at four o'clock there was something bordering on hilarity about their mess-cloths forward.

About seven o'clock in the evening I was pacing the quarter-deck, with my thoughts on that one great subject,—our plague,—when a man came staggering aft assisted by the doctor. His face was a ghastly yellow, his eyes blood-shot, his head rolling almost from shoulder to shoulder, and he gagged fearfully at every step. A glance at his face,

in spite of its distortion, was sufficient to recognize the number 13 of the gun's crew, whose fate had been so jokingly predicted in the morning.

It is nearly ten o'clock, my usual hour for closing these pages for the day. Word came down that two of the patients on the poop were dead. Three were still alive, and no more added up to this hour.

I cannot praise too much the precautions taken to meet the disease. As we were close-hauled, and sailing "full and by," the position of the hospital on the after part of the poop could not have been better chosen. The poop awning was kept constantly spread, and the space for the cots was inclosed completely by side awnings, leaving room at the top for air. Furthermore, the cots were raised on gratings so as to allow any water coming aboard to sweep under without damage. The clothes of all the men who had died or who had handled the dead were thrown overboard. Sleeping in the open air was insisted on as far as possible. The doctors and apothecary are assiduous in their attentions to the sick, and do everything that their knowledge can prompt for their comfort and care. No ship could have been more ably prepared than this one to meet such a foe. But yellow fever is an adversary against which science can make but feeble efforts.

This has been a long day. A day of sickness and death! As I hear the bells sound once more the hour of ten, I question again, how soon our visitor will stalk down the after-ladder. Through the open hatch I can hear the wind hum through the rigging, and the constant creaking of the beams as the ship careens to the waves. The breeze flutters in the curtains of my doorway. Who can say when they will be drawn by other hands than mine?

October 10. *At sea.*—Last night I went on deck for my watch at twelve o'clock. It was sprinkling slightly when I reached the poop, while in the southeast heavy clouds were banking, and had already nearly reached zenith. The wind seemed to have freshened since sunset and had hauled over two "points" to the eastward. The ship continued to carry her light canvas, but was beginning to stagger under it. Now and then a bucketful of spray flew over the bow, as the ship plunged heavily into the broken swell. There was every evidence of a squall, which might increase to a gale should the rain cease. At one o'clock royals were taken in, and a few minutes after the mizzen and main-top-gallant stay-sails and all the top-gallant sails. The wind by this time had hauled to the northeast by east, and was blowing half a gale. The ship careened well over and hissed through the heavy seas at the rate of about twelve knots. The strain and labor began to tell by this time, making it advisable to reef. Double reefs were taken in the main- and foretop-sails, the jib was hauled down, and under this canvas, at two o'clock, with a heavy gale from the north and west, we were running off at some fourteen knots. The storm had all the characteristic

fierceness of those of the Pacific. Immense foaming waves came up astern, lifting her high, and passing on with a hissing roar. Our decks were flooded, and clouds of salt spray, caught up by the fierce gusts, dashed in our faces and penetrated even through stout tarpaulin.

The awnings of the hospital had been secured, and the covering was arranged to prevent water from collecting or dripping in. The doctor was with his patients, and said they could not be more secure.

About four o'clock, when the storm was at its highest, the densest darkness reigning over ship and sea, the wind making wild music in the rigging, the vessel pitching and swashing her bows under at every sea, there came loud cries from the berth-deck, and by the dim lantern light which streamed from the uplifted hatch, I saw a figure emerge and vanish aft into the darkness. A few minutes after the doctor passed forward slowly, owing to the fearful pitching of the ship; and soon after a number of men came up the poop-ladder, and among them the doctor. He explained to me, in tones raised above the noise of the tempest, that three more men were down, and had just gone into the hospital, and that another was found dead in his hammock. The fearful presence of this monster disease within, and the howling of the engulfing storm without, made the situation doubly horrible!

The storm lasted throughout the night, and was blowing heavily when I went on deck this morning. The sea was a heaving mass of foam as far as the eye could reach. The clouds were broken, and the low scud swept swiftly past, resembling mist more than clouds. As the wind fell slightly the canvas was increased, so we still held a tremendously rapid pace through the water. Towards noon the sky cleared up and the wind settled down to a stiff gale from the northwest. The observation taken at noon showed that we have passed over some *two hundred and seventy-five miles.* But little of this was made before midnight, so the pace during the heaviest part of the blow must have been tremendous.

At sick-call this morning ten were in the hospital,—the four latest had made their appearance at day-break. At two o'clock preparations were made to bury the dead. All hands were called, and the usual ceremony of salutes and prayers was performed. The weather was still wild, but the sky was clear, and the sun shone hotly. It was curious to note the difference in bearing of the men at the first and these latter burials. This ceremony had already begun to be fearfully common. The awed and half-frightened expression which they showed at first had given place to the naturally careless air of the sailor.

The decks were cleared once more, sail after sail was set, and every thing looked cheerful and seamanlike. A glance at the ship would not indicate that the black wings of Death were shadowing this lonely, isolated craft. The men passed to and fro with a jest or laugh, unmindful that perhaps in a few hours those around them would see them for

the last time. Reckless of danger, weather, disease, or storm, accustomed to carry their lives in their hands, they gave way to no weakness, exhibited no signs of dissatisfaction or alarm. Yet they knew full well their danger. Many had passed through similar scenes, and knew there was no romancing with this deadly malady.

Our bearing to day gave us lat. 19° 7′ S., long. 89° 21′ W. We are steering due south to-day, with the intention of gaining the westerly wind-belt in lat. 35° S.

The doctor told us to-day that he thought the disease was approaching its height, and that in a day or two its fatality would lessen and the contagion would cease. The record of this afternoon seemed to have contradicted him, for ten men were taken to the hospital, and up to six in the evening four had died.

There were five marines among the last cases, and one of the unburied dead was the bugler. The doctor advised a quick burial; therefore at 6.30 P.M. all hands were called, just as the sun was setting, and the burial ceremony performed.

What a sombre picture was presented at this burial! The sun was just beginning to dip when the service ended and the bodies were about to be hurried into the sea. Heavy broken clouds clung about the horizon; some, blazing with bright golden tints, formed an open gateway for the lessening sun; others, farther away, were trimmed in colors fading from yellow to crimson, and from crimson to dusky pink. A broad sheet of light fell along the sea, contracting as it reached the sky, and in it the waves glistened as they foamed and broke. Crimson colors played over the sails and in the rigging, and streamed through the open port over the silent group, in the midst of which lay the still forms of our dead shipmates. A moment more the bodies were lifted and plunged into the noisy sea. A deathlike silence for a moment over the decks, and as the faces turn away, the port is closed, and a dying shimmer flashes over the ship—and the sun is gone.

Oh, fell disease! ending the days of lives too quickly shortened, quieting the hearts that beat with the hope and strength of youth, and folding about those silent forms the heaving waters of the great Pacific.

I pen these last words while my heart sickens at the record of misfortunes. I wonder if each one asks himself, "Will I be spared? Will I live through these gloomy days?" I do, often; and sometimes I find myself pausing to listen to the sweep of Death's sombre pinions, and in the flutter of the awnings aft I sometimes imagine I hear the fanning of his wings, as he lulls a mortal soul into the sleep of never-ending silence.

October 11, 12, 13. *At sea.*—6 P.M. October 13. I tire of the record of these fearful times. A man on the eve of battle does not stop to question his courage, but dreams of acts destined to make him famous. A man in the face of this fearful fever can only await his

fate tremblingly. In outward appearances I cannot detect fear in the tremor of a single eyelid; but in the silent watches of the night, who of them has not felt his cheeks grow white and a numbness pass over him as his mind pictures him in the agonies of death? I must confess to such feelings, but my thoughts are irresistible.

Let me glance back over the past three days. During that time up to the present hour, we have buried fifteen men. Thirty-four are in the hospital, and, what is most important, three of these pronounced out of danger. Our evil has released its grip at last, but very sparingly. Out of the fifty-three sick and dead but three likely to recover! Yesterday, the 12th, another event occurred. Two of the younger officers were pronounced attacked with yellow fever. As soon as their cases were apparent they were removed to the hospital with the rest. This was a significant fact, for it brought the danger to our very doors.

Up to this time we had been particular to employ every means as a preventive against the disease. Some used medicines regularly; some constantly carried highly volatile compounds about them; and some even went so far as to burn sulphur in their rooms every morning. All were careful of their diet, exercise, and ventilation. In spite of all, it had reached us. We must now look forward to a visitation as severe as the sufferings of the berth-deck. It was a dreary awakening from our supposed security, but there was no help for us. We must wait the turn of events, keep our minds on our duty, and hope for the best.

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon the mast-head lookout roused the ship by the cry of, "Sail O!" All eyes were turned to the direction to which he pointed, but nothing could be seen. After a few ineffectual efforts to make it out with a glass, the officer of the deck ascended the fore-rigging, and on another trial made out the sail to be that of a small boat. This roused considerable excitement and curiosity, and several who ascended the rigging averred that they saw it also.

With a good wind over our port beam we were logging a moderate pace, and within an hour the sail was plainly visible from the deck, and the glass showed two forms in it. Theories and suppositions passed around as to the character and cause of such an appearance, over fifteen hundred miles from land. So great was the surprise that even our calamities were forgotten for a time, but a sharp reminder came while we were in the midst of our observations.

Word came forward that four more men had just died on the poop, and services would be held at 6.30 in the evening. A thoughtful look passed over every face, and the curiosity seemed forgotten. But one by one we gathered at the rail, and watched the little boat as it flew over the long swells directly towards us. Nearer and nearer it came, and at last two men were plainly seen in it. In a few minutes they were alongside, holding on by a tow-line at the gangway, with the

first lieutenant leaning over the side talking to them. The ship fell away again,—for it had been brought up,—the men came aboard, and their boat, secured by a long line, followed astern.

The two beings now stood in the gangway telling their story to the captain, and I had an opportunity to examine them closely. They were evidently half starved and worn down by fatigue. Food had been given them, and they ate and talked at the same time. The outline of their misfortunes is this.

They were second mate and cook of the English merchant bark "Lucy," bound from Sydney, New South Wales, to Valparaiso, Chili, with a cargo of coal. When thirty days out a cyclone struck them and drove them, for three days, out of their reckoning. Mast after mast had gone by the board, and at length, just as the storm had spent, her seams opened and she gradually filled. They took to the boats after losing four men, who were carried away by the falling masts. These two had taken possession of the ship's yawl and provisioned her. They had been now twenty days in the boat, living for the past week on biscuits and raw flying-fish, and the last biscuit had been eaten that morning. They had been terribly knocked about and were very weak. The constancy of fine weather since abandoning the ship had been their salvation, for it was an effort for them to handle the boat even in an ordinary wind.

After eating a hearty meal they began to look about them, apparently well satisfied with the prospect, when the first lieutenant asked the mate what he should do with his boat towing astern.

"Why," said he, "cast her off;" then adding, "Excuse me, sir, but would you let me do that myself? I have spent some miserable days in that little boat, and I would like to give her the good-by with my own hands."

Permission was granted him, and he moved aft to the poop-rail, where the line was secured. He had hardly reached the ladder when the first lieutenant was at his side and stopped him by a touch on the arm.

"I forgot for a moment," said that officer; "but what you ask is impossible. I cannot allow you on the poop,—it is our hospital."

"Hospital! Why, what is the trouble?" asked the stranger.

"We have the yellow fever. There are some forty cases behind those curtains."

For a moment the man seemed paralyzed, and gazed frightened and fixedly at the poop.

"Yellow fever," he whispered; "for God's sake let me go." And he moved forward to the gangway.

The officer followed him quickly. "Go! where will you go?" asked he.

"Back to my boat. Give me some food, a chart, and my position,

and let me go. I'd rather risk reaching the coast than take my chances here."

After a few whispered words to the other stranger, who seemed still more horrified, they asked again for their boat, and hurried over the side when it came up, only pausing to express their gratitude and wishing us the best of luck. The second mate apologized to us for not shaking hands on leaving, explaining that he had a wife and child anxiously waiting for him, and he was bound to them not to run any unnecessary risks.

The boat shoved off and rapidly dropped astern. In a few minutes their little sail went up, and in three hours it had disappeared to the eastward, carrying away those men who dared to brave the perils of the wildest of seas rather than face the deadly disease running riot between our decks.

This incident was much talked of, and it saddened us not a little. We now realized how hardened we had become by the constant presence of death. Had we been told one month ago that soon we would be in the midst of dying men, ourselves in imminent danger at every moment, a fear such as we had seen on the faces of those castaway seamen would have crept into our hearts and chilled us.

It is nearly 6.30 P.M., the time of the evening burial. A glimpse over the hatchway shows me four muffled forms stretched dumbly on the wooden bier. When will this have an ending? Must we all be visited?

Bitter thoughts crowd my mind as I prepare to close these sentences. Surely, if all things are right, which are, and still are part and consequence of a design, surely this has been overlooked! If not, who can explain it? Who can reconcile a curse and blessing?

10 P.M. Somehow I feel an uneasiness about this journal. I seem to be possessed with the thought that my last page is being finished. I acknowledge it silly to be superstitious; still, wonderful stories are told of presentiments. How hot it grows in these evenings! Did I write that they buried all four?—all went over together with a great—with a great—what—what's this—. . .

November 17, 18. *Sandy Point.*—Five weeks to-day! To-day, with the doctor's permission, I resume this journal, only to finish it. Events swept past me as I lay on my bed of sickness. My case had been severe but manageable; and when once more, some two weeks ago, I awoke to consciousness, new strength came again to my enfeebled body, and since then a steady improvement has set in. My escape was extremely narrow,—my thankfulness proportionately great.

To-day finds us swinging gently at anchor off Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan, purged of the fever, healthy, and, though reduced in number, contented in our security. Fair winds and gentle seas had carried us on, afflicted, it is true, but the deadliness of the fever had

vanished. As the days passed the intervals between the deaths became longer, until mortality ceased entirely. Finally, one by one came from the hospital, pale and weakened but recovered.

As I sit warmly wrapped, basking in the sunlight of a beautifully clear day, gazing contentedly through an open port, my heart throbs with a great thanksgiving that once more my eyes can behold this bright and lovely scene of dancing waters, cloudless, azure skies, and moving life; while the past fades away with its weary watchings, pains, and death. Thoughts of home and loved ones crowd thick and fast, bringing happy tears that dim the peaceful scene.

H.

KITTY'S CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 657, vol. ix.)

XVI.

An hour later both Harrod Summers and myself were curiously inspecting a pair of inebriated bipeds at the police station. Both were stolidly drunk, and were plunged in the heavy sleep that resulted from their excessive potations. One, the younger, was a tolerably well-dressed youth not absolutely unlike Peyton, but all the same a total stranger. Neither of us had ever seen him before. But his companion —was Hank Smith.

The two had been guilty of some drunken turbulence in a down-town saloon, said one of the police-officers, and had attracted the attention of "the force." In the course of a wordy altercation between them a detective had dropped in, and, after a few moments' apparently indifferent lounging and listening, had suddenly gone in search of a comrade, meantime bidding the officer keep his eye on them. They were still drinking and squabbling when the detective returned. Smith was demanding payment of money which the other protested he had never received, and it was not long before the lie was given and a scuffle ensued. This was sufficient to enable the officers to arrest them as drunk and disorderly, and then to notify us. That Peyton was in some way connected with the sudden appearance of Hank Smith in the Crescent City neither of us could doubt for a minute, as Peyton's name, with many blasphemous qualifications, had been frequently mentioned in their altercation. It would be some hours before they could be in condition to account for themselves and their motives; meantime the colonel and I were devoured with impatience and curiosity. The police supposed that they had the big ruffian of our night adventure in the person of Smith, but he was not the man. His presence only added to the mystery. For several weeks after his trial at Jackson he had disappeared from our view and we had heard nothing of his movements. Now, what could have brought him here, and what connection had his wanderings with Peyton's? I vainly puzzled over this problem while studying the flushed and sodden features of this arch-reprobate. Harrod went down home again to tell Vinton of the important capture.

I had to go to the office at noon, but late in the day we were again at the station; and now, still bewildered and surly, but somewhat freshened by liberal applications of cold water from the pump, the ex-leader of the Tishomingo Ku-Klux was sitting up and chewing the cud of melancholy retrospect in place of the accustomed solace of "navy plug." Very ugly and ill at ease looked Hank as the colonel quietly accosted him. He knew us both at once and seemed not at all surprised at our presence.

Our only object in intruding upon his valuable time and his placid meditations being to find out what had become of Peyton, the question arose beforehand, who should question him? Supposing that he would be disposed to conceal everything he might know, we had been planning what course to pursue; but his first remark put an end to our uncertainty.

"I'm as well as a man can be who's just over a drunk and can't get a cocktail," he growled. "Have you come to pay me that money for Cap. Peyton?" And his bloodshot eyes gleamed fiercely up at Harrod's calm features.

"How much do you claim, Smith?" was the evasive query.

"He knows d—d well. It's a round five hundred dollars, and I'll foller him to Mexico but that I'll get it out of him, if you don't pay it."

"Why did you not make him pay you yesterday?"

"Yesterday?" said Hank, starting to his feet. "He ain't got back, has he? If he's lied to me again, I'll——' Say, *is* he back?" he asked, eagerly.

"I have not seen him yet," answered Harrod, "and I do not wish to see him. I want you to warn him never to show his face among us again. Now, supposing you are released to-night, how soon can you find him?"

"*Find* him? The young whelp! He's tricked me. He's gone to Mexico, d—n him! I came here two days ago to meet him as agreed. He was to pay me the money then, and said you was here to get it for him; and then, when I got here, he left word that he was in a scrape, and had to light out for Texas right away, and never said another word about the money, except that I might apply to him there for it ("him there" being the bedraggled-looking youth sitting up now on his wooden bench and staring stupidly about him), and—and this is what came of it, by God! The money's mine, colonel, and I earned it fairly that last scrape he was in. He swore he'd pay me if we'd help him out. They'd have jailed him sure at Holly Springs if we hadn't stood by him. It took some of the hardest swearing you ever listened to to turn that marshal off his track." And Hank's face was woe-begone as this touching reminiscence occurred to him.

"And that was the service your people rendered him, was it? You

could have rendered his people a much better one by telling the truth and 'jailing him,' as you say. What had he been doing to set the marshal on his track?"

Hank looked suspiciously at me a moment. He was apparently ready to make a clean breast of matters to Harrod, but I was one of a class he regarded with distrust. Seeing this, Harrod glanced significantly at me, and I withdrew, leaving them to work out their own conclusions.

Strolling up to headquarters and thence over to Amory's, I found him sleeping quietly and Parker reading the newspapers at his bedside. An enlivening conversation was not to be looked for in that quarter therefore, and on my speaking to Parker about a room for Mrs. Amory, who was to arrive on the following day, he replied that he had already secured one close at hand. This again left me with nothing especial to do, and in my loneliness and lack of occupation I went down to Royal Street, and came luckily upon a cheerful gathering at Newhall's, as we had learned to speak of the house wherein our Sandbrook party were quartered.

It was a still, balmy evening, and Vinton's sofa had been trundled into the sitting-room. He lay there looking rather gaunt and white, but unutterably happy, for in a low chair by his side Miss Summers was seated, and she had evidently been reading aloud before my entrance, for a little blue-and-gold volume of Tennyson lay in her lap. Harrod and Kitty were seated at the centre-table near them, and rose to greet me as I entered, but the moment she had given me her little hand, with a rather embarrassed greeting, and I went forward to Vinton's sofa, Miss Kitty dropped back to the dim light of a distant corner. I had barely time to congratulate the major on his convalescence when he inquired eagerly for Amory.

"I have just come from him," I answered. "He was sleeping quietly, and Mr. Parker was there with him. He will be all right now in a day or two. Mrs. Amory will be here to-morrow, as you doubtless know, and Parker has taken a room for her at Madame R——'s, close to headquarters."

For some moments we four sat there talking quietly about her coming and its probable benefit to Amory's health, which certainly had been suffering of late. Kitty still sat in her corner, apparently occupied with a magazine, though it was too dark to read at that distance from the lamp. Vinton, of course, was eager to hear all the particulars of the recent excitements, however, and after a few moments he asked to be fully informed.

"Yes, Brandon, tell him the whole thing. Do not spare Peyton. Do not imagine that it will shock Pauline, for I have told her all about it. Indeed, I may as well take the lead," said Harrod, "and give you briefly what Smith confessed to me to-day. It was Peyton who planned

and led that ambuscade on Amory's command. He ordered his party to try and pick off Amory himself, and but for the darkness they probably would have killed him. The fellow is a scoundrel throughout, and I'm almost sorry he has escaped now. Smith says he has undoubtedly gone to Mexico, and most of the money with him. Now, Brandon, tell us your story."

There was a rustle of skirts at the other end of the room. Pauline glanced wistfully over to Kitty's corner, and I could not help looking thither myself. Without a word the little lady had risen and left the room.

Pauline rose hurriedly. "I must go to Kitty," she said. "She has been very much distressed about all this trouble of late, and she will worry herself to death." With that she, too, was gone, and Mr. Brandon, bereft of his feminine audience, told his story with far less interest and enjoyment than he would otherwise have felt. Vinton was deeply interested, however, and greatly concerned over Amory's adventure. It was some time before Miss Summers's return, and then she brought Kitty's excuses. The latter had been persuaded finally to go to bed, for she was shocked inexpressibly at hearing that Peyton had really had the hardihood to carry out the threat of that memorable day at Sandbrook. "And more than that, she is convinced that Peyton has been striving to harm Mr. Amory here in New Orleans, and I *had* to promise that she should know the whole truth. Is it so, Mr. Brandon?"

And once more Mr. Brandon had the gratification of relating that episode, and before another day poor Kitty was in possession of all the facts.

And yet when I met her the following afternoon her eyes were bright, her color heightened, her manner animated and almost gay. "So glad uncle was coming," was her explanation, and yet—she did not care to go to the station with Harrod, Pauline, and myself to meet uncle. This struck me as strange, and I ventured to urge her to accompany us.

"Oh, no! the carriage only holds four," was her reply.

"But you will make the fourth, and you know I'm not coming back. I'm going to drive Mrs. Amory up to see her boy at once. He's sitting up in state ready to welcome her, and we had some difficulty in persuading him that he must not attempt to leave the house. You see there is abundant room, little lady, so why not come?"

"Thanks, I think not; I'm not ready to drive," was her confused answer, and yet I saw that she had been out. Her hat and gloves lay there upon the table. Her costume was perfect, and so was her determination.

The carriage came and we drove off, leaving her smiling and kissing her hand gayly from the balcony above our heads. Pauline glanced back lovingly at her as we turned the corner.

"Isn't she exquisite?" she said to Harrod, whose eyes, too, were fixed upon the fairy-like little figure until 'twas hidden from our sight.

"Yes, and utterly incomprehensible. Last night she was in the depths of misery when she heard about Peyton's connection with that rascally business last December. Long after the rest of us had gone to bed Pauline went in and told her the whole story of your night adventure and Peyton's further rascality, and, by Jove! it acted like a counter-irritant. She has been in a whirl of spirits all morning; but, Paulie, she should not rush out on the streets by herself. She was out nearly half an hour awhile ago."

"Not out of sight, Harrod. I had her in view from the balcony."

"What on earth could she find to do down on Royal Street for nearly half an hour without going out of sight?"

Pauline smiled demurely. "Merely making some purchases at the corner, I fancy."

"At the corner? Why, it's a cigar store."

"I did not say *in* the corner, *M. le colonel.* Kitty is fond of oranges."

"Then it took half an hour to buy half a dozen oranges of that old Dago at the fruit-stand, did it? Still, that does not account for her blithe spirits. One would think that having sent one adorer away heart-broken, and another having vanished in disgrace (though that *was* but a boy and girl affair), and a third laid up as the result of the second's rascality, a girl might be expected to suffer some pangs of remorse. I declare I believe some women have no more conscience than kittens, and our Kitty is one of them," said Harrod, half wrathfully.

A moment's silence, then,—

"Well, *why* should she not want to come and meet the judge?" I asked, with blundering persistency.

"And *why* should she be bright as a button this afternoon?" demanded Harrod.

Pauline smiled with conscious superiority. "I can understand it readily, and am really surprised that you two profound thinkers should be so utterly in the dark. I'm not going to betray her, however; you ought to be able to see through it yourselves." And that silenced me completely. I record it with absolute humility that not until days afterwards was it made clear to me that when Pauline told Kitty the story of Amory's night-ride, the latter was able to account for the first time for his extraordinary conduct at Moreau's and the theatre; more than that, the child then knew what it was that had brought him in the dead of night to take one look at her window before going out to meet Peyton. As for her refusal to go to the depot, she simply felt unable to meet in that way Frank Amory's mother.

The train came in on time. Harrod sprang aboard, and in another moment emerged from the Pullman escorting his gray-haired father,

and with them appeared the pale, placid face I had so admired in the picture at Amory's tent. Dressed in black, though not in deep mourning, the gentle lady stepped from the car, and Miss Summers, who had extended her right hand, after one swift glance in the peaceful eyes, suddenly, impulsively, threw forward both, and Harrod and I had abundant time to welcome the judge before either lady had a word for us. When I turned again to look at them, Mrs. Amory and Pauline were still standing hand in hand, and the latter's lovely face, flushed with happiness and with eyes that glistened through the starting tears, was hardly more beautiful than the sweet, sorrow-worn features of her who had found "that peace which the world cannot give," and in the sanctity of her bereaved life had learned the lesson of resignation,—the blessed hope of a blessed future. We would not interrupt them as they stood gazing into one another's eyes—the mother and her boy's devoted friend. It seemed best that from Pauline she should hear of Frank's improvement, of his captain's convalescence, and that the bonds of sympathy that drew them in such close alliance should there be riveted without my customary interference; but neither lady was forgetful of us, and turning to me, Mrs. Amory, in that soft, sweet voice men love to hear,—all the more winning for its Southern accent,—asked,—

"And is not this Mr. Brandon, my boy's friend?" And then Mr. Brandon had the happiness of clasping her hand and presently of leading her to her carriage. She was impatient to get to her son, and it was soon arranged that Pauline should drive up to see her later in the evening, and then we separated. Ten minutes more and the orderly opened the door, and, obedient to my beckoning finger, stepped out as the lady was ushered in.. We only heard the glad ring in Frank's brave young voice; one cry of "Mother!" and then we closed the door and left them together.

An hour afterwards, Mr. Parker and I walked over from headquarters to pay our respects to Mrs. Amory and escort her to her lodgings, where hospitable Madame R—— was waiting to welcome her and refresh her with tea. We found the doctor there in blithe chat with his patient and that now happy mother. Very sweet and gentle was her greeting for us. She seemed to know just what to say to each and every one, and charmed Parker at once, as she had me, by her lovely manner and voice. Almost the first question was, "Can we not move Frank over with me?"

But Mars protested. Here he was right near his troop, could hear trumpet-calls and the voices of the men at times, and so felt *with* them. The doctor would not let him go to duty for forty-eight hours at the least,—perhaps not then,—and he wanted to be there.

Parker laughingly offered to come and occupy the room if he really thought an officer must be with the troop, and then the doctor said his

say. A carriage could be there in ten minutes; he was all dressed; he might just as well move over to Madame's, a square away, be in comfortable quarters, and have his mother in the adjoining room. The project was decided on in spite of him. Parker scurried over to Camp Street, and came back with information that just such rooms as were needed were there in readiness, and when the carriage came, our boy was half lifted, half led, down the stairs, and correspondingly transferred to new and cosy quarters nearly opposite headquarters. Some of the men brought over the trunk and his few belongings, but when it came time to start, Mars himself had stretched forth his hand and gathered in a beautiful bunch of sweet wild violets whose fragrance had filled the little room. I had noticed them on the table by his side the moment we entered, and now conceived it time to inquire whence they came.

"I'm not quite sure," said Amory, with something vastly like a blush. "They were left here an hour or so before mother came, and I think Miss Summers must have sent them."

And yet that evening, when Pauline and Colonel Summers came to see Mrs. Amory for a few moments, I was still there. The violets were by Amory's bedside up-stairs; Mrs. Amory made no allusion to them, but I did, unblushingly; and neither affirming nor denying that she had sent them, Miss Summers silenced me by saying that she was glad they gave Mr. Amory pleasure, and instantly changed the subject and addressed her talk to her lady friend. Driving home, however, she was at my mercy and I again pressed the matter. A keen suspicion was actually beginning to glimmer in my brain.

"*You* sent those violets of course, Miss Summers?"

"If so, why ask me, Mr. Brandon?"

"Well! *Didn't* you, then?"

"No, sir; I never knew even of their being sent." And Miss Summers was plainly and mischievously enjoying my perplexity.

Leaving me at my rooms, the brother and sister continued on their homeward way and their enthusiastic chat about Mrs. Amory, which my unfeeling curiosity had broken in upon. It was quite late and my letters had been brought up from the office. First on the package was the one for which I was eagerly waiting,—the answer to my diplomatic missive to Bella Grayson. Ignoring all others I plunged instanter into that, and was rewarded—as I deserved.

"DEAR UNCLE GEORGE," she wrote.—"It was such a treat and so rare an honor to receive a letter from your august hand, *that* for some time I could not believe it was intended for me at all. Indeed, to be *very* frank, the closing page rather confirmed me in that impression. You men always taunt us by saying that the gist of a woman's letter lies in the postscript (one cynical acquaintance of mine went so far as

to say that it lies all the way through), and yet not until that last page was reached did I discover the object of yours. Now, Uncle Georgy, isn't that circumlocution itself? Confess.

"But you really *do* seem 'interested in young Amory,' as you call him, and 'his evident admiration for a fair young friend of yours—an heiress—commands your entire sympathy.' What a cold-blooded, mercenary avowal, *M. mon oncle!* or, do you—is it possible that you mean—you too are interested in her? No. That is hardly tenable as a supposition. There is something so disingenuous about the rest of the letter that your interest is evidently on his account. Thank you ever so much for 'having half a mind to take me into your confidence.' And now, how *can* I dispel your perplexity? With the best intentions in the world, how powerless I am!

"You believe he has some lady correspondent up North. Well, that strikes me as quite a reasonable supposition. Indeed, I have heard that most of them have; but what—what did I *ever* say to lead to such a remark as this: 'Knowing what susceptible fellows cadets are (from your own statements)'? What could I ever have said to give you such an impression? Why, Uncle George, *how* should I know whether they are susceptible or not? and how could you be so cruel as to allude to the dismal fact that I had been up there every summer for six or eight years, and am still Bella Grayson? Does *that* look as though I thought them susceptible?

"But seriously, you say that Mr. Amory has become involved in 'some entanglement there from which he would now gladly escape,' and you fancy that Mr. Amory has done me the honor to make me his confidante, but herein you are mistaken. Certainly I have never heard a word from him of an 'entanglement,' nor do I remember his being devoted to any young girl in particular. Indeed, he struck me as being rather general in his attentions, what little I saw of him. It would be a great pleasure, no doubt, 'to help him out of his boyish folly and into something worth having,' to use your own words, but indeed, Uncle George, you overrate my influence entirely.

"Nevertheless, I always liked Mr. Amory very much, and am greatly interested in his romance. Perhaps if you were to tell me what he said to make you think he wanted to escape from his Northern entanglement, I might be able to recall some one of his flames to whom the remarks would be applicable. Tell me what you *know*, and then my 'thinking-cap' may be put on to some advantage. Just now I'm much in the dark, and, except very casually indeed, have not heard from Mr. Amory for quite a while (How definite!—G. S. B.), and as he never mentioned this new charmer to his 'confidante,' I am most curious to hear of her. Do tell me who she is, what she is like. Is she pretty? of course that is the first question; is she—anything, everything, in fact? Do be a good Uncle Georgy and write. We were all

so glad to hear from you, but as I answered, I shall expect an answer equally prompt. So write speedily to

"Your loving niece, BELLA."

When Mr. Brandon finally sought his bachelor pillow that night, it is regretfully recorded that he, like Dogberry, remembered that he was writ an ass.

XVII.

Two days after Mrs. Amory's arrival I was seated in Madame R——'s cosy parlor. Beside me in an easy-chair, and dressed in his fatigue uniform, was Mars. On the table beside him were two bunches of violets in their respective tumblers. One fresh and fragrant, the other faded and droopy. It was late in the afternoon, Mrs. Amory had gone with Mr. Parker in search of a little fresh air and exercise, and Mars had dropped his newspaper to give me a pleasant welcome. He was a little languid and tired, he said; "had to write a long letter that morning." And here he looked very strangely at me, "but felt better now that 'twas gone." I could not but fancy that there was a constraint, a vaguely injured tone, in his quiet talk. There was a lack of the old, cordial ring in his voice, though he was every bit as courteous, even as friendly as ever. It was something that puzzled me, and I wanted to get at once at the why and wherefore, yet shrunk from questioning.

Somehow or other my psychological investigations and inquiries had not been crowned with brilliant success of late, and distrust had taken the place of the serene confidence with which I used to encounter such problems. "Mother had taken the letter to the post," he said, "but would be back very soon. He expected her any moment." As we were talking there came a ring at the bell. A servant passed the door-way, and in an instant reappeared ushering two ladies, Miss Summers followed by Kitty Carrington.

"Why, Frank Amory! How glad I am to see you up again!" was the delightful exclamation of the former, as she quickly stepped forward to take his hand; "and here's Kitty," she added, with faintly tremulous tone. "We—Kitty, hoped to see your mother, and they said she was here."

"Mother will be back in a moment. How do you do, Miss Carrington?" said Mars, looking around Pauline in unmistakable eagerness and with coloring cheeks and brow, as he strove to rise and hold out his hand.

"Don't try to get up, Mr. Amory," said Kitty, timidly, half imploringly, as with downcast eyes, and cheeks far more flushed than his own, she quickly stepped to his side: just touched his hand, and then dropped back to the sofa without so much as a word or glance for miserable me. For several minutes Pauline chatted gayly, as though striving to give

every one time to regain composure. Kitty sat silently by, once in a while stealing timid, startled glances around, and listening nervously, as though for the coming footsteps of some one she dreaded to meet. Pauline watched her with furtive uneasiness, and occasionally looked imploringly at me.

To my masculine impenetrability there was only one point in the situation. Mrs. Amory had arrived here in town—a stranger. Miss Summers and Miss Carrington were not exactly old residents, but were "to the manner born," and it behooved them both to call upon the older lady. Why should there be any cause for embarrassment? Why should Kitty look ill at ease, nervous, distressed? Why should Mars be so unusually excited and flighty? What was there about the whole proceeding to upset any one's equanimity? What incomprehensible mysteries women were anyhow! Bella Grayson especially. What dolts they made men appear in trying to conform to their whims and vagaries! What a labor of Hercules it was to attempt to fathom their moods! What—— The door opened and in came Mrs. Amory and Parker. All rose to greet them, and I could see that Kitty, pale as a sheet, was trembling from head to foot.

At least I had sense enough to appreciate and admire once more the grace and tact and genuine kindliness that seemed to illumine every act and word of this gracious lady. Mrs. Amory went at once to Kitty, greeted her in the same low-toned yet cordial voice that had already become the subject of our admiring talk, then, after a brief word with each of us, had taken her seat with Kitty upon the sofa, and in five minutes had so completely won the trust and confidence of that nervous little body that her color had returned in all its brilliancy, her lovely dark eyes were sparkling with animation and interest, and though she talked but little, we could all see that she was charmed with Mrs. Amory's manner, and that she drank in every word with unflagging pleasure.

Mars, though keeping up a desultory talk with Miss Summers and Parker, managed to cast frequent glances at the pair on the sofa, and it was a comfort to watch the joy that kindled in his young eyes. Pauline seemed to divine his wish to watch them, and frequently took the load of conversation from his shoulders by absorbing the attention of the aide-de-camp and myself, and this gave him the longed-for opportunity to listen once in a while to the talk between his mother and Kitty. Once, glancing furtively towards his chair, Kitty's eyes had encountered his fixed intently upon her, whereat the color flushed again to the roots of her hair, and the long lashes and white lids dropped instantly over her betraying orbs. From that marvelous and intricate encyclopædia of family history, a Southern woman's brain, Mrs. Amory had brought forth an array of facts regarding Kitty's relatives that fairly delighted that little damsel with its interest.

Somewhere in the distant past a North Carolina Ward had married a Kentucky Carrington, and while she herself had married an officer of the army, her sister had married a Ward, and so it went. Mrs. Amory could tell Kitty just where and whom her people had married from the days of Daniel Boone. The chat went blithely on, and so, when Miss Summers smilingly rose and said that it was time to go, Kitty looked absolutely startled and incredulous,—the dreaded interview had been an absolute pleasure to her. Mars rose and stood erect as the ladies were saying their adieux. Pauline was saying to Mrs. Amory that by the next day Major Vinton would hope to be able to drive out for the air, and as soon as possible would come to see her; and this left Kitty for an instant unoccupied. Her eyes would not wander in his direction, however, and after an instant's irresolute pause he stepped beside her, so that, as they turned to go, she *had* to see his outstretched hand. I wanted to see what was to follow, but Parker and I had sidled towards the door to escort the ladies to their carriage. Miss Summers caught my eyes, absolutely seemed to read my vile curiosity, for with a smile that was absolutely mischievous she placed herself between me and Kitty, who was last to leave the room. I only saw him bend low over her hand, could not catch a word he said, and was calmly surged out into the hall with ungratified and baffled spirit. It was cruel in Pauline. She ought to have known that I was even more interested in the affair than any woman could have been.

"What do you think of Mrs. Amory?" I delicately and appropriately asked Miss Kitty as we drove down-town. She was in a revery, and not disposed to talk, and Miss Summers, who had invited me to take a seat in their carriage, had given me no opportunity of breaking in upon her meditations until this moment. Kitty started from her dream, flashed one quick glance at me, as she answered,—

"Mrs. Amory? I think she's *lovely*," then as quickly relapsed into her fit of abstraction. Evidently Mr. Brandon's well-meant interruptions were not especially welcome there; then, as we reached the house on Royal Street, Major Vinton, seated at the window, waved us (*us* indeed!) a joyous greeting, and, despite Miss Summers's most courteous invitation to come in a while, Mr. Brandon felt that he had been interloping long enough, and having thus partially come to his senses, the narrator walked dolefully away.

In the week that followed there were almost daily visits between the ladies of the Royal and Camp Street households. Vinton had sufficiently improved to be able to drive out every day and to take very short walks, accompanied by his radiant *fiancée*. Much mysterious shopping was going on, Mrs. Amory and Kitty being occupied for some hours each bright morning in accompanying Miss Summers on her Canal Street researches. Mars had returned to duty with his troop, and almost every evening could be seen riding down to Royal Street

to report to his captain how matters were progressing. I was struck by the regularity and precision with which those reports seemed to be necessary, and the absolute brevity of their rendition. Having nothing better to do, as I fancied, I was frequently there at Royal Street when Mars would come trotting down the block pavement. Each evening seemed to add to the spring and activity with which he would vault from the saddle, toss the reins to his attendant orderly, and come leaping up the steps to the second floor. "All serene" was the customary extent of his report to Vinton, who was almost invariably playing backgammon with Miss Summers at that hour, while the judge, Harrod, and I would be discussing the affairs of the day in a distant corner. This left Kitty the only unoccupied creature in the room, unless the listless interest bestowed upon the book she held in her lap could be termed occupation. What more natural, therefore, that Mr. Amory should turn to her for conversation and entertainment on his arrival? And then Kitty had improved so in health and spirits of late. She was so blithe and gay, humming little snatches of song, dancing about the old house like a sprite, striving very hard to settle down and be demure when I came to see the judge, and never entirely succeeding until Amory appeared, when she was the personification of maidenly reserve and propriety. Occasionally Mars would escort his mother down, and then there would be a joyous gathering, for we had all learned to love her by this time, and as for Vinton—Miss Summers once impetuously declared that she was with good reason becoming jealous. When *she* came, Kitty would quit her customary post on the sofa, take a low chair, and absolutely hang about Mrs. Amory's knees, and all Mars' chances for a *tête-à-tête* were gone. Nevertheless, he was losing much of the old shyness and apparently learning to lose himself in her society, and to be profoundly discontented when she was away; and one lovely evening a funny thing happened. There was to be a procession of some kind on Canal Street,—no city in the world can compete with New Orleans in the number and variety of its processions,—and as the bands were playing brilliantly over towards the St. Charles, Vinton proposed that we should stroll thither and hear the music. The judge offered his arm with his old-fashioned, courtly grace to Mrs. Amory, Vinton, of course, claimed Pauline, Harrod and I fell back together, and Amory and Kitty paired off both by force of circumstances and his own evident inclination. Once on the *banquette*, Amory showed a disposition to linger behind and take the rear with his sweet companion, but Miss Kit would none of it. With feminine inconsistency and coquettishness she fairly took the lead, and so it resulted that she and Amory headed instead of followed the party. Plainly Mars was a little miffed, but he bore up gallantly, and had a most unexpected and delightful revenge.

At the very first crossing something of a crowd had gathered about

the cigar store, and so it resulted for a moment that our party was brought to a stand, all in a bunch, right by the old Dago's orange counter to which Harrod had made disdainful allusion in connection with Kitty's mysterious mission of the previous week; and now, close beside the counter, there was seated a chatty old negress with a great basket before her heaped with violets: some in tiny knots, others in loose fragrant pyramids. The instant she caught sight of Kitty her face beamed with delight. She eagerly held forward her basket; Kitty struggled as though to push ahead through the throng on the narrow pavement, but all to no purpose. She could not move an inch, and there, pinioned, imprisoned, the little beauty bewildered with confusion and dismay, was forced to hear what we all heard, the half-laughing, half-reproachful appeal of the darky flower-vender.

"Ah, lady! you doan' come to me no mo' for vi'lets now de captain's up agin." And there was no help for it, one and all we burst into a peal of merry laughter. Even poor Kitty, though she stamped her foot with vexation and turned away in vehement wrath. And oh! how proud, wild with delight Frank Amory looked as he bent over her and strove to make some diversion in her favor by boring a way through the crowd and hurrying her along! We could see him all the rest of the evening striving hard to make her forget that which he *never* could. But Kitty had only one feminine method of revenging herself, and that was on him. Womanlike, she was cold and distant to him all the evening, left him at every possible opportunity to lavish attentions on anybody else,—even me; and after all Mars went home that night looking far from happy.

No sooner was he out of the house than Harrod turned to me with an expression of inspired idiocy on his face and said, "What was it you were all laughing at up there at the corner,—something about violets and captains?"

Whereat Kitty flounced indignantly out of the room, and we saw her no more that night.

But all this time not another word had I heard from Bella Grayson. In fact, not a word had I written to her. She had parried the verbal thrusts in my letter with such consummate ease and skill that it occurred to me I was no match for her in that sort of diplomacy. Now the question that was agitating my mind was, how was Mars to get out of that entanglement if it really existed? My efforts in his behalf did not seem to be rewarded with the brilliant and immediate success that such depth of tact had deserved, and if my intervention was of no avail, what could he expect?

Fancy the surprise, therefore, with which I received on the following day a visit from Mars himself. It was late in the afternoon, I was alone in the office and hard at work finishing some long neglected business, when the door opened and my young cavalryman appeared.

He shook my hand cordially, said that he had come to see me on personal business, and asked if I could give him half an hour. I gladly said yes, and, noting his heightened color and his evident embarrassment, bade him pull up a chair and talk to me as he would to an old chum. I can best give his story in nearly his own words.

"Mother says I owe it to you, Mr. Brandon, to tell you what has been on my mind so long; you have been very kind and very indulgent, and I wish I had told you my trouble long ago. I'll make it short as I can." And with many a painful blush—but with manful purpose and earnestness—Mars pushed ahead.

"I met Miss Grayson, your niece, during my first class summer at West Point, and got to admire her, as everybody else did. I got to more than admire her. She absolutely fascinated me. I don't mean that she tried to in the least,—she just couldn't help it. Before camp was half over I was absolutely beside myself about her; couldn't be content if I didn't see her every day, take her to the hops, and devote myself generally. Every man in the class thought I was dead in love with her. Mr. Brandon, I—I did myself. I never ceased to think so —until last—until after that Ku-Klux fight at Sandbrook. I *made* her think so. She really tried to talk me out of it at first,—she did indeed. She said that it was simply a fancy that I would soon outgrow, and she never for once could be induced to say that she cared anything for me. She was always lovely and ladylike, always perfect it seemed to me. She even went so far as to remind me that she was as old as I was, and far older in the ways of the world, and cadets especially. She never encouraged me one bit, and I just went on getting more and more in love with her all that year; used to write to her three or four times a week; dozens of letters that she only occasionally answered. Then she came up in June, and I was incessantly at her side. She might not care for me, but she did not seem to care for anybody else, and so it went on. She would not take my class ring when I begged her to that summer. She wore it a few days, but made me take it back the day we graduates went away; but I went back that summer to see her twice, and when I came away I swore that after I'd been in service a year I would return to New York to offer myself again; and we used to write to one another that winter, only her letters were not like mine. They were nice and friendly and all that,—still, I knew she had my promise. I thought she would expect me to come back. I felt engaged as far as I was concerned; then when I got hurt her letters grew far more interested, you know (Mr. Brandon nodded appreciatively), and, then, they began to come often; and, whether it was that she thought our life was very hazardous, or that the climate was going to be a bad thing for me, or that I would not recover rapidly there, her letters began to urge me to come North. I got two at Sandbrook—one the very day you were there at the tent—and two since we

came here, and then—then I found only too surely that it was not love I felt for her; indeed, that I had grown to love—you know well enough (almost defiantly)—Miss Carrington. I felt in honor bound to carry out my promise to Miss Grayson, and to avoid—to—well, to be true to my promise in every way. But I was utterly miserable. Mother detected it in my letters, and at last I broke down and told her the truth. She said there was only one honorable course for me to pursue, and that was to write to Miss Grayson and tell her the same, tell her the whole truth; and it was an awful wrench, but I did it that day you were at the house. It came hard too, for only the day before a letter came from her full of all sorts of queer things. A little bird had whispered that, like all the rest, I had found my cadet attachment something to be forgotten with the gray coat and bell buttons. She had heard this, that, and the other thing; she would not reproach. It was only what she had predicted all along, etc., and it cut me up like blazes; but mother smiled quietly when I told her, said that I must expect to be handled without gloves, and warned me that I must look for very *just* comments on my conduct; and then somehow I decided that you had written to her about me. You said nothing to make me think so, and altogether I was in an awful stew until this morning."

"And what now?" I asked, eagerly.

"Her answer came. Brandon, she's a trump, she's a gem, and so's her letter. Mother's got it, and is writing to her herself. I'm inexpressibly humbled, but somehow or other happier than I've ever been." And the boy and I shook hands warmly, and Mr. Brandon bethought himself that that blessed Bella should have the loveliest Easter present the avuncular purse could buy.

"What did Bella say?" he asked.

"Oh! I can't quite tell you. It was all just so sweet and warm-hearted and congratulatory (though *that* is possibly premature), and just as lovely a letter as ever was written."

"And we may look for two weddings in the —th Cavalry, then?"

But Mars' features clouded. "Vinton and Miss Summers will be married next month, for Vinton says we may expect to be ordered to the plains with the coming of summer, but no such luck for me. I have precious little hope just now."

"And has Miss Carrington heard of our Bella?" I asked, mischievously.

"Good heavens! I hope not. That would be the death-blow to everything."

Yes, it struck me that *there* would be a weapon that Miss Kit would use with merciless power.

(To be continued.)

INCIDENTS IN SOUTHERN INDIA DURING THE MUTINY YEARS 1857–1858.[1]

In the memoirs of the late Colonel Meadows Taylor (an old friend but no relative of mine) occurs a public history and description of a somewhat remote and obscure district within His Highness the Nizam's dominions, called the State of Shorapore. Never of sufficient importance, either from position, size, or revenue, to find any prominent place in the history of the Hyderabad kingdom, this small province obtained a certain propriety only from three distinct causes. First, the connection with it of Colonel Meadows Taylor, as political officer; second, the effete, debased, and miserable character of its last rajah; third, his insurrection against the British government in 1858, his capture and death, and the total collapse of his dynasty forever.

Meadows Taylor's connection with Shorapore lasted about ten years. During the minority of the rajah he acted as a sort of regent and general comptroller of the revenues and administration, and he succeeded in rescuing the province from a state of debt and disorder, which he replaced by good management, resulting in economy, wealth, and prosperity. To those who were as well acquainted with Meadows Taylor as I was, it will be nothing new to state that, in addition to his good temper, courteous manners, and sociable as well as hospitable qualities, he was both a remarkable and a talented man. Remarkable, because, commencing life at the early age of eighteen as a soldier of fortune in a foreign country, and under a native government, he educated himself to a proficiency in languages and duties which qualified him for any post in the country, military or civil, and obtained for him recognition and reward from the government he served; talented, inasmuch as—the sphere of his own personal observation, knowledge, and experience being limited, and in spite of much hard work and daily-recurring business—he found time for reading and keeping himself informed on all the important historic and political events of the day; he found time to write novels, such as "The Confessions of a Thug," "Tara," etc.; and, in addition to all these, he acted as special correspondent to the *Times*, his letters to which journal served to make him

[1] Reprinted from the London *Army and Navy Magazine*.

an Indian historian of the period in which he lived. Whatever may be public opinion of him as an author, he has left behind him sufficient proof of intellectual power of no mean order. I am personally aware that the inhabitants of Shorapore had the highest respect for Meadows Taylor, and feared the moral influence which his character and position commanded throughout the district. One can imagine that the "State of Shorapore" was not exactly a pleasant place to live in for a solitary European, when General Fraser describes it as "a wild and barbarous district, replete with disorder and irregularity of every conceivable kind."

The rajah of Shorapore was a child of seven years, or thereabouts, when Meadows Taylor took him in hand. He learned first Canarese, his own language, then Hindostani, Mahratta, and English. His revenues increased during his minority; and in 1847, after payment of all expenses, there was a surplus of ten thousand pounds. The rajah's mother, a wicked and depraved woman, had the boy's horoscope taken when he was four, and it said that he was fated to die in his twenty-fourth year. In accordance with Indian custom the rajah came of age at eighteen, and his country was handed over to him. From that moment commenced his decadence. Weak and vain, pampered and flattered, he soon became an easy prey to his own vices and the scheming people about him. All his ready money was soon expended in debauchery, drinking, and presents to his myrmidons, and he became notorious throughout the land for possessing vices of the very worst and most disgusting kind. It was in 1852 the young rajah came of age, and on the following he lost the advice and counsels of Meadows Taylor, and became his own master. For five years he went from bad to worse, and in 1857 the mutiny found him a young chief of bad character and no means, but with a body of ten thousand armed troops who would obey him even in the worst cause. Offers of increased territory, and presents of money, soon tempted him to forget that all he had was owing to the British government, and his name was soon entered among the disaffected chiefs of Southern India. It was curious how the prediction of his horoscope came to be fulfilled, because there were reasons to believe it might be tided over. Early in 1858 the rajah of Shorapore was in open rebellion. The story of our attack upon his city, the rajah's miserable fears and flight, will be told hereafter; but his subsequent fate is told by Meadows Taylor in these words: "The rajah of Shorapore had been sentenced to death; but the resident had commuted his sentence to transportation for life, which was the most his power admitted of. This sentence had, however, been still further commuted by the governor-general to four years' imprisonment in a fortress near Madras (I think Chenglepur). In addition the rajah was to be allowed to have such of his wives as he pleased with him, and his own servants. If he showed evidence of reform and steadiness,

his principality was to be restored to him." Here was the chance that the prediction regarding his death might prove false; but that was not to be. Hardly had his family received the intelligence of his reprieve than an express reached the city with this short dispatch: "The rajah of Shorapore shot himself this morning dead, as he arrived at his first encampment. I will write particulars when I know them." In this manner was the prediction of his death accomplished, because in a few days more the rajah would have completed his twenty-fourth year. He had left Secunderabad a prisoner in charge of a military guard, with an English officer to command, and this is what happened. "He had traveled in a palankeen, with the officer commanding his escort near him all the way to their camp. When they arrived, the officer took off his belt, in which was a loaded revolver, hung it over a chair, and went outside the tent. While washing his face a moment afterwards he heard a shot, and, running back, found the rajah lying on the ground quite dead. The ball had entered his stomach and passed through the spine."

Whether the act was intentional or accidental can never be known, but its result was the death of the last rajah of Shorapore, who left no issue, and whose territory thenceforth passed to the sovereign of Hyderabad, His Highness the Nizam, to whom it was presented by the British government in return for his firmness and loyalty during the mutinies in the north.

It happened that in the mutiny years I was in charge as deputy commissioner of a district in His Highness the Nizam's dominions, called the Raichore Doab, so named after its principal town—now a railway station, midway on the line from Madras to Bombay—and from its position between the rivers Kistna and Toongbudra, which meet at a point at its eastern extremity where stands the ancient town and former city of Kurnool. Bounded on the north by Shorapore, on the south by the district of Bellary, and on the west by those of Dharwar and Belgaum in the Bombay Presidency, the Raichore Doab forms the remotest southwest corner of His Highness the Nizam's dominions. Its extent is six thousand square miles, and its revenue in those days was thirteen lacs of rupees. We possessed a civil and military station at Lingsoogoor, where our strength and weakness in Europeans and natives consisted in two civil and five English military officers, attached to a force consisting of a detachment of artillery with two guns, a troop of irregular cavalry and a regiment of infantry, all belonging to the Hyderabad contingent, and composed entirely of men recruited from the northern districts of India, which at that time were in a state of revolution and war. So far, in spite of many efforts, the tide of rebellion had not as yet flowed south; but our peculiar situation, isolated from any assistance (the nearest military aid being at Bellary, ninety miles off), was one not only of grave doubt and anxiety, but of doubt

which must be hidden and anxiety which must be suppressed. So far as physical force went, the station, treasury, district, and ourselves were at the mercy of that small body of troops at Lingsoogoor. Information and news reached the bazaar every day in that mysterious manner common to India, and all the events in Northern India were as well known to every sepoy and sowar as they were to ourselves. Fully aware of this, the commanding officer, Colonel Wyndham, and I took good care to communicate freely to the native officers every item of news which appeared in the daily papers, and took them entirely into our confidence in regard to the safety and welfare of our station and its inhabitants. We used to hold councils of war in the morning, and receive reports of any unusual occurrence, such as the arrival of any fanatics from the north, or any attempt from any quarter to tamper with the sepoys. I am bound to say we received the most loyal support from those native officers, and during those troublous times it was their fidelity and loyalty to us that prevented a spirit of insubordination or rebellion ever reaching their men. The Jemadar commanding the cavalry came from Delhi; his family, at the time it was besieged by our troops, were in Delhi, and he used to come to me constantly for any additions to the news otherwise received. On the fall of Delhi, which this officer heard of as soon as I did, he came to me, held out the handle of his sword for me to touch, in token that that sword was at my service to use, and asked me to assist him in procuring the earliest possible information about his family. There was a sense of duty and loyalty to the government he served throughout this man's acts, which remind one of that honor and chivalry in a soldier of which our own country is so justly proud. One other curious feature about our native *personnel* was that the cavalrymen were all Mussulmans, while the infantry were Hindoos; and the inhabitants of the bazaar and cantonment were of mixed local races and castes, having nothing in common with either, and possessing as a whole distinctly separate interests and inclinations. Owing to this fact, a combination among them all seemed highly improbable; nor was it, to my knowledge, ever attempted. In my own office I had the earliest and best information from every side, and for this purpose had established an express service of villagers to carry letters at any hour, in addition to the ordinary post, when the packet bore my signature, or had attached to it a feather, which signifies speed. Thus I possessed rapid communication with Hyderabad on the north, Bellary on the south, and Belgaum and Dharwar on the west. All these were military posts, watching the course of events, and more or less prepared for action at any moment. Our greatest danger lay in the armed population of the provinces of Hyderabad. Arabs, Rohillas, and mercenaries of all sorts spread about in small bodies throughout the country, ready at any moment to loot a village or fight the authorities; these men seemed easy tools for the messengers from Nana Sahib

and others, sent to stimulate rebellion through the land. No one could tell whether success would lie with the evil counselors known to be inciting the people, or with the great influence and wisdom of Sir Salar Jung. It is well known that Hyderabad remained faithful, and to this cause alone we owed the safety of Southern India. Emissaries from the north, visiting every station and every man of any note, urging combination and rebellion, were busy on every side; the sepoys of the Hyderabad contingent were tampered with at every military post, and the whole of the southern Mahratta country was ripe for rebellion. Towards the latter months of 1857, news from Belgaum reached us that rebels were about in gangs, but no organized movement had as yet occurred. Then came an occasional murder of English officials, and the employment of the Mahratta horse, under Captain W. A. Kerr, to pursue and hunt down bodies of armed men in open rebellion and trying to raise the country. This body of horse were of the greatest service, because, aided by the constant watchfulness of the civil officers, their rapid movements from one side of a district to another prevented the assembling of any very large number of rebels at one time in any given spot. But my information showed clearly enough that the chief zemindars, rajahs, and heads of districts bordering on my province had been induced to believe it was to their interest to join the rebel cause, and were only awaiting the proper moment to do so. It was no doubt intended by the northern plotters that a general rising of the whole southern Mahratta country, and such parts of Hyderabad as would agree to join, should take place simultaneously at a preconcerted signal, but these objects were defeated by the progress of events in the north. Intelligence of demoralization among the mutinous troops, of victories by the British arms in every contest of any importance, and of the gradual ascendency and power of the English government in India, disturbed the conspirators acting as enemies of that power in the south, and effectually disposed of all hope of an extensive and general rising either in Hyderabad or among the Mahrattas. At the same time, the governments of Bombay and Madras were as well aware as I was that, in my neighborhood, among some few of the Mahratta chiefs and rajahs, there still existed a spirit of disaffection, which it behooved us to watch and guard against. Measures were at once taken to meet any emergency. A field force was ready for moving in the Belgaum district, not far from the Hyderabad frontier; a similar body of troops, prepared to march at a moment's notice, was encamped at Bellary; and our small force at Lingsoogoor could have been under arms and on the move in a few hours. This state of preparation lasted for some weeks without any overt act of rebellion taking place; and all chance of any action being necessary on our part might have gradually passed away, with the continuance of news of subsidence in the rebellion of Northern India, had it not been for the foolishness and depravity of my neighbor,

the rajah of Shorapore. This young man was in correspondence with me, and his letters professed loyalty and devotion to the state; but, to my knowledge, his acts were opposed to his professions, and I told him so. He was not only in constant communication with suspected rebels on the Mahratta side, but he received secret emissaries, sent from disaffected northern parts purposely to tamper with the Hyderabad chiefs and rajahs. He commenced a sort of preparation of his own troops, that mercenary body of Beydurs of whom Meadows Taylor makes frequent mention; and he entertained in his service one hundred Rohillas and Arabs from Hyderabad. This last act may have been dictated by fear as well as disaffection, but it was one which in Hyderabad was understood to mean resistance or fighting. I told the rajah that all he was doing was well known to me and to the government, and advised him at once to dismiss his Arab and Rohilla retainers, and send them back to Hyderabad. He did not answer for a long time, nor did he do as I advised.

About the time of these occurrences I was invested by the resident with full powers of a judge, under a special act passed as a temporary measure to provide for times of rebellion and disturbance. I could try rebels with arms in open rebellion, and hang them, if necessary, on my own authority. There was not much cause for the exercise of this power, as my own district was as yet undisturbed, but the knowledge of it (soon communicated through Brahmins in my office to the whole country) probably had some slight moral effect. It was not long before I became assured that the imbecile and debauched rajah of Shorapore was being urged, by those around him, to take up arms and rebel against the government. The Beydurs had assembled in large numbers at Shorapore, the Rohillas and Arabs were on active service, guns were placed in position, ammunition served out, the gates closed, and the fort of Shorapore placed in a state of defense. I reported these circumstances, and said that the time had come when we must take action against Shorapore, or the rajah and his mercenaries might take it into their heads to cross my boundary and march against us.

Everything was done by the resident at Hyderabad to save the rajah of Shorapore from open rebellion. He even sent his own assistant on a political mission direct to the rajah, who was always either too drunk or too silly to listen to him. Early in February, 1858, this officer, Captain Rose Campbell, received information that the Arabs, Rohillas, and Beydurs intended to open the campaign by attacking his camp and murdering him. This news, communicated to us at Lingsoogoor, brought Captain Arthur Wyndham and his regiment of infantry under the walls of Shorapore on the 7th February, while a field force, consisting of part of the Seventy-fourth Highlanders, Forty-seventh Native Infantry, four guns, some Madras cavalry and Mysor horse, under Colonel Hughes, were encamped twelve miles off. I offered my

services to guide this column to Shorapore, and Colonel Hughes was good enough to allow me to act as his aide-de-camp. We started early in the evening, and, with the assistance of native guides, I led the column across the river to my frontier, so that after marching all night, we arrived within a mile of the fort at 4 A.M. My first duty was to find Colonel Wyndham, which I did at daylight, and was directed by Colonel Hughes to tell him to bring his regiment up and join the Madras column, in support, as Colonel Hughes intended to attack the fort at once. On riding over to Wyndham with the message, a distance of about two miles, he told me that he had been attacked in the night by a force of Rohillas and Arabs, who had made a sortie from Shorapore, with a view of cutting up his regiment; that he had repulsed them; that his men had been under arms all night, and had had no water; so that he would be unable to move for some little time. This would not suit Colonel Hughes at all. Directly he heard Wyndham's reply he dismounted, took off his forage-cap, and from its lining produced a pencil and clean piece of paper, on which he wrote an order on his saddle. Turning round to me, he said, "Give that to Colonel Wyndham and tell him to come up at once." This was soon done, and on my return I found the column formed in order of battle. Daylight revealed the position of the rebels and ourselves. Less than a mile to the north of us lay the grim fort of Shorapore. At its foot a broad level of dry rice-fields, and between that and our position a range of small hills covered with boulders and brush-wood, and now occupied by parties of Rohillas and skirmishers sent out from Shorapore. These men opened fire upon us as soon as they could see, and our troops at once advanced in the following order: artillery on the right, Seventy-fourth Highlanders, Forty-seventh Regiment, in the centre, cavalry on the left, Wyndham's regiment in support. The Seventy-fourth threw out skirmishers, who opened fire wherever they could see the enemy, and, supported by the companies behind, went straight at the small hills, dislodging the Rohillas and making them retire. Meanwhile the guns in the fort had opened fire in a very feeble manner, and were speedily answered by our artillery. Those small hills alluded to were of no great extent, and were soon taken. Colonel Hughes seeing this, ordered me to tell Captain Lawson, commanding artillery, to advance one hundred yards nearer the fort, and then to desire the Highlanders to keep up with the guns. I found Lawson performing his toilet in rear of his guns, firing rapidly, and, after giving him the message, rode on. His brother, in the Highlanders, was the next man I came across, commanding the skirmishers of his regiment. He looked very fat about the chest, and, as I came up, said, mysteriously, "Stop a minute." Unbuttoning his shell jacket, he pulled out a bottle of hock, and handed it up to me to take a pull. These two little episodes are characteristic of the brothers Lawson, each a good soldier and a good fellow in his

own line. And now, the small hills being cleared, and our line close on the paddy flats, occurred an incident by no means creditable to our cavalry, and which I observed on my way back to the colonel's position. A small party of Rohillas, carrying a standard, were crossing the flat, retreating towards a small gate of the fort, when our cavalry officers on the left saw them, and instantly resolved to charge. No time was to be lost, and Captains Newbury and Stewart, after giving the order, started. As a body the cavalry did not follow, but, being well mounted, the two officers went at great speed, racing for the standard. As they approached, finding escape impossible, the Rohillas stood and took aim. Newbury was shot in the stomach, fell off, and died soon afterwards, and Stewart received a severe sword-cut on the head, which knocked him over. Their men were nowhere, and did nothing, for the Rohillas found time to pick up Newbury's helmet, escaping into the fort, where they laid their trophy at the rajah's feet and received rewards.

All the enemy now being cleared outside, it only remained to take the fort; but, knowing that the Bombay force, under Colonel Malcolm, was close to the western frontier of Shorapore, and was moving rapidly on the city, Colonel Hughes, much against his inclination, thought it right to await their arrival for a combined attack, which, however, was not destined to take place. Information of our intention to storm and take the city next morning was quite sufficient for the rajah, upon whom Meadows Taylor says it had the following effect: "When this reached the ears of the rajah, and he heard, also, that Colonel Malcolm's force had with it a large proportion of English troops, who, together with two companies of the Seventy-fourth Highlanders, under Colonel Hughes, made a sufficiently imposing array, he saw there was no chance of escape except by flight; and in the evening, accompanied by a few horsemen, he left Shorapore, and proceeded direct to Hyderabad."

Malcolm and Hughes next morning marched into the city unopposed, and a good deal of looting took place before it could be stopped. Then a prize committee was formed, and all private loot ordered to be given up. Being myself away from my district without leave, I returned at once to Lingsoogoor, where the news from the west pointed to an early rising of some of the small chiefs, or zemindars, in Dharwar and Belgaum. About this time, too, many of my own people had been tampered with, and I hardly knew in what exact spot the first outbreak in my district would take place.

It happened that among the disaffected zemindars of the Dharwar was one Bheem Rao, of Moondurgi, a Brahmin, who had been formerly in the service of government, and retired to take possession of and live on his own estate, which had been lately surveyed and assessed by the government officials. It was said that he was displeased and dissatisfied with the settlement, and was ready to join others in rebellion

against the English. His estate lay not far from the southwest corner of my district, with which he was well acquainted and in constant communication. The chief place of importance in that corner was a hill-fort, called Kopaldroog, in which was situated the local government office and treasury. It was a strong place, rising out of plains all around, and could not have been taken by rebels except through treachery. Meadows Taylor says of Kopaldroog,—"It is a marvelous fort indeed, being entirely impregnable. It consists of two fortifications, one encircling the town, which had been remodeled by the French engineers in Tippoo's service, and all the bastions and cavaliers filled with embrasures and ramparts for heavy guns, the other fortification being of the great granite rock within the *enceinte*, the batteries of which command every portion of the land below, on all sides, to a great distance. This hill-fort must be upwards of five hundred feet high, and is inaccessible except by a flight of very rude rough steps, which wind in and out among the rocks, and in some places extremely narrow and unsafe." There were several old guns in the upper batteries, and at the summit was a circular battery having just below it some deep cisterns in the naked rock, which contained beautiful clear water.

It was quite the end of May, 1858, when I received an express from Kopal that Bheem Rao, with some four hundred armed men, had crossed my frontier and marched to Kopaldroog, having arranged with the Killedar to deliver up the keys of the fort to him. Colonel Hughes was then with his force in the Bellary district, on the south of the river Toongabudra. The news of Bheem Rao and his rebels having seized my fort of Kopal, together with the records and treasury, which contained only about three thousand rupees, reached Hughes as soon as it did me. He marched at once, and sent me word to join him. Owing to Wyndham, with some Highlanders and his own regiment, being detained to guard Shorapore, there were at Lingsoogoor only two guns and twenty-five cavalry sabres. With these I marched the same afternoon, and by traveling all night, covered the whole distance of thirty-six miles, and at daylight found Hughes in position before the walls of Kopal.

As usual with Indian forts, the outer wall was composed entirely of mud, upon which a cannon-ball makes very little impression. Hughes opened fire at once on the principal gate, and the stone portions of wall which supported and strengthened it, intending from that point to storm the fort, placed his infantry in readiness to advance, and surrounded the whole fort with small parties of horse. Bheem Rao had obtained possession of Kopaldroog by bribery and treachery, but he found himself now in a trap from which there was no escape. It was not long before the people of the town and the rebels perceived that our guns would soon make a breach. Bheem Rao and his armed men retired to the citadel, and closed the gates. On this, the townspeople

at once exhibited white flags along the walls, and shortly afterwards themselves opened the outer gates.

Such garrison as Bheem Rao possessed were now surrounded in the inner fort of stone, and our soldiers were ready to attack. By this time, however, the rebels had lost all heart, and some among them opened the gates of the citadel. The Highlanders rushed in, firing at and killing every opponent. Bheem Rao himself, running across a rock hoping to reach a small sally-port of escape, was shot by a Highlander in the ear, and fell dead on the spot, and the remainder of the rebels surrendered. I took possession at once—after seeing the body of Bheem Rao and having it identified—of the office records and treasury; the troops were withdrawn to their camps; the townspeople visited me and brought supplies; and by the afternoon everything appeared, outwardly, as if no rebellion had taken place. My official duty lay in executing justice on the traitor who delivered up the keys and fort to Bheem Rao. He was soon found, tried, and hung the same evening. All the remainder of the rebels were tried by a military court, and many of them sentenced to be shot. This summary conclusion of Bheem Rao's adventures effectually extinguished any sparks of rebellion or disaffection in that part of the country, and, in fact, proved to be the last occasion requiring the employment of our troops in the open field in Southern India.

Captain Ralph N. Taylor,
Late Madras Staff Corps.

BEYOND AND BACK AGAIN.

CAPTAIN SPOONER was a lonely man, of quiet habits and simple tastes, who liked nothing better than spring violets, and hated nothing more than the dust and bustle of crowded streets. He was wont to dream much upon the things both of earth and heaven; believed in special providences, which, he said, were mere local interpretations of a general fact, like the separate sparkle of sunshine thrown off by each little ripple on the bay, and so the captain strove to extract from every incident in life its appropriate lesson, with, probably, the usual result of a view largely colored by the opinions and wishes of the moment. Regularly came to him the duties and relaxations of each day; the former of which he discharged in his office, while the latter took him in solitary rambles over the country upon a horse that botanized in harmony with his master, so far as generical differences of taste allowed.

The leisure of peace was consecrated by the captain to all manner of investigation, from the campaigns of Joshua to the visions of Swedenborg, on the genealogy of words and the possibilities of chemistry; but at present he was enjoying his afternoon ride through the pine-woods with reference partly to the pulmonary benefits of terebinthine and partly to specimens of the carnivorous *sun-dew*, and he had recently read several speculations upon what lies "beyond the gates," and his thoughts readily took a celestial direction.

True and trite enough it is to every man that "Heaven is farther off than when he was a boy." Its glories seem to recede into misty uncertainties, very slightly clarified by the compound adjectives of sensational preaching. "The low sun makes the color," and the noon-day of eschatology lies far in the future. If, however, our ideas of heaven want body, it is doubtless because the body to terms of which we are now limited is in no respect like what we shall be. Still, "the captive beats against the bars," and would tempt the mysteries of unknown worlds. But the most creative imagination can only cross the abyss from this side in vehicles of terrestrial construction. Celestial sights and sounds, even as told by Swedenborg, are of the earth, earthy. There is a legal idea of heaven as a place where one can sit at *nisi prius* all day long and play whist all night, while Sydney Smith rose to the conception of eating *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. The

old heathen poet was possessed of much finer sensibilities apparently,—

> "There the sun with glorious ray,
> Chasing shady night away,
> Makes an everlasting day,
> Where souls in fields of purple rosies play;
> Others in verdant plains disport,
> Crowned with trees of every sort,—
> Trees that never fruit do bear,
> But always in the blossom are."

Conservative Uncle John waives all discussion, insisting that the chief end of man here and hereafter is "to glorify God and serve him forever." Certainly. But how and where? And the question evokes only the old imagery of harp, psalm, and pearl.

Surely, quoth the captain, this life is a discipline for that which is to come. What is learned here is to be useful there. And God created this world and saw that it was good, at least before man spoiled it with his violence. Here in these very woods the air is laden with the breath of pine and flower that are his handiwork. The sunlight flashes through the shadows, lighting up yonder a tangle of gray moss, and here a holly-bush, spangled with berries of red. Nothing could be purer than this blue sky, nothing brighter than that veil of golden cloud, nor any path lead straighter to the infinite than this long glade that opens on the gulf, far out over which glided a solitary sail,—

> "One moment white, then lost forever."

What can we do more than the savage who paints a hereafter with the colors of his choicest experience?—

> "By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
> In vestments of the chase arrayed,
> The hunter still the deer pursues,—
> The hunter and the deer a shade."

Shall there be new heavens and a new earth, and shall there be no May-days, no trailing arbutus hidden under the green leaves, none of the sweet clover of June, nothing of the harvest of October? "Verily," thought the captain, as he took in a mighty breath of the air that came up through the pines from the sea, "verily, even *my* bit of the world here would make a very satisfactory heaven."

Just then a gnat flew into the captain's eye. The pain was intense. He dropped the reins and thrust his handkerchief under the smarting lids, only to irritate them more. A rabbit sprang out upon the path. The horse shied violently, and the captain found himself prostrate among the brakes, his presence of mind vindicated by the fact that he still kept his handkerchief, and diligently proceeded with its use. While he thought with vexed wonder how great an ache so small a creature made he heard a faint *halloo*, and visible in the distance was his

runaway steed in the custody of a semi-naked negro. The captain came up, and, holding before the impromptu hostler a dime, "John," said he, slowly wiping away his tears, "John, whatever heaven may be, remember there are no gnats there."

Trifles like these, then, make up our sorrows and delights; a bit of sunshine, a waft of perfume, and we say, O soul, enjoy thyself forever! A sting of pain, a blast of storm, and, behold, we cry, It is better for me to die than to live.

The captain was now in the way to secure a "Science of Being" by the process of exclusion. He modestly deferred, for the present, any assertions as to what heaven was, though more confident as to what it was not. Some further police is necessary before the millennium. Celestial zoology might admit the existence of the minister's old mare, and the doctrine of compensation should provide for the costermonger's donkey, to say nothing of the problem of cats and canaries, but noxious plants and animals, being simple incarnations of life already poisoned in its flow downwards through the evil hearts of men, shall be burned up in the fires of the last day.

In the office of the captain were gathered his books. Here was the trysting-place to which he could summon Miss Martineau or Maud and be certain both would come, whether busy with the mysteries of mesmerism or dancing to the strains of flute and bassoon. Here also were waiting Brahma and the Vedas, or Uncle Remus aud his stories. Within these four walls were solemn joys known only to the initiated. Mighty machinery is laboring and huge ships are buffeting with wind and wave to lay their treasures in goodly octavos at the feet of the seeker. Gutenberg and Aldus are his saints, and he believes heartily in the immaculate conception of the press. Blissful moments are those which witness the arrival of closely-knotted bundles from some metropolitan Mudie, in which is a long-planned selection, the inspiration of the children of Mnemosyne. Nor do Houris alone visit his dreams. They abide with him ever in all the varied charms of primer, pica, and nonpareil.

As the captain's eye, now restored to service, wandered lovingly along the library-shelves, dwelling each moment upon some familiar acquaintance, he felt how completely they sympathized with all his moods, nor ever failed, moreover, in that happy unobtrusiveness which knows that at times no consolation is so sweet as that of a dumb presence.

At the open window a vine was tossing its leaves in the wind, while the sunshine painted their play upon the opposite wall, until a cloud came up out of the west and breezes, freshened with cool sea-spray, rustled through the leaves of the magnolia.

Very pleasant and comfortable it was as the captain looked up, and then turned over another leaf, reading: "To the man of business with a taste for books, who through the day has struggled in the battle of

life with all its irritating rebuffs and anxieties, what a blessed season of pleasurable repose opens upon him as he enters his sanctum, where every article wafts to him a welcome and every book is a personal friend!"

Shall, then, a man's learning die with him? Truly do we labor and others gather the fruit. He that would save for one he loves often saves for those he hates. The very prizes we collect so eagerly and esteem so highly will in a few short years be tossed about the trays of some Nassau Street itinerant. Yet it is written that before Solomon lay all the treasures of this earth awaiting his choice, and the divine voice said, "Because thou hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself . . . wisdom and knowledge is granted thee, and riches and wealth and honor." It is possible that once beyond the grave the atomic theory, and even the Athanasian creed, will very inadequately fit the facts, at least on their farther side; but, quoth the captain, "No man will be the worse who takes more delight in Plato than Torquemada, or who prefers Wordsworth to Wall Street. The most narrow-minded literalist cannot deny that there are books in heaven, though no mention is made of publishers, and where ledgers are to be found one might reasonably hope for Lamb." And, looking up again, he passed his volumes in review, gleaming in purple and gold, and said, "Perhaps it was bold to expect anything like the other life under the pines, but surely I have it *here*."

Just then clouds of dust swept in from the street and, like the harpies of Strophades, swooped upon person, book, and table, filling the room with the vile débris of townward travel as the storm passed down the road. Finally the aggressive refuse eddied itself to rest on desk and shelf. Morocco and gilding looked out in dim eclipse, Socrates seemed foolish, Erasmus sober, Tennyson cacophonous, and the captain remembered with penitent thankfulness that the old-fashioned heaven was paved with gold and built up with all manner of precious stones, and resounded with the murmur of crystal streams.

"After all," concluded the captain, "St. John knew what he was talking about. In the streets of his Jerusalem there shall be neither sorrow nor crying, *and* there can be no dust there."

That evening as the captain went to bed and the day's ideas drifted by, in those moments when consciousness gets cross-eyed and we seem to see double, looking curiously out from one self upon the other just ready to "roll down the gulfs of sleep," his faith in St. John was a little obscured. Verily, night with its recompense of rest and the morning with its renewed glow of life may well be a heavenly experience. Bright visions and sweet thoughts have come to all of us out of the darkness. It can bring no fear to the soul that is not afraid of itself. Is not *rest* the prominent feature of the orthodox elysium in many a New England farm-house, where man and maid are wont to go forth

to their daily task at the break of dawn? Did not Swedenborg see beds in heaven with, doubtless, an innate power of self-adjustment, and with pillows of down from angels' wings? Shall we always, then, be in the midst of "that fierce glory which beats upon the throne"? Has twilight no charms and the silent midnight no memories to be recalled with tender regret in that "sacred high eternal noon"? Rather shall Immortality have its shadow, if not of care, yet of repose. And the captain fell asleep.

Outside the harbor bar there was a storm. Gray clouds trailed heavily past the water. The wind swept up the slope burdened with the smell of weed and wreck along the reef, where the surf was beating with monotonous roar. The branches of the old oak that served as roof-tree were writhing and tossing in the blast. It was a night to dream of danger and disaster, and the captain was suddenly wakened to an atmosphere that seemed full of strange sounds and even of invisible presences. In the distance a door swung to with a hollow roar, and above something fell with a dull jar that died out at once, as if smothered in the fear of its own noise. The captain searched in vain for a light. The mystery of darkness was upon him and defied any attempt of memory or reason. Window and stair, table and shelf, had all changed places, and nothing was familiar to the touch. Stealthy footfalls seemed to follow him, and stifled breathings were heard whenever he turned. Whatever he put his hand upon either shrank from his approach or grew rigid with menace, and when he finally gained the entry and called for his orderly the very tones of his voice seemed not his, but another's. A light appeared in the passage, footsteps disengaged themselves from the confusion, matter began to orient itself, mind to assert its control, and the captain, with many a contrite shake of the head, repeated, "And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun."

It happened among the incidents of service that the captain changed his station, but he carried his cares and problems with him, if not his furniture, no tariff hampering the transit of the former, still among which were his attempts at a reconstruction of the "Science of Being." As essential elements, the landscape, the library, and the night-time had been tried and found wanting, except with conditions and reservations that naturally interfered with the simplicity and universal application of statement so characteristic of our best science. Exceptions only show that a fag end or two is still outside our reach, and until this is wholly gathered in there is no telling how much slack is unaccounted for.

After much speculation, it appeared to the captain that music afforded an infinity of resource well worth exploration. There was no heresy here either, at least at the starting-point. Song and trumpet are approved elements of all Catholic eschatology. It is more than

probable that the strains which the great masters have made immortal were all of them but echoes from a higher and better world. There shall be many a spiritualized *Trovatore*, and such ravishing *Sounds from Home* as no exile or wanderer along the shores of earth has ever heard. The very stars in their courses sing as they roll, and Emerson himself experienced religion at an opera. Alexander felt that his conquests were incomplete without a Homer to sing them. Welcomes of celestial harmony have reached the ears of the dying, and if the ordinary sense has to be educated up to Wagner, there are none so dull as to find no melody in the voice of the robin and the lark. Here, if anywhere, we seem to have substantial ground from which to push our researches into the regions whence no man has returned.

Again it was midnight. *Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub-dub.*

Clearly round the corner came the triumphant strains of the Hardscrabble brass band. The captain sat straight up in bed. "This is *too* much," he groaned. And he thought of tom-toms reverberating in dull iteration through African jungles, or of the sacrificial drum that shook Aztec temples with its horrid clamor, or of the butcher Santerre, who drowned with his tambours the dying protest of a king. The captain well knew what was coming. From the yard, on the right, of Major O. Rockerty, commanding the Hardscrabble Fusileers, where fife and cymbals were now disburdening themselves of *Garry Owen*, etc., they would adjourn to the residence, on the left, of our worthy Mayor Schneider, for the performance of *Die Wacht am Rhein*. Then in front of the windows of the belle opposite would be a scrub-race of brass and reed through the intricacies of *Am I not fondly thine own?* and yet another in honor of the rival beauty below, waiting to be duly assured, *Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming*, closing up towards morning with a grand medley under the editorial attic of the *Hardscrabble Herald*.

The captain lay down and pensively ruminated, now to the sympathetic strains of *John Brown's Body*. He determined to abandon entirely any attempt at the composition of what apparatus and pursuits might belong to heaven, confident only that no gnats, and no dust, and no darkness shall enter therein, nor in any wise the Hardscrabble brass band with their instruments, at all events. For the rest, he remains content with what was seen at Patmos.

H. W. C.

SHIPS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The English Navy, 1702-99—Copper Sheathing first used, 1728—The Royal Anne, 1753—Naval Forces of the European Powers, 1783—Floating-Batteries at Gibraltar, 1782—English Frigates in the Eighteenth Century—Atlantic Charts—The First Schooner, 1714—The Continental Navy, 1775—New-England-built Ships of War—The Continental Frigate Alliance, 1778—The Victory, 1778—The America, 74, 1782—Fitch's Original Steamboat, 1785-88—The Massachusetts, 1789—The Commencement of the United States Navy, 1794-97—The Frigate United States, 1797.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century the royal navy consisted of 123 ships of the line, including fourth-rates, 46 frigates, and 87 fire-ships; total, 256 vessels, mounting 9300 guns, and requiring 52,000 men to completely man it. According to official tables, at the death of William III., March 8, 1702, the navy consisted of 272 vessels of all classes, from first to hulks, tonning 159,020 tons. The annual sum allowed for its support was $4,650,653.30. In a century[1] it had increased in vessels and *personnel* six-fold, and in expense twenty-fold.

In 1728, Messrs. Robinson & Hanksbee, of London, took out the first patent on record for sheathing the bottoms of wooden vessels with metal.[2] They claimed the application of rolled sheets of copper, brass, tin, or tinned plates and other metals or minerals to vessels, according to the nature of the sea to be navigated. They also claimed to preserve the trunks of trees from decay by submitting them to heat to extract the vegetable juices, then the timber was to be impregnated with oil; after this a liquor prepared from sea-salt and the salts of animals, vegetables, and minerals, was to be forced into the pores of the wood, and thus to indurate and harden it. Thirty-three years, or a generation of life, elapsed after this patent before copper sheathing

[1] See "Ships of the Seventeenth Century," in the December (1883) number of The United Service.

[2] See "Some Buried Ships," The United Service, May, 1883, for account of Trojan ship covered with a coating of lead. Also "Ships of the Sixteenth Century," in The United Service for November, 1883, for account of the carack "Santa Anna," 1535, sheathed below water and armored above water with lead.

was experimented with in the conservative royal navy. It was not until November 1, 1761, that copper sheathing was placed on the bottom of H. B. M. frigate "Alarm." It soon showed its advantage, and Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, writing his father, under date "Alcide, November 30, 1780," says, "Our present" (Sir George Rodney's) "fleet consists of fourteen sail of the line, all coppered but *two*, which have been hove down and are clean."

In 1753, Fielding, the novelist, seeing the "Royal Anne," of eighteen hundred and nine tons, on the stocks at Woolwich, thought there was more of ostentation than real utility in having ships so vast and unwieldy.

In 1783, at the close of our Revolutionary war, the naval forces of the principal great European powers were as follows:

1783.	Great Britain.	France.	Spain.	Holland.
Ships of the line	105	89	53	32
Fifties	13	7	8	...
Large frigates	63	49	12	28
Small frigates	69	54	36	
Sloops-of-war	217	86	31	13
Cutters	43	22	...	...
Armed ships (store-ships)	24	...	...	...
Bombs	7	5	14	...
Fire-ships	9	7	11	16
Yachts	5	...	...	...
Total	555	319	160	83

In 1781 there were four hundred and twenty-nine ships in the royal navy that mounted carronades, among which were eight 32-pounders, the first that had been employed. The carronades then on board ships of the royal navy were eight 32-pounders, four 24-pounders, three hundred and six 18-pounders, two hundred and eighty-six 12-pounders; in all, six hundred and four carronades.

The good effect of using copper bolts under the load draught of water having been satisfactorily proved, and it having been found there was no possibility of guarding iron bolts against the effects of copper sheathing, it was ordered in November, 1783, that in future ships of all classes of the royal navy should be copper fastened under the load-line draught of water, and by the end of the war of the American Revolution all the ships of the royal navy, of whatever class, were coppered.

1714.—At the death of Queen Anne, August 1, 1714, the number of vessels of the royal navy were 247, with a tonnage of 167,219 tons. While the number of vessels had decreased twenty-five, the measurement had increased 8199 tons.

1727.—At the death of George I., June 11, 1727, the ships of the royal navy were 233, with a tonnage of 170,862, showing a further decrease in the number of ships and an increase in the tonnage.

1760.—At the accession of George III., October 25, 1765, the royal navy consisted of 412 vessels of all sorts, with an aggregate tonnage of 321,104, one hundred and forty more vessels than at the beginning of the century, and of rather more than double the aggregate tonnage.

On the 1st of January, 1775, at the beginning of the American war, the royal navy comprised 340 vessels of all sorts, and on the 20th of January, 1783, at its conclusion, the number of vessels had increased to 617; of these the ships of the line tonned 278,134 tons; and those of 56 guns and under, a few smaller vessels being estimated, 222,647 tons; the total tonnage being 500,781 tons.

The royal navy on the 1st of January, 1795, consisted of 599 vessels of all sorts; in 1797, of 691 vessels; in 1799, of 803 ships, 176 of which were ships of the line of over 56 guns, there being 627 of all conceivable classes,—sixth-rates, floating-batteries, sloops rigged as ships or brigs, advice-boats, surveying vessels, barks, fire-ships, store-ships, tenders, luggers, hospital-ships, prison-ships, yachts, hoys, receiving-ships, hulks, etc.

There was voted for the navy of Great Britain,—

In 1700 . . .	£90,000	extra.	£184,342	ord.	7,000	seamen	and	marines.
" 1710 . . .	.....	"	120,000	"	40,000	"		"
" 1720 . . .	79,723	"	217,918	"	13,500	"		"
" 1730 . . .	120,618	"	218,168	"	10,000	"		"
" 1740 . . .	.....	"	199,704	"	35,000	"		"
" 1750 . . .	197,896	"	293,625	"	10,000	"		"
" 1760 . . .	200,000	"	282,629	"	70,000	"		"
" 1770 . . .	283,687	"	406,380	"	16,000	"		"
" 1780 . . .	697,903	"	385,381	"	85,000	"		"
" 1790 . . .	490,360	"	703,276	"	20,000	"		"
" 1799 . . .	693,750	"	729,063	"	120,000	"		"

1782.—At the siege of Gibraltar the French and Spaniards employed floating-batteries, made by covering the sides with junk, raw hides, and timber. The largest of these vessels was fourteen hundred tons, and carried a battery of 32-pounders.

English Frigates in the Eighteenth Century.—From 1677, the date when first- and second-rates excluded two-decked ships, the frigate class was confined to the third, and three inferior rates. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the first four rates of the royal navy received the name of "ships of the line," and as such were placed in the line of battle in a fleet engagement, and the frigate, which acted the part of scout and whipper-in of the fleet, was restricted to the fifth- and sixth-rates.

When first arranged, the ships of the line comprised all vessels of

over fifty guns, and frigates those under fifty to twenty guns. Later, ships with a single deck of guns were called "sloops-of-war"; ships having guns on a poop-deck and forecastle, corvettes; ships with guns on a main- and spar-deck, frigates; and ships of the line were vessels having guns on three or more decks (lower, main-deck, and spar-deck).

In 1727 frigates were of three classes,—viz., forty, thirty-two, and twenty guns, measuring six hundred, four hundred and twenty, and three hundred and seventy-four tons respectively, and mounting 12-, 9-, and 6-pounders. Two new classes were added in 1740, the one a 44-gun ship of about seven hundred and ten tons, with forty guns upon two decks, having batteries of 18- and 9-pounders, instead of 12's and 6's, with four 6-pounders in addition on the quarter-deck. The 24-gun ship was of about four hundred and forty tons, and carried twenty 9-pounders on the main- or gun-deck, two 9-pounders on the spar-deck, and two 3-pounders on the quarter-deck. Within nine years thirty-eight 44's were built, and several of the old 40's made to carry four 6-pounders on the quarter-deck. In 1755 the old class of 40's became extinct. In 1748 a 28-gun ship of five hundred and eighty-five tons, and mounting twenty-four 9-pounders on her main-deck, and four 3-pounders on her quarter-deck, was constructed and proved a decided improvement on the old 24- and 30-gun class. This 28 is the first ship which in the arrangement of her guns conveys any idea of the sailing-frigate of the nineteenth century. In 1757 two new classes, a 32 and a 36, were added. On the 9th of March, 1756, the Navy Board agreed with Robert Inwood to build a fifth-rate ship. This ship was to measure six hundred and seventy-one tons, and to mount twenty-six 9-pounders on her main-deck, four 6-pounders on the quarter-deck, and two 6-pounders on the forecastle. She was launched May 5, 1757, and called the "Southampton." In August the "Diana" was launched, and others of this class soon followed. The "Alarm," on which copper sheathing was first tried in the royal navy, was of this class. Smaller ships continued to be designated as frigates. Between 1757 and 1760 four ships were built for the royal navy, and as many captured, which averaged three hundred and twelve tons only, and mounted from fourteen to eighteen guns. Not long after the latter date these ships became known as "sloops-of-war." The "Southampton" was really the first genuine frigate of English build constructed to carry guns on a single, whole, or main-deck, and on a quarter-deck and forecastle. She bore the character of a good gunboat and sailer, and after a successful career of fifty-six years was wrecked in 1813 on a reef in the Crooked Island Passage. The 36-gun frigates of the third quarter of the eighteenth century averaged seven hundred and twenty tons, and were armed with four additional 6-pounders on the quarter-deck. Three of this class and rate only were built, viz., the "Pallas," the "Brilliant," and the "Venus."

In 1774 twenty-nine of the old 44's were built. Like their predecessors, they were crank and carried their guns too low. After several attempts to improve them they were deprived of their lower-deck guns, fitted with poops, and converted into store-ships.

The first admiralty order establishing the 38-gun frigate is dated September 30, 1779, and marks their first appearance. In 1782 five had been launched, averaging nine hundred and forty-six tons. These ships were the "Arethusa," "Latona," "Minerva," "Phœbe," and "Thetis." The "Minerva," the first afloat, was launched at Woolwich, June 3, 1780. These ships mounted twenty-eight 18-pounders on the main-deck, and eight 9-pounders, afterwards exchanged for 9's on the quarter-deck and forecastle, throwing three hundred pounds of metal at a broadside. Carronades were invented the year these vessels were ordered by the admiralty, and *fourteen swivels* were placed in addition to their original armament on board, thus converting them into 46-gun ships. These swivels were disposed of when the two forecastle guns were reduced from 12- to 9-pounders. In 1781 there were six hundred and four carronades in the royal navy, varying in size from 32- to 12-pounders.[3]

The frigates of the Continental navy were many of them extemporized from merchantmen. A number were well built, but none of them exceeded eight or nine hundred tons, and all were captured, destroyed, or out of service, except the "Alliance" and one or two more, before the treaty of peace.

The first chart of the *Atlantic Ocean* upon a large scale is said to have been published in Amsterdam by the house of Van Kenlan, about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was entitled "The Spanish or West India Sea."[4] The next chart of the Atlantic was engraved in London on "the circular projection invented by Mr. Murdock," and was very inaccurate. The third was constructed by M. de La Rochette, on the basis of the observations of M. Flinn, published in England in 1777.

THE "GRIFFIN," 1679.—Robert Cavelier de la Salle launched the "Griffin," of sixty tons, upon the Niagara River, between the Falls and Lake Erie, on the 7th of August, 1679. The iron-work and cordage were brought through Lake Ontario in canoes from Montreal. She was with great difficulty taken up the rapids at Black Rock, and was laden at Fort Erie with provisions and merchandise, being armed with seven small cannon, and carrying thirty-two passengers, mostly

[3] See article "Frigate," in Hamersly's "Naval Encyclopedia," by the writer of this paper, for further information on this class of vessels.

[4] Before this date, however, numerous marine *atlases* had been published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The earliest French atlas, the *Neptune Français*, was published by Jaillot in an enlarged form in 1693, but not till a *Suite du Neptune Français* was issued, in 1700, did any charts of American coasts make part of it. This contained eleven on America, based on Sanson's drafts.

fur-traders and Catholic priests. At Green Bay the little vessel was reladen with rich furs, and sailed for Niagara River, but was never heard from afterwards. No vessels, it is believed, were built above the Falls by the French after the "Griffin," but the English built very soon after the conquest of Canada.

In 1762 two small armed vessels were employed on Lake Erie and the Detroit River, which were ordered to support the garrison against the assaults of Pontiac. In May following, the "Beaver," laden with furs, was lost near Sandusky with a cargo valued at three thousand pounds, and her crew of seventeen persons perished. The "Gladwin," "Chippewa," and "Lady Charlotte" were also sailing on the lake in that year, engaged in the same business. Irving, in his "Life of Washington," states that, in 1751, the French launched an armed vessel of unusual size on Lake Ontario.

THE FIRST SCHOONER, 1714.—A current tradition of Gloucester, Massachusetts, is that the first vessel ever called by that now common name was launched from that port in 1714, and there is abundance of evidence, both of a positive and negative kind, to confirm the story. Dr. Moses Prince, a brother of the celebrated New England annalist, writing under date "Gloucester, September 25, 1721," says, "Went to see Captain Robinson and lady. This gentleman was the first contriver of schooners, and built the first of that sort some eight years ago, and the use that is now made of them being so much known, has convinced the world of their conveniency beyond other vessels, and shows how mankind is obliged to this gentleman for this knowledge." Collin Tufts, a visitor to Gloucester in 1790, writes thence September 8: "I was informed that the kind of vessels called '*schooners*' derived their name from this circumstance, viz.: Mr. Andrew Robinson, of this place, constructed a vessel which he had masted and rigged (previous to launching) in the same manner as schooners are at this day. On her going off the stocks, a bystander cried out, '*Oh, how she scoons!*'[5] Robinson instantly replied, 'A scooner let her be!' from which time vessels thus masted and rigged have gone by the name of schooners, before which vessels of this description were not known in Europe or America. This account is confirmed by a great number of persons in Gloucester."

The strongest negative evidence corroborates these statements. No marine dictionary, commercial record, or merchant's inventory of a date prior to 1713 containing the word schooner has yet been found. In the ten years immediately preceding 1713 more than thirty sloops were built at Gloucester, but no 'schooners.' The first mention of a vessel of the name in the town records occurs in 1716, when a new

[5] To *scon*, v. a. To make flat stones, etc., skip along the water. To *scon*, v. a. To skip, as above applied to flat bodies.—*Icel.* skunda, skynda fistenare.—*Supplement to "Jameson's Etymological Dictionary of the Scotch Language."*

"*scooner*" belonging to the town was cast away on the Isle of Sable. Among the effects of Nat. Parsons, who deceased 1722, was the *scooner* "Prudent Abigail," valued at one hundred and eighty pounds; *scooner* "Sea Flower," eighty-three pounds; and *scooner* "Willing Mind," fifty pounds. On the inventory of Captain Bearnsley Perkins, of Ipswich, in 1721, is a *skooner*, two hundred pounds. The earliest mention of a schooner in the Boston papers is the schooner "Returne," June, 1718.

Tradition points to the wharf of Messrs. Lane, Warton & Sons, in Gloucester, then owned by Captain Robinson, as the spot where the first schooner was launched, in 1714. The name accidentally assigned her was probably meant to be her own particular appellation, but being masted and rigged in a peculiar manner, she became the type of a class, and the name passed from a proprietary to a common use. It is nearly certain that before Captain Robinson's time no vessel was known to carry two fore-and-aft trapeziform sails suspended by gaffs and stretched out below by booms.

In 1754 there was imported into England from the Carolinas alone more than one-quarter part as much timber as was then contained in all the royal forests.

THE CONTINENTAL NAVY, 1775.—Towards the latter part of the year 1775 the American Congress determined to fit out a naval force to assist in the defense of American independence. Ezekiel Hopkins, of Rhode Island, was appointed commander-in-chief of this American fleet, and John Paul Jones was appointed the first lieutenant of the "Alfred," his flag-ship, and on the 22d of December, 1775, on board that vessel before Philadelphia, he hoisted, as he is careful to tell us, *with his own hands* the flag of independent America the first time it was ever displayed. The necessity of enlisting seamen was pressing, and was rendered particularly difficult from the fact that numbers of them, with that patriotism and courage for which they are distinguished, had already enrolled themselves in the army. It is a fact that the seamen, almost to a man, had entered into the army before the fleet was set on foot, and that there were four or five thousand seamen in the land service at the time of the organization of the fleet.

On the 13th of December, 1775, Congress had directed that thirteen frigates—one for each of the colonies—should be built, which were to be denominated, viz.: the "Congress," 28, New York; "Randolph," 32, Pennsylvania; "Hancock," 32, Massachusetts; "Washington," 32, Pennsylvania; "Trumbull," 28, Connecticut; "Raleigh," 32, New Hampshire; "Effingham," 28, Pennsylvania; "Montgomery," 24, New York; "Warren," 32, Rhode Island; "Boston," 24, Massachusetts; "Virginia," 28, Maryland; "Providence," 28, Rhode Island; and "Delaware," 24, Pennsylvania. Besides these, there were obtained by purchase the "Lexington," 16; "Andrew Doria," 14;

"Providence," sloop, 12; "Alfred," 28; "Cabot," 16; "Reprisal," 16; "Sachem," 10; "Independence," 10; "Wasp," 8; "Mosquito," 4; "Fly," —. Not one of these names is borne on the list of the present United States navy, though many of them have had several noted successors. All of these vessels were either captured by a superior force of the enemy, burnt, blown up, or destroyed to avoid capture, before the close of the war except the brig "Reprisal," which foundered on the Newfoundland Banks in 1778, when all on board but the cook perished. The largest of these vessels was probably not over eight or nine hundred tons, and their heaviest guns 18-pounders on the main-deck, but oftener 6's, 9's, or 12's.

NEW-ENGLAND-BUILT SHIPS OF WAR—THE "FALKLAND," 50; "BEDFORD," 32; "AMERICA," 44; "BOSTON," "RALEIGH RANGER," AND "AMERICA," 74.—The first ship of war built on this side the Atlantic was the "Falkland" or "Faulkland," a 54-gun ship, built at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, by order of the British government, in 1694 or 1696. She was a fourth-rate of that date, and Cooper says, in his Naval History, she was "the first ship of the line built in America." A new and larger ship of the same name on the English navy lists of 1748 is, however, noted as "of a class not to be put into the line of battle except on very extraordinary occasions." Launching a ship in New England in those early times was a great event, and was attended by all persons of both sexes living in the vicinity, who expected an ample supply of good cheer, with rum for the men and wine for the fair sex. Accordingly, we read in the "Life of Sir William Pepperrell," that on the occasion of his launching a vessel at Saco in 1696 (about the date of the launch of the "Falkland"), designed for trading puposes, he allowed and sent down to his agent a barrel of wine for the festivities of the occasion, and that the vessel was launched with her sails bent, it being "dangerous tarrying on account of hostile Indians in the vicinity and expensive to keep the men upon pay." I have been unable to find any account of the launch of the "Falkland," but there can be no doubt that the launch of the first ship of war built on this side of the Atlantic was properly celebrated, in accord with the spirit of the times.

1707, THE "FALKLAND," 50, Captain John Underdown. Probably the ship launched at Portsmouth was the largest of three ships; the "Medway," 48, and the "Nonsuch" being her companions, which constituted a squadron on the Newfoundland Station that completely broke up the French fishery on the coast of that island and on the Banks of Newfoundland; burning one French ship of thirty-two guns, two of twenty guns each, and making prize of two more of twenty guns each. The "Falkland" arrived with Sir Hovenden Walker's fleet at Spithead October 12, 1711, was laid up at Chatham in 1712, taken to pieces in 1718, and rebuilt in 1720. Her name was long

preserved on the royal navy lists. In Lediard's Naval History I find, June 27, 1728, the "Falkland," fourth-rate, fifty guns, two hundred and eighty men, in commission under the command of Samuel Atkins; and June 30, 1729, she was lying at Spithead. Again, the "Falkland," fourth-rate, fifty guns, three hundred men, is one of eighty-six ships getting ready for service under Sir Charles Wager, and was docked, cleared, and put in commission on the 21st of February, 1730. The tonnage of this successor of the New-England-built ship was seven hundred and sixty-one tons.

In 1744, another ship of the same name was built, of the following dimensions: 140.2 feet on the gun-deck, 113.6 keel, 40.2 beam, 17.5½ depth, 974 tons, 350 men, 50 guns. Afterwards her battery was reduced to forty-eight guns of less calibre than her original armament, in order to lighten her, and her crew was reduced to two hundred and twenty-six. Her name was continued on the navy lists in 1748, 1756, 1763. There is no vessel of the name on the royal navy list of 1883.

THE "BEDFORD," 32, launched in 1696, soon after the "Falkland," the second war-vessel built at Portsmouth or in New England, is styled in contemporary accounts a "Galley." I find in the navy list of that and subsequent dates frequent mention of vessels of the same number of guns which are styled "galleys." The "Charles" galley of thirty-two guns was one of Sir George Rooke's squadron in the Mediterranean in 1704; and Captain William Kidd's vessel, in which he "sailed," was styled the "Adventure" galley.

The "Bedford" galley, probably the vessel built at Portsmouth, is mentioned in a list of the ships attached to Sir Hovenden Walker's squadron, which sailed from Boston on his unsuccessful expedition against Quebec August 14, 1711. On the navy list March 8, 1702, I find the "Bedford" galley, 32, one hundred and thirty-five men, and the "Mary" and "Charles" galleys, both of the same number of guns and men. The "Mary" galley is stated as of five hundred and ninety-five tons, which was probably about the tonnage of the "Bedford." Elsewhere the "Mary" is put down as a "snow," which was sometimes, if not always, the rig of these vessels.

The "Bedford" galley is again mentioned as a *fine ship* in Sir John Morris's squadron in 1720–21, and is then reported as carrying only fifty-five men and eight guns. In the same squadron there was another "Bedford," a third-rate, mounting seventy guns and carrying four hundred and forty men. Falconer, in his Marine Dictionary, defines "*a snow* as the largest of all two-masted vessels employed by Europeans," and adds, "sloops-of-war occasionally assumed the form of snows in order to deceive the enemy." The rig of a "snow" was similar to that of a modern full-rigged brig,—a craft by the way, since the advent of three-masted and four-masted schooners, fast becoming obsolete. Gal-

leys, according to another authority, carried their guns in a continuous or flush-deck, while frigate-built ships had deep waists and high poops and forecastles.

THE "AMERICA," 44, 1749.—The third vessel of war built at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was the "America," 44, launched in 1749. A model of her, which I have seen, is preserved in the cabinet of the Portsmouth Athenæum, having been presented to that institution by Madam Elwyn, a daughter of the late Governor Langdon. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship in mahogany, planked up as a ship should be, excepting that the planks of the upper deck, as also of the forecastle and quarter-deck, are left off to show the beams, carlines, knees, etc. The model is pierced for forty-four guns on two decks.

Sir William Pepperrell wrote Governor Wentworth, March 13, 1746, that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty had directed the Hon. Peter Warren to build four ships of war in New England, two of twenty-four guns and two of forty-four guns, and that Warren had written him to agree with some shipwrights for the erecting and building of one of forty-four guns on the Piscataqua, and he asks the governor to appoint a board to estimate the value of such a ship. The board appointed agreeably to this request reported that, for such a ship, "nine pounds per ton would be a fair price for the government to give for the vessel completely fitted with forty-four guns."

Accordingly Sir William Pepperrell contracted with Colonel Nathaniel Mesierve for the building of the ship, which was launched in 1749, and called the "America." She was sent to London under convoy, having only one tier of guns mounted. The terms of the contract are not stated. Lieutenant-Colonel Mesierve, the builder of the "America," accompanied Amherst on the expedition against Louisbourg, in 1758, with the rank of colonel, but in charge of *two hundred ship-carpenters*, most of whom were attacked with the smallpox, and Colonel Mesierve and his son died during the siege. Pepperrell's biographer says the "America" was esteemed one of the best frigates in the British navy, but the only trace I have found of her is on the navy lists of September, 1755, and May, 1756, in which she is noted as "in ordinary" at Chatham. She does not appear to have been a durable ship, as in 1757, eight years after her launch, a new and larger ship of the same name, and mounting sixty guns, was launched on the Thames, England, whose dimensions are given in Charnock, viz.:—one hundred and fifty-four feet gun-deck, one hundred and twenty-seven and one-fourth feet keel, forty-three feet beam, eighteen feet nine inches depth of hold; tonnage, twelve hundred and forty-eight tons. A *third* "America," rated as a 64, was built at Deptford in 1777. Her length on the gun-deck was one hundred and fifty-nine and one-half feet; keel, one hundred and thirty-one feet; tonnage, thirteen hundred and seventy. We shall presently consider a *fourth* "America," 74, which was built at Ports-

mouth, New Hampshire. She was launched in 1782, was transferred to France, and captured in the action of the 1st of June, 1794, and added to the royal navy and renamed "L'Impétueux."

The "America," 44, was probably a sister-ship of the "Boston," the first of that name, built in New England in 1749, but where it is not stated. Her dimensions were one hundred and thirty feet one inch on the gun-deck, one hundred and fourteen feet two inches keel, thirty-seven feet eight inches beam, sixteen feet depth, eight hundred and sixty-two tons, two hundred and eighty men, forty-four guns. The "Boston" was sold in 1762, when another vessel of the same name but less tonnage, built on the Thames, took her place in the royal navy.

There was a "Boston," 24, built at Boston or Newburyport, by Stephen Adolph Cross, for the Continental navy, in 1776, which was captured at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1780. A second "Boston," 28, of seven hundred tons, was built at Boston in 1799, and presented by patriotic citizens of Boston to the United States. She was burnt at Washington in 1814 to prevent her capture by the enemy.

A third "Boston," 18, of seven hundred tons, was built at Boston in 1825, and after many successful, peaceful cruises, was lost on Eleuthera in the West Indies, November 15, 1846, in the night during a squall,—crew all saved. One of the new cruisers just ordered (1883) has been named the "Boston"; it is to be hoped she will have a happier fate than her predecessors.

The "Raleigh," 32, the next ship built at Portsmouth, was launched May 21, 1776. She was built on Rindge's wharf under the inspection of Thomas Thompson, Esq. (who was also her first commander), by master-builders Messrs. Hackett, Hill & Paul. Her hull was completed in sixty days after her keel was laid. In 1777, in company with the "Alfred," she captured a small schooner, on board of which there was found four thousand three hundred and ninety dollars in counterfeit bills of Continental money. Some days later the "Raleigh" ran into the midst of the British windward fleet, consisting of more than sixty sail, under convoy of several men-of-war, and engaged the "Druid," 20, for over forty-five minutes, within pistol-shot, cutting her all to pieces and rendering her unmanageable. The near approach of the other vessels of war obliged her to leave the "Druid" and join the "Alfred." The British ships did not think it prudent to follow. In 1778 the "Raleigh" was chased by a British squadron, when she is said to have "logged 11.2 on a dragged bow-line." In September of the same year she was chased by the "Experiment," 50, and "Unicorn," 28, and, losing her foretop-mast and mizzen-topgallant-mast, was run on shore to avoid capture. In this last action she had twenty-five killed and wounded. She was got afloat by her pursuers and commissioned as a cruiser on our coast.

The "Ranger," 18, the next vessel built at Portsmouth, was

built on Langdon's Island, under the direction of Colonel James Hackett, in 1777, and has become famous from having been the first to wear the Stars and Stripes, and the first to obtain a salute for them from a foreign power.

THE CONTINENTAL FRIGATE "ALLIANCE," 1778.—

"Those were the days wherein we flung defiance
Unto a tyrant monarch and his henchmen.
We asked for friendship. France gave her compliance,
And hence we called our vessel the 'Alliance,'
In honor of the noble-hearted Frenchmen."—T. B. READ.

This 32-gun frigate, one of the most successful and celebrated vessels of our Continental navy, was built at Salisbury, Massachusetts, on the Merrimac River, in 1777–78, by Messrs. John and William Hackett, famous New England naval constructors. Her name was given her by the American Congress, in honor of the treaty of alliance between France and the United States, which was ratified on the 6th of February, 1778. In further compliment to France it was unfortunately resolved that the command of the vessel should be given to Captain Pierre de Landais, who was descended from a noble family of Normandy, but of little estate. In the French navy he had attained the rank of a lieutenant, but had been dismissed, it was said, on account of some difficulties arising from his infirmity of temper. Upon coming to the United States as an adventurer, he was accepted into the Continental naval service, and on the 18th of June, 1778, commissioned a captain.[6] "The 'Alliance,'" says Cooper, "was the favorite ship of the American navy, and, it might be added, of the American nation, during the war of the Revolution, filling some such space in the public mind as has since been occupied by her more celebrated successor the 'Constitution.'"

"Old Europe's waters bore her graceful keel,
And heard the rolling of her threatening thunder;
She taught the insolent buccaneer to kneel
And sue for quarter,—taught their homes to feel
A mingled sense of due respect and wonder."

The "Alliance" would, in these days of armored vessels and big guns, be considered a very small ship, her dimension on the keel having been but one hundred and twenty-five feet, her beam thirty-seven feet, and her tonnage less than nine hundred tons. She was probably about the size of the frigate "Essex," built in 1798–99, at Salem, by public

[6] He claimed after his dismissal from the Continental service to be a "rear-admiral," and I have seen an engraved portrait of him with that title attached in French; but as he was only a lieutenant in the French navy, and he never attained a higher rank than a captain in ours, and the rank of rear-admiral was unknown to the Continental service, it is certain he had no right to the title.

subscription, and patriotically presented to the United States government.[7] She was thought to be too long, narrow, shoal, and sharp, and to be over-sparred. Her maintop-mast was eighteen inches diameter in the cap; the main-yard eighty-four feet long and eighteen inches in diameter at the slings, and her topsail-yard also the same in the slings.

[7] See "History of the First Cruise of the United States Frigate Essex," with an account of her origin and career until captured in 1814, and her ultimate fate. By Captain Geo. H. Preble. Essex Institute Historical Collections, vol. x. Published by the Essex Institute, Salem, 1870.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONGRESS is again in session, and has received the annual message of the President and the reports of the secretaries and bureau-chiefs which accompany it. The message is able, conservative, and clear, and most creditably reflects the common-sense statesmanship of its distinguished author. The reports also abundantly testify the high order of ability which marks the administration of our governmental system, and the zeal, faithfulness, and industry which characterize the *personnel* of the several services. Having said this, we have said about all in the way of gratulation that the subject admits of, so far at least as concerns the military and naval reports, which, beyond the aspects just referred to, are dreary reading to the thoughtful and patriotic citizen, be he civil or military.

The Secretary of War, calling the attention of Congress to the report of the Chief of Engineers, says, "Our sea-coast, with its great cities and important harbors, is defenseless to-day against the attack of a modern ironclad, and it is humiliating even to imagine the mortification, loss of life, property, and prestige, to which we would be subjected should war come suddenly upon us, as the history of nations shows may happen at any time."

The report of the Secretary of the Navy, while showing that fair progress is being made in the construction of the three new steel-clad cruisers and one dispatch-steamer authorized at the last session of Congress, all of which, it is expected, will be completed within the next two years, contains the humiliating admission that "the condition of decrepitude into which the fleet has fallen through a failure to provide for its gradual renewal by modern ships is justly a subject of ridicule at home and abroad. The vessels available for actual service are insufficient to give training to the officers and seamen, unequal to the present necessity of the Government, and unworthy of a great and prosperous maritime state."

And the condition of things thus set forth by the heads of our military and naval departments has not suddenly arisen, nor is it now set forth for the first time. Substantially the same situation has existed for years, and Congress has again and again been advised of the fact and urged to provide the necessary means to remedy the evil. Now, when the treasury groans with a surplus so large as to tax the

ingenuity of statesmen to find an outlet for it, would seem to be the time when we might reasonably hope for effective steps towards the relief of the nation from the danger and disgrace involved in this neglect to provide for the public defense.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* (London) is responsible for the following:

"A captain in a distinguished regiment had just returned from leave, and was talking about some company matters with his color-sergeant. Missing a name from the roll, he asked, 'What has become of Sergeant —— ?' The color-sergeant at once replied, 'Sergeant —— has gone to hell, sir!' The captain's face showed his astonishment and anger at what seemed a most impertinent answer, so the color-sergeant added, 'Yes, sir, he went to hell last week!' This astounding piece of news was soon explained away, for the color-sergeant, of unfortunately misplaced aspirations, only meant that the other sergeant had been transferred to L Company. This occurred more when companies were designated by numbers, in most regiments, but not in all. Though education has made wonderful progress since, it might occur now."

ACCORDING to *Hart*, Hicks Pasha entered the Bombay Army in 1849; served in Bengal during the campaign of 1857–59 with the First Belooch Battalion, and as staff-officer to the Punjaub Movable Column; in the Rohilcund Campaign with Major-General Penny's forces; was present in the actions of Kukrowlee and occupation of Bareilly, Bunnee, Mahomdee, and Shahjehanpore, at the capture of Rampore Kussia and Amethee; subsequently, with Lord Clyde's force at Sunkerpore, at Dhoondia Keria, and capture of the fort of Buxar; served under Lord Clyde throughout the operations across the Gogra; present at Brijidia, Churdah, and capture of Mejeediah; commanded the right wing of the First Belooch Battalion with Brigadier Horsford's Brigade on the Raptee (mentioned in dispatches, medal); served as brigade-major, Second Brigade, First Division, during the Abyssinian campaign in 1867–68; present at the capture of Magdala (mentioned in dispatches, brevet-major, and medal). Was gazetted ensign, December 19, 1849; lieutenant, November 23, 1856; captain, December 29, 1861; major, August 15, 1868; lieutenant-colonel, December 29, 1875; honorary colonel, July 1, 1880, and to the reserve of officers, October 16, 1880.

CHINA AND EGYPT form the only exceptions to the otherwise universal reign of peace that marks the close of eighteen hundred and eighty-three. Our own country has had no speck of war, save only a single incursion of hostile Apaches from Mexico, which was successfully dealt with by General Crook, and throughout our wide borders peace now

prevails. Whether the French and Anamese imbroglio is to develop into a war between France and China is, at the time we write, still an open question, with the chances seemingly in favor of a peaceful solution. The recent successes of the Egyptian rebels have served greatly to complicate matters in that land, and what the outcome is to be cannot at this moment be predicted with entire certainty. This almost universally pacific state of the human family is a matter of sincere congratulation, in which THE UNITED SERVICE joins heartily and sincerely. Should it prove the prelude to the good time which the prophets and seers of Israel have foretold, when men shall learn war no more, we shall endeavor to adjust ourselves to the changed conditions of the new era, and devote our pages mainly to articles of a reminiscent sort, which, unless the old Adam in man shall have been utterly eliminated by the change of times, will, we think, still have interest for those whose swords shall have been turned into pruning-hooks.

MANY an old officer of the navy will read with interest the following sketch of the late Captain Maury, which is from the pen of his kinsman, General Dabney H. Maury, and forms part of an address delivered by the latter on the occasion of establishing a post of the Grand Army of the Confederacy at Fredericksburg, Virginia. We find it in the last number of *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and republish it both because of the very general interest of the naval profession in its distinguished subject, and of its gracefulness as a tribute:

"Matthew Fontaine Maury was born in Spottsylvania County, January 14, 1806. In 1811 his father moved with his family and slaves to a cotton-plantation near Franklin, Tennessee. In 1824, Captain John Minor Maury, the oldest son, died while serving against the pirates as flag-captain of the West India Squadron (under old Commodore David Porter), and next year young Matthew was appointed midshipman. His father opposed so strongly his entry into the navy that, supplied with money by a friend, and by the overseer with a horse, young Matthew rode away from his father's home without his father's blessing, through that great wilderness that lay between him and the career for which his spirit yearned. If ever an unfilial act was justified by the event, this was. He was warmly greeted on reaching Fredericksburg by his uncle, General John Minor, who sped him on his way to Washington, and to his dying day remembered with gratitude and affection the kindly courtesies shown him here by that exemplar of our hospitality, the late Thomas B. Barton. His pay was then, as midshipman, twenty dollars per month. He allotted one-half of it to his widowed sister. His first voyage was in the 'Brandywine' frigate, when she took General Lafayette to France. And from the very outset of his professional career, diligence in its pursuit, and eager study of all

the marvels of creation it unfolded to his eyes, engrossed him. In the steerage of the midshipman he began the new treatise on navigation, which he completed a few years later here. In 1834 he married Miss Anne Herndon, sister of Captain Herndon, and for several years their home was here, and he was occupied in forecasting measures of reform and improvement in his profession. In 1842 he was made Superintendent of the Depot of Charts, which, under him, was developed into the National Observatory at Washington, the great world-centre of hydrographical science. There he issued his Wind and Current Charts and published his Physical Geography of the Sea. In the words of Humboldt, 'he created a new science.'

"There he marked out the tracks of speed and safety for mariners of every clime over the ocean's bosom, and showed the beds on the bottoms of the seas where the telegraph now safely lies. And at his call all the maritime nations sent their officers to learn of him in the great Conference at Brussels. Honors now were richly poured upon him. Every emperor, king, and potentate of Europe sent him orders, medals, and jeweled decorations. And Humboldt sent him his great Cosmos medal. Of a truth, he had been 'diligent in his business,' and was declared 'worthy to stand before kings.'

"The war between the States now approached, and filled him with apprehension. It broke forth while he was in the very climax of his fame. No man then living held so proud a place. But on Virginia's call he gave it freely up and devoted himself thenceforth to the service of his people. No act of self-abnegation was ever more marked than this. The Emperor of Russia, and, a few days later, the Emperor of France, invited him, in generous and eloquent terms, to make his home with them, and away from the turmoil of civil war pursue those great works which were the property of the whole human race. In grateful words he declined these tempting honors, because he could not abandon his own people in the day of their calamity. When the war closed, a price had been set upon his head, and he was a homeless exile. Again Russia and France invited him, and the new-born Mexican Empire won him to her service for a time. He was in England when Maximilian fell, and remained there to complete the School Geographies now so widely used. Then once again Napoleon sought him, offering the highest scientific office of France, which he declined, because his own people needed him. And in their service he calmly closed his great career. His last words were, 'It is well;' and well it is with him, indeed. In all his writings, all his works, he had illustrated the Christian's life and confirmed the Christian's faith. In these days of flippant infidelity, when would-be wise men question the revelations of the Scriptures through their developments of modern science, they are rebuked by this great master of nature's laws, who ever held them to be the laws of God, and that the Bible is their great expounder."

SERVICE LITERATURE.

CLASSICAL literature is not exactly the field in which army officers might justly be expected to shine, but our army has afforded at least one instance of brilliant success in this field, in the person of the late Captain Henry Hubbard Pierce, who to high soldierly qualities united a love for literature, an acquaintance with classical lore, and a poetic genius which under circumstances more favorable to their development could not have failed to make him eminent in the republic of letters. Before his death he had published a rhythmic prose translation of Virgil's Æneid, which had attracted wide attention and favorable comment from scholars and critics. At the time of his death he had in press a second work, "The Odes of Horace complete in English Rhyme and Blank Verse," which has just been issued under the imprint of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is dedicated to General H. A. Morrow, U.S.A., to whose encouragement and critical taste the author acknowledges himself indebted, and is prefaced by a letter to the author from Professor Frieze, of the University of Michigan, a most competent critic, who gives unstinted praise to both the Æneid and the Odes. From Professor Frieze's letter we quote the following sentences: "How fortunate you have been in transfusing into your lines the mind and spirit of the genial bard I need not repeat. Nor is it the least of the praises due to your literary enterprise that while following the profession of arms you will have anticipated us who have devoted our lives to classical studies in presenting to the public the *first American translation of the Latin* poet whom most of all lyric poets American scholars read and admire." The mechanical make-up of the book is elegant and tasteful, and the work in all its aspects will form a valuable addition to any library, and a beautiful holiday gift to any person of sufficient culture to appreciate it.

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!" (reproduced in heliotype from the painting by Miss Elizabeth Thompson; size 19 x 24; price 50 cents) shows a thrilling episode in the battle of Waterloo. The time chosen is when the regiment of Scottish Grays (so called from the color of their horses) with the Inniskillens and the Royal Dragoons charged and utterly routed two columns of French infantry which were annihilating Pack's brigade. In the picture we see the regiment, led by an officer who is some lengths in advance brandishing his sword and shouting encouragement to his men, riding madly straight towards us. The artist has given us in this work a strikingly vivid portrayal of a great cavalry charge, instinct with the very spirit of war. Miss Thompson, who was born in Switzerland of English parents about forty years ago and studied in Florence under Bellucci, exhibited her first picture, "Missing," at the Royal Academy in 1873. Her most famous work is the "Roll-Call," shown in 1874 and purchased by the queen, and in addition she has produced "Quatre-Bras," "Inkerman," "Balaclava," "The Remnants of an Army," "The Battle of Rorke's Drift," "'Listed for the Connaught Rangers," "Floreat Etona!" and others. She is the wife of a soldier, having married in 1877 Major W. F. Butler, the author of the "Great Lone Land," and other books of travel.

She is still devoted to her work, and a constant contributor to London picture-galleries. Sent, postpaid and carefully wrapped, on receipt of price by the publishers, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

AMONG the most beautiful of the season's books, both as respects contents and make-up, is Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.'s "Gems from T. Buchanan Read's Poetical Works." These excerpts from Mr. Read's writings are gems indeed, "of purest ray serene," and their setting of letter-press and illustration is exquisite.

Apropos of Read, we reproduce here a very interesting account of how "Sheridan's Ride" came to be written, which appeared in a recent number of the *Press* of Philadelphia, and which the contributor of the article from which it is taken obtained from the veteran actor, Murdoch, in whose words it is given.

"I was not with Sheridan," he said, "at this time, but was at the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland. Soon after the battle of Cedar Creek I came up to Cincinnati, and was visiting Mr. Cyrus Garrett, whom we called 'Old Cyclops.' He was T. Buchanan Read's brother-in-law, and with him the poet made his home. The ladies of Cincinnati had arranged to give me a reception, that finally turned into an ovation. I had given a great many readings to raise funds to assist their Soldiers' Aid society, and they were going to present me with a silk flag. Pike's Opera-House had been secured, the largest place of amusement in the city, and they had made every arrangement to have the reception a very dramatic event. The morning of the day it was to take place, Read and I were, as usual, taking our breakfast late. We had just finished, but were still sitting at the table chatting. Mr. Garrett, the brother-in-law, who was a business man and guided by business habits, came in while we were thus lounging. He wore an air of impatience and carried a paper in his hand. He walked directly up to Read, unfolded a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, and held it up before the man so singularly gifted as both poet and painter.

"The whole front of the paper was covered with a striking picture, representing Sheridan seated on his black horse, just emerging from a cloud of dust that rolled up from the highway as he dashed along, followed by a few troopers.

"'There,' said Mr. Garrett, addressing Read, 'see what you have missed. You ought to have drawn that picture yourself and gotten the credit of it: it is just in your line. The first thing you know, somebody will write a poem on that event, and then you will be beaten all around.'

"Read looked at the picture rather quizzically, a look which I interrupted by saying, 'Old Cyclops is right, Read; the subject and the circumstance are worth a poem.'

"'Oh, no,' said Read; 'that theme has been written to death. There is "Paul Revere's Ride," "Lochinvar," Tom Hood's "Wild Steed of the Plains," and half a dozen other poems of like character.'

"Filled with the idea that this was a good chance for the gifted man, I said, 'Read, you are losing a great opportunity. If I had such a poem to read at my reception to-night, it would make a great hit.'

"'But, Murdoch, you can't order a poem as you would a coat. I can't write anything in a few hours that will do either you or me any credit,' he replied, rather sharply.

"I turned to him and said, 'Read, two or three thousand of the warmest hearts in Cincinnati will be in Pike's Opera-House to-night at that presentation. It will be a very significant affair. Now, you go and give me anything in rhyme, and I will give it a deliverance before that splendid audience, and you can then revise and polish it before it goes into print.' This view seemed to strike him favorably, and he finally said, 'Well, well, we'll see what can be done,' and he went up-stairs to his room.

"A half-hour later, Hattie, his wife, a brilliant woman, who is now residing in Philadelphia, came down, and said,—

"'He wants a pot of strong tea. He told me to get it for him, and then he would lock the door and must not be disturbed unless the house was afire.'

"Time wore on, and in our talk on other matters in the family circle we had almost forgotten the poet at work up-stairs. Dinner had been announced, and we were about to sit down, when Read came in and beckoned me to come. When I reached the room, he said,—

"'Murdoch, I think I have about what you want.' He read it to me, and, with an enthusiasm that surprised him, I said, 'It is just the thing.'

"We dined, and at the proper time Read and I, with the family, went to Pike's Opera-House. The building was crowded in every part. Upon the stage were sitting two hundred maimed soldiers, each with an arm or a leg off. General Joe Hooker was to present me with the flag the ladies had made, and at the time appointed we marched down the stage towards the footlights, General Hooker bearing the flag, and I with my arm in his. Such a storm of applause as greeted the appearance I never heard before or since. Behind and on each side of us were the rows of crippled soldiers, in front the vast audience, cheering to the echo. Hooker quailed before the warm reception, and, growing nervous, said to me in an undertone,—

"'I can stand the storm of battle, but this is too much for me.'

"'Leave it to me,' said I; 'I am an old hand behind the footlights. I will divert the strain from you.' So quickly I dropped upon my knee, took a fold of the silken flag, and pressed it to my lips. This by-play created a fresh storm of enthusiasm, but it steadied Hooker, and he presented the flag very gracefully, which I accepted in fitting words. I then drew the poem Read had written from my pocket, and, with the proper introduction, began reading it to the audience. The vast assemblage became as still as a church during prayer-time, and I read the three first verses without a pause, and then read the fourth:

"Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace-ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

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"As this verse was finished, the audience broke into a tumult of applause. Then I read, with all the spirit I could command,—

"The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the lines 'mid a storm of huzzas—
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye and his nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day.'

"The sound of my voice uttering the last word had not died away when cheer after cheer went up from the great concourse, that shook the building to its very foundation. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and men their hats, until worn out with the fervor of the hour. They then demanded the author's name, and I pointed to Read, who was sitting in a box, and he acknowledged the verses. In such a setting and upon such an occasion as I have been able only faintly to describe to you, the poem of Sheridan's Ride was given to the world. It was written in about three hours, and not a word was ever changed after I read it from the manuscript, except by the addition of the third verse, which records the fifteen-mile stage of the ride.

"But there's a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

"This Mr. Read wrote while on his way, shortly after I first read the poem, to attend a birthday reception to William Cullen Bryant.

"Mr. Read read the poem, thus completed, at Mr. Bryant's birthday party. The great old man listened to every line of it, and then, taking the younger poet by the hand, said, with great warmth,—

"'That poem will live as long as Lochinvar.'"

Murdoch, in connection with this narration, gave the *Press* contributor a letter from General Sheridan, which indicates the General's high appreciation of both Read's and Murdoch's efforts in perpetuating the fame of his celebrated ride. It was in reply to one from Murdoch inquiring whether a certain horse he had ridden when visiting Sheridan at Chattanooga was the same that had so gallantly carried the General up the valley of the Shenandoah. The letter, which the *Press* presents in *fac-simile*, is as follows:

"SHENANDOAH VALLEY, NEWTOWN, November 11th, '64.

"MY DEAR MURDOCH:

"I thank you for your kind note to me. If the horse you rode at Chattanooga was large and jet-black, it is the one who made the run from Winchester to Cedar Creek. How much I am indebted to T. B. Read and to yourself!

"It would be a great pleasure to me to shake you by the hand again. Accept my kind regards for your health and happiness.

"PHIL. H. SHERIDAN,
"Maj.-General."

"ELECTRICITY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, OR THE ELEMENTS OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING." By Lieutenant Bradley A. Fiske, United States Navy. D. Van

Nostrand, 2 South Murray Street, New York. The value of this work is apparent at a glance, because it fills a want that has been felt. The development of the practical applications of electricity has recently been so enormous that the literature of electricity has lagged far behind. It is true that a number of works upon electricity have appeared during the past two years, but they have either been by college professors or by purely practical men. The former have entered into learned discussions upon very abstruse and intangible questions, and the latter have occupied themselves solely with dry descriptions of apparatus and the leading of wires. The consequence has been that thousands of intelligent men, who want to study up the subject in its practical bearings, but who yet want to get some idea of the principles of the subject, have been put to a great disadvantage. To such men, this book must prove invaluable, as it shows the connecting-link between theory and practice, and is at once a scientific and a practical treatise.

The book is arranged for the special convenience of beginners or of people who have forgotten whatever of electricity they learned at school. The book opens with Magnetism, and explains the principal phenomena connected with it in a clear, unpretentious manner, and then passes to Frictional Electricity, which it treats in the same way. The subjects of batteries, measurements, induction, storage of electricity, etc., are clearly shown, and their applications in practice are described under different chapters devoted to the telegraph, the telephone, electric lights, electric machines, electric motors, meters, electric distribution of power, and electric railways. To the officers of the army and navy, who appreciate the great part electricity is beginning to play in military and naval life, the book must be most welcome. It is splendidly illustrated with one hundred and seventy-eight illustrations, is well bound and printed, and is a handsome book in all respects.

Among our magazine exchanges none is more welcome than "The Manhattan," now just entering on its third volume. Its typography and general appearance are most elegant and tasteful, and its illustrations are of the highest order of artistic merit. Though still in the flush of youth, it has succeeded in rallying around it a brilliant staff of writers, whose contributions have already placed it in the forefront of periodical literature. It has struck out for itself certain new lines, on which it is working most successfully; and the indications all are that it has come to stay. Army and Navy people will find it a most acceptable monthly visitor, and the publishers will be glad to send them specimen numbers on application. We cordially commend it to their patronage.

The agreeable fashion of sending Christmas, New Year, and Birthday cards suffers no abatement, and this season's cards are even more beautiful than those of former years. Much of the artistic excellence of these cards is due to the stimulus effected by the prize exhibitions first conceived by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, by means of which the services of many of our best artists have been enlisted in their production. Prang's cards have long been recognized at home as superior to all others; and that they are achieving a like pre-eminence abroad is evidenced by the following extract from an article in a leading Austrian journal, commenting upon the exhibition of the Graphic Club, in Stuttgart, where the cards of this firm were brought into direct competition with those of the most celebrated firms of England and the Continent:

"Alongside of this rich collection of such perfect beauty," says the writer, "the English and German publications had a hard stand. The two English firms had exhibited many good works, their bouquets printed on satin proved very attractive, and several groups of children and delicate landscapes pleased the eye; but Prang's neighborhood relegated them to second place, and the otherwise excellent works of the firm J. May Sohne suffered under its influence."

Tell the children to cut out and save the comic silhouette pictures as they appear from issue to issue. They will be pleased with the collection.

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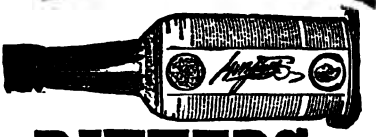

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JAN 25 1884

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Pears'

You Dirty Boy!

JAN 25 1884

THE

UNITED SERVICE.

FEBRUARY 1884.

SHIPS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(Concluded from page 107.)

THE "Alliance" sailed from Boston on her first cruise, under the command of Pierre Landais, on the 11th of January, 1779, taking as a passenger to France General Lafayette.

> "Hers was the enviable pride to bear
> The unselfish hero's well-beloved exemplar.
> A Paladin whose heart was full of prayer
> For Freedom's Palestine,—his soul was there
> Forever honored be the good Knight Templar."

There had been a difficulty in obtaining a crew, and, as a necessity, a portion of the crew of an English ship of war, the "Somerset," 64, wrecked on the coast of Massachusetts, was impressed to navigate the "Alliance." By accepting the proffered services of these men, those of some volunteers from among the prisoners, and a few French seamen that were found in Boston after the departure of the French fleet, a motley crew was raised. After a stormy Atlantic voyage the officers of the "Alliance," when within two days' run of the English coast, were startled by information that the English portion of the crew, seventy or eighty in all, designed to kill the officers, seize the vessel, and carry her into England. The cry of "Sail ho!" was to be raised February 2, 1779, when the mutineers were to get possession of the magazine, wardroom, cabin, and upper deck aft. On the night of the 1st of February the execution of the plot was postponed until 4 P.M. of the 2d, instead of at daylight, as previously arranged. It had been

determined to put Landais into a boat, without food or water, oars or sails, heavily ironed. The carpenter, gunner, and boatswain were to be killed, the marine officers and surgeon hanged and quartered and their bodies cast into the sea, and the sailing-master scarified, cut into morsels, and thrown overboard. The lieutenants were to have the option of navigating the ship into the nearest British port or of walking a plank. The passengers were to be confined, and given up as prisoners in England. Fortunately, the conspirators decided to delay the execution of their plot. Among the crew of the "Alliance" was a seaman, a supposed Irishman, whose assistance the mutineers were desirous of obtaining; he was in fact an American. Obtaining all their secrets, he made General Lafayette and Captain Landais acquainted with the plot. The officers and passengers, with such men as could be relied on, were at once informed, and a few minutes before the time set for a given signal from the mutineers the gentlemen rushed on deck with drawn swords, where they were joined by the loyal portion of the crew, armed for the emergency. The leading mutineers were instantly seized and ironed and carried into Brest, where they were imprisoned. Just as this incipient mutiny was suppressed a 20-gun ship of the enemy hove in sight, but Captain Landais allowed the ship to escape, believing the moment unfavorable to engage even an inferior force. On the 6th of February the "Alliance" arrived safely at Brest. The mutineers, on reaching Brest, were placed in a French jail, in irons, and after some delay were exchanged as prisoners of war without other punishment. At Brest the ship was made one of the fleet which was placed under the command of John Paul Jones. This disposition of the "Alliance" was not agreeable to Landais, who was frequently insolent to his superior officer, Jones, and even refused to regard his orders, so that instead of strengthening the little fleet of our infant republic, he was a cause of weakness to it. During the memorable night engagement between the "Bonhomme Richard" and the "Serapis," September 23, 1779, Landais paid no attention to the signals from Commodore Jones until the fight had been going on for two hours and a half. When the "Alliance" got down at last, instead of engaging the "Serapis" on the off side, his broadsides were so wildly or purposely directed, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the "Bonhomme Richard," instead of pouring his shot into the English ship, sailing around and around the vessels, apparently firing without discretion into both, killing several of the "Bonhomme Richard's" best men. Before the sinking of the "Bonhomme Richard" Jones carried his flag to his prize, the "Serapis," but after his arrival at the Texel, to avoid international difficulties, he found it necessary to remove his flag from the "Serapis" to the "Alliance." The "Serapis," having been remasted and equipped, was with the "Scarborough" transferred to France. Captain Landais having been suspended, was ordered to quit

Holland. Jones left the Texel in command of the "Alliance" on the 27th of December, 1779, and after cruising in her off the coast of Great Britain for over two weeks, put in at Corogne, in Spain, and reached the Roads of Groix on the 10th of February, 1780. She passed down the Channel, was near enough to the British squadron in the Downs to examine its force, was several times chased, and made a short cruise in the Bay of Biscay. John Adams, in his diary, dated May 13, 1779, at Port Louis L'Orient, mentions walking out with Jones and Landais to see his marines. It was intended that Jones should bring the "Alliance" to the United States, with provisions, munitions of war, and other needed supplies; but after various controversies with Landais, which were rendered possible by the indecision of the American agents in France and the unreliable policy of the French government, Landais sailed in command of her from L'Orient on the 29th of June, 1780. On the passage across the Atlantic he was deposed from his command on the charge of insanity, and upon her arrival in the United States he was court-martialed and dismissed the service, and passed the remainder of his days in poverty in New York City.

That gallant Irishman, Captain John Barry, who lived to be the senior officer of our infant navy, and whose statue graced the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia in 1876, was next ordered to command her.

> "Though she awhile the doubtful Landais bore,
> It was her glorious privilege to carry
> The pennant of Paul Jones, the commodore,
> The pride and terror of the sea and shore,
> And his the hardy and intrepid Barry."

Barry sailed in her from Boston, for France, in February, 1781, with Colonel John Laurens as a passenger. On her passage she captured the privateer "Alert," of ten guns, and released a valuable Venetian ship, a prize the "Alert" had taken. Sailing from L'Orient on the 29th of March, 1781, in company with the "Marquis de Lafayette," 40, bound to America with stores, on the 2d of April she fell in with and captured, without resistance, the Guernsey privateer "Mars," of twenty-six guns and one hundred and twelve men, and the "Minerva," of ten guns and a crew of fifty-five men. Parting company with her consort and prizes, the "Alliance" continued her cruise until the 18th of May, 1781, when she made two sail standing directly for her. It was late in the day, and the strangers, when near enough to remain in sight through the night, hauled up on the same course with the "Alliance," with a view to defer the action until morning. At daylight it was a dead calm, and the strangers were made out to be a sloop- and brig-of-war, with English colors flying. They were at no great distance, and commenced sweeping up to obtain an advantageous supposed position. It was noon before the vessels were near enough to

hail, and then the action commenced. The calm gave the Englishmen a great advantage, and almost insured their success. While matters were in this unfortunate state Captain Barry received a grape-shot through his shoulder, and was carried below. The "Alliance's" ensign was soon after shot away, when the enemy gave three cheers for their supposed victory. A light breeze just then sprung up, which gave the "Alliance" steerage-way, and enabled her to renew the engagement, so that after a manly fight, which lasted several hours, both the English vessels hauled down their colors. The prizes were the "Atlanta," of twenty guns and one hundred and thirty men, and her consort, the privateer "Trepassy," of fourteen guns and eighty men. Both vessels were much cut up, and jointly sustained a loss of forty-one killed and wounded, the "Alliance" having eleven killed and twenty-one wounded. When Captain Barry was wounded and carried below, the officers would have surrendered, but he refused his consent, and demanded to be taken on deck to continue the action. "No," said the suffering Barry; "if you cannot fight the enemy, carry me on deck, and I will." When the sailors heard this answer of their commander they rent the air with their shouts, crying they would stick to the commodore to the last.

Captain Barry made a cartel of the "Trepassy," and sent her into an English port with the prisoners. The "Atlanta" was retaken by the enemy while endeavoring to enter Boston harbor. Returning to Boston, Barry sailed thence in the "Alliance," December 25, 1781, carrying a second time as passenger the Marquis de Lafayette, and also the Comte de Noailles. The "Alliance," after landing her passengers, sailed from L'Orient in February, 1782, on a cruise, during which she captured several vessels, one the frigate "Sibyl," rated as a 28, and of equal size with the "Alliance," after an action of fifty minutes. She was obliged to abandon her, however, to escape from the squadron of which she was one. In the encounter with this vessel a shot entered the counter of the "Alliance," and made its way into a locker where all the china belonging to the captain was kept. An African servant of Captain Barry's, and a great favorite with him, rushed up to the quarter-deck, and called out in his excitement, "Massa, dat d—ned Ingreisman has broke all the china." "You rascal," said the commodore, "why did you not stop the ball?" "Shu', massa," replied the darky, "cannon-ball must have a room."[8] In this action the "Alliance" had three men killed and eleven wounded, the "Sibyl" thirty-seven killed and fifty wounded. When hailed, previous to this action, as to the name of his ship, captain, etc., Captain Barry is said to have replied, "This is the United States ship 'Alliance,' saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee! Who are you?" or, as it has been paraphrased,—

[8] Barber's "Historical Collections of New Jersey" (1844).

"This is the ship 'Alliance,'
From Philadelphia town,
And proudly bids defiance
To England's king and crown.
As captain, on her deck I stand
To guard her banner true,
Half Yankee and half Irishman;
What tyrant's slave are you?"[9]

We learn from another source the following additional particulars concerning the action with the "Sibyl":

"Coming out of Havana, having a large quantity of specie on board, in company with the Continental ship 'Luzerne,' of twenty guns, one morning in March, three frigates were discovered right ahead, about two leagues distant. The American vessels were hove about, and the enemy gave chase. The 'Luzerne' not sailing as fast as the 'Alliance,' the commodore ordered her captain to throw her guns overboard. Soon after a sail was discovered off the weather bow of the 'Alliance,' bearing down upon them. The 'Alliance' made a signal to the strange ship, which was answered, and she proved to be a French ship of fifty guns. Relying upon her assistance, Barry concluded to bring the headmost ship in chase of him to action. After inspiring his men by a short address, he cautioned them against haste, to take deliberate aim, and not to fire until ordered. The enemy's ship (the 'Sibyl') was of equal size with the 'Alliance,' and a severe engagement followed. Most of the enemy's guns were silenced, and after an action of fifty minutes the ship was so severely damaged that she hoisted a signal of distress, when her consorts, who had been watching the French ship and the 'Luzerne,' came up and joined her. The captain of the French ship, on coming up with the 'Alliance,' assigned as his reason for keeping aloof from the action that he was apprehensive the 'Alliance' had been captured, and the engagement was only a decoy. After this explanation chase was made, but the French ship being unable to keep up with the 'Alliance,' it had to be reluctantly given over. Many years after, when Captain James Vaughan, who commanded the 'Sibyl' in this action, was a vice-admiral commanding a squadron in the Mediterranean, he confessed to an American gentleman with the frankness of a generous enemy that he had never seen a ship so ably fought as the 'Alliance,' and that he had never, to use his own words, 'received such a drubbing, and that he was indebted to the assistance of his consorts for his escape.'"

One of the traditions of the service, says Cooper, is that the "Alliance" on this cruise was chased by an enemy's two-decker, and that she ran fifteen knots by the log, with the wind astern, in making her escape. On another, or perhaps it was the same, occasion it is re-

[9] "Biographical Sketch of Commodore John Barry," in *Donahoe's Magazine*, 1871.

ported that she was pursued by the "Chatham" ship of war out of the mouth of the Delaware, and made her way to Rhode Island at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, and was intercepted by the "Speedwell," a British sloop-of-war, which she succeeded in running down.

In 1782 the "Alliance" and the "Hague," or, according to another account, the "Deane," were the only frigates in the American service; and no sooner was the peace of 1783 declared than the civil authorities set about to disband the navy and sell off the ships, expecting a millennium of peace would follow,—a foolish policy, which has been followed to a great extent after each of our wars. The "Alliance" was the last ship sold, and in less than ten years we were forming a new navy to resist the aggressions upon our commerce and insults of our quondam allies the French, who had exchanged their king for a bloody republic.

In August, 1785, the frigate "Alliance" with all her tackle and apparel was sold at the Coffee-House in Philadelphia to Colonel John Eyre for nine thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds Pennsylvania currency. After her sale she was purchased from Colonel Eyre by Robert Morris the financier. He had her repaired, loaded her with tobacco at Norfolk, and sent her to Bordeaux, in France.

> "When the war was o'er, she laid aside
> The latest vestige of the past commotion,
> And to the wings of commerce, far and wide,
> Shook out her sails for other realms untried,
> And brought home treasures from the farthest ocean."

She returned in the spring of 1787, and sailed for Canton under the command of Captain Thomas Read,[10] being, it is said, the second vessel from Philadelphia to China; the first being the "Canton," Captain Thomas Truxton, afterwards so distinguished for his command of the "Constellation" in the United States navy. Captain Read navigated a route that had never been sailed by any other ship, around New Holland or Australia, discovering several new islands. Obtaining soundings off the Cape of Good Hope, he steered southeast and encircled all the eastern and southern islands in the Indian Ocean. Passing the south cape of New Holland in the course northward again towards Canton, between latitudes seven and four degrees south, and between longitude one hundred and fifty-six and one hundred and sixty-two degrees east of Greenwich, he discovered a number of islands, the inhabitants of which were black and had woolly curled hair. The islands were also inhabited by a brown people, with straight black hair. Captain Read

[10] Probably the father or ancestor of Thomas Buchanan Read, whose poem on the "Three Eras," inscribed to President Lincoln, I have so largely quoted from,—the first era being "The Treaty Elm," the second "The Alliance," and the third "The Piece of the Halliard from the Flag of the Cumberland." The poem was written to accompany these relics, which were presented to President Lincoln by James E. Murdoch, the eminent and patriotic actor.

believed himself to be the first discoverer of these islands, and named one of the principal ones Morris Island after his owner, and another Alliance Island after the ship. She returned to Philadelphia September 17, 1788, was loaded with flour, and sailed again, in the spring of 1789, for Cadiz, in Spain. She returned the same year, and in the spring of 1790, being then only about twelve years old, was sold "as no more fit for the sea." Her remains were run upon Petty's—since called Treaty—Island, where until within a few years they were yet visible at low water. I have a box made from her timbers, which was taken from her as late as 1870.

"Here is an oaken relic from a bark
That speaks of olden scenes and ocean mystery,—
An anchor from the Revolution ark,
Dropped to the present through the twilight dark,
Linking the troubled periods of our history.
* * * * * * * * * *
Where'er it grew, the woodman found the oak.
It knew the teamster, and the hewer's trestle,
It felt the hammers, snuffed the pitchy smoke,
Then seaward, like a steed from stall, it broke,
While Salisbury hail'd her favorite warrior vessel."

The "Alliance" was also immortalized in some fifteen stanzas by Philip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution.

THE "VICTORY," 1778, AND HER PREDECESSORS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.—It would be difficult to find a name more celebrated in English naval history than this. A history of the several ships that have borne this name from 1570 to the present time would include some of the most brilliant actions of the royal navy for near three hundred years, beginning with the dispersion of the formidable Spanish Armada, when a "Victory" bore the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir John Hawkins, and closing with the equally memorable battle of Trafalgar, where *the* "Victory" bore the flag of Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson, and became sainted to the royal navy from being the ship on board of which he fought his last great battle and expired, and which conveyed his remains to England.

The name, holding so exalted a rank in the naval annals of Great Britain, induces me to trace and furnish a genealogical record of the "Victorys" that have adorned English naval annals.

The first "Victory" was built about 1570, and, judging from her comparative tonnage, variously stated at eight hundred, eight hundred and three, eight hundred and seven, and eight hundred and seventy tons, must have been in those days a ship of size and note. She carried, according to Charnock, forty-two guns of various denominations, viz.: two cannon-petro, or 24½-pounders, weighing three thousand pounds each; two demi-cannon, or 30½-pounders, weighing four thou-

sand pounds each; twelve demi-culverins, or 9½-pounders, weighing three thousand pounds each; four sakers, or 5½-pounders, weighing fourteen hundred pounds each; two falcons, or 2-pounders, weighing six hundred and sixty pounds each. The weight of the shot and guns of her armament is taken from a table in Sir William Monson's "Naval Tracts," where it is stated the shot must be one-quarter of an inch less in diameter than the bore of the piece. The same authority assigns the "Victory" a complement of four hundred men, namely, two hundred and sixty-eight mariners, thirty-two gunners, and one hundred soldiers. In Campbell's "Lives of the Admirals," in a list dated 1578, the following sea-stores were supplied her: viz., two hundred harquebusses, forty bows, eighty sheaves of arrows, eighty corsletts. In the action with the Armada, 1588, only two ships of the English fleet, viz., the "Triumph" of eleven hundred, and the "White Bear" of one thousand, tons, exceeded the "Victory" in size. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the original "Victory" was still in existence, and laid up at Chatham; but in 1609 the sum of £4071 9*s.* 6*d.* was voted for finishing the "Victory," her successor, and she was replaced in 1620 by a new ship ("Victory" No. 2), built by Burrell at Deptford.

The new ship was of seven hundred or seven hundred and forty-two tons burden, and her complement of men was reduced to two hundred and forty. In 1642 she mounted forty-six guns; in 1646 she underwent a thorough repair, and her armament was then, or soon after, increased to fifty-eight guns. At last, worn out by constant and severe service, in 1665, Phineas Pett, the celebrated naval architect, launched "Victory" No. 3, of the following dimensions: length, one hundred and twenty-one feet; extreme breadth, forty feet; depth, seventeen feet; draught, nineteen feet. Tonnage, ten hundred and twenty-nine; guns, eighty-two; war complement, five hundred and thirty men. In 1684 she was laid up at Chatham, and in February, 1690–91, was surveyed and condemned as not worth repairing. The "Royal James," built at Portsmouth in 1675, by Sir Anthony Deane, was then christened the "Victory" by an order received at Spithead March 7 of that year.

This "Victory," No. 4, was of the following dimensions: length, one hundred and thirty-two feet; breadth, forty-five feet; depth, eighteen feet four inches; draught, twenty feet six inches; tonnage, fourteen hundred and twenty-two, which is about the tonnage of the razee sloop "Constellation" of the present United States navy. In 1693 "Victory" No. 4 was visited by King William III. at the Nore, who received a salute of thirty guns. The same year she was surveyed, found unseaworthy, and ordered to Chatham for repair. In 1696 she was again put in commission, and so remained until 1703, when she was laid up in Portsmouth harbor, from which she never departed for

thirty-six years. In 1740, having been completely rebuilt, she was once more brought into active service until July, 1744, when Sir John Belcher hoisted his white flag at her main as admiral of the Channel fleet. On the 6th of October the fleet returned to Spithead from a cruise off Cape St. Vincent, and gave intelligence of the loss of this "Victory," with the admiral and all of his crew, consisting, together with officers and visitors, of nearly *one thousand* persons. The "Victory" separated from the fleet in a gale of wind off the coast of Scilly, and it is supposed struck on the Casketts, as signal-guns were heard at Alderney, but the gale was so heavy that it was impossible to render assistance.

Having traced the several "Victorys" from their commencement, we come now to the last and present ship, the fifth of her name, and which has already had so long a life that it is hoped she will, like the ship of Sir Francis Drake, be preserved "until time conquers the materials of which she is composed." *The* "Victory" (Nelson's "Victory," the ship with which he is so identified that no mention of her can be made without thought of him), and whose keel had been laid in a dry-dock at Chatham some time before, was completed in 1765. She was built by Mr. Allen, the master-shipwright of the dock-yard, and was and still is of the following dimensions: length of keel, one hundred and fifty-one feet three inches; breadth of beam, fifty-one feet ten inches; depth of hold, twenty-one feet six inches; height between the several decks, from five feet seven to six feet three inches; whole length inboard of lower deck, one hundred and eighty-six feet; middle and upper decks, one hundred and ninety-one feet nine inches, and one hundred and ninety-two feet eight inches; greatest inboard breadth, forty-seven feet; extreme length from carving of head to taffrail, two hundred and twenty-seven feet six inches; length of quarter-deck, ninety-three feet; length of forecastle, forty-two feet; length of poop, forty-eight feet; burden in tons, two thousand one hundred and sixty-two, which is about the tonnage of a modern steam *sloop-of-war*. Her armament at the time consisted of

30 32-pounders on lower deck, weighing . . .	84 tons	00 cwt.	
30 24-pounders on middle deck, weighing . . .	74 "	18 "	
30 12-pounders on upper deck, weighing . . .	48 "	15 "	
12 10-pounders on quarter-deck and forecastle, weighing	17 "	02 "	
102 total.			

When first brought forward in 1778, seventy pigs of iron ballast extra were stowed on the larboard side to counteract a natural list the ship had to starboard. At that period she took five hundred and ninety-three tons of ballast, and her draught was, forward, twenty-three feet nine inches; aft, twenty-four feet six inches; height of midship lower port from the water's edge, five feet. In March, 1780, she was taken

into dock at Portsmouth and coppered for the first time, and subsequently only took four hundred and eighty tons of ballast, when her draught was altered to twenty-four feet six inches forward, and twenty-five feet aft, and still later to twenty-four feet one inch forward, and twenty-five feet four inches aft. Her qualities as a sailer are said to have been excellent, especially after her thorough repair in 1801–3. She has been known to tack where no other ship of the fleet could, and in going to windward would compete with the fastest. On the 25th of March, 1778, the "Victory" was first called into service, and commissioned by Captain James Faulkner for the flag of Admiral Keppel, which was hoisted the 16th of May. After a long series of successful, gallant, and almost continued cruising, ending with her bringing to England the trophies of the battle off Cape St. Vincent, she was paid off at Chatham on the 26th of November, 1797, and from that time until taken into dock for a thorough repair she filled the degraded office of a prison hospital-ship. Once more renovated and rebuilt, she was commissioned on the 10th of April, 1803, for the flag of Lord Nelson, appointed commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet. In nine days the ship was completely rigged, her sails bent, and the pilot on board to take her down the river, but owing to the weather she did not move until the 22d, or four days after dropping down. She remained at Spithead until the 19th of May, when Lord Nelson hoisted his flag, and on the 21st sailed for his station. On the 20th of July, 1805, Lord Nelson wrote in his diary, "I went on shore (at Gibraltar) for the first time since June 16, 1803, and from having my foot out of the 'Victory,' two years wanting ten days." On the 18th of August she anchored at Spithead, and on the 20th Lord Nelson struck his flag and started for London. During his absence the "Victory" underwent such repairs as could be effected at Spithead, and on the 13th of September she dropped down to St. Helen's, and on the 14th, at 11.30 A.M., Lord Nelson's flag was again displayed, to be struck only by the conqueror of conquerors,—Death. So deep was the "Victory" when she sailed on this occasion that her midship ports were only three feet seven inches from the water's edge.

The events that followed on the 21st of October, the world-renowned battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, are too well known to be repeated here. It was a worthy winding up of the active service of the generations of "Victorys." After the action the "Victory," towed by the "Neptune," anchored in Razia Bay, Gibraltar, on the 28th, and after a slight refit sailed on the 3d of November for England, having the body of her renowned admiral on board. After encountering much bad weather and foul winds, she reached Spithead with her precious freight on the 5th of December, and sailed on the 11th for Sheerness, but, detained in Dover Roads by easterly winds, did not reach there until the 22d. There the commissioner's yacht came alongside, and the body of England's greatest naval hero was transhipped; and at

the same time his flag, which had braved so many fights, and under which so many victories had been achieved, was hauled down for the last time.

In 1808 the "Victory" was put into active service for the last time, and bore the flag of Sir James Saumarez for four years. In 1812 she was put out of commission at Portsmouth, and has there remained, chiefly of late years as the flag-ship of the port admiral, or wearing the pennant of a captain in ordinary. Not long since it was proposed to break her up as beyond repair, but the proposition was received with scorn. She has since been thoroughly repaired, is now in a fine state of preservation, and will very likely outlast the majority of ships now in the royal navy. A brass plate is let into her poop-deck to point out to visitors the spot where England's lamented hero fell and mingled his blood with that of his faithful secretary. All must remember the motto it bears,—Nelson's signal to the fleet,—"England expects that every man will do his duty," which, while England's flag waves or her ships swim, shall serve as a talisman to stimulate the ambition of the young and re-invigorate the arm of the aged. The succession of flags worn by this good ship furnish a brilliant galaxy of naval heroes,—Howe, Hood, Mann, Linzee, Nelson, Saumarez.[11]

THE "AMERICA," 74.—On the 9th of November, 1776, the American Congress ordered the building or purchase of three ships of seventy-four guns, five of thirty-six, one of eighteen, and one packet. Under this order the keel of the "America" was laid soon after at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The exact date of the event I have been unable to ascertain, though the local newspaper of the time doubtless recorded an act so important in the history of the town. Most of the popular accounts make the "America" the first two-decked ship ever built within the limits of the United States; but there is reason to believe the English caused several vessels of two decks to be constructed in the American colonies previous to the war of the Revolution; and it is probable that the "Falkland," a fourth-rate, launched on the Piscataqua in 1696, is entitled to that honor.

With greater accuracy it may be stated that the "America" was in her time the heaviest ship that had ever been laid down on the continent for which she was named, as she was also the first ship of her class ever built by the confederate colonies after their rupture with the mother-country; and, moreover, the only one of the three seventy-fours authorized that was built. How fast the work progressed upon her there is no means of ascertaining; probably, for want of funds and lack of material, but slowly. A year and a half after she was authorized, on the 29th of May, 1778, we find the Marine

[11] See "Some Old and Famous Ships," in THE UNITED SERVICE for February, 1883, for further notice of this ship.

Committee reporting, "That they have conversed with Captain Landais, an experienced sea-officer, and skilled in the construction of ships of war, and that he had demonstrated to their satisfaction that the 74-gun ship now on the stocks at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, may be more profitably for the public constructed a two-decker, carrying twenty-eight 24-pounders on the lower battery, and twenty-eight 18-pounders on the upper deck,—in the whole fifty-six guns." Whereupon a resolve was introduced to that effect. The same resolve assigns the name of the "Alliance" to the new frigate lately launched at Salisbury, Massachusetts, of which Landais was afterwards the commander. Landais's suggestion appears not to have been adopted, and we learn nothing more about the ship until the 23d of June, 1779, when it was resolved in Congress "that Robert Morris should be authorized to take measures for speedily launching and equipping for sea the 'America,' then on the stocks at Portsmouth, New Hampshire;" and on the 26th John Paul Jones was unanimously selected to command her.

Jones proceeded to Portsmouth about the end of August, and found the "America"—instead of being ready to be launched, as he supposed—was not half built; and there was neither lumber, iron, nor any other material for finishing her. Money would not have procured the necessary articles of equipment and men before winter; but money was wanting; for the navy board at Boston had otherwise applied the funds which the Minister of Finance had destined for the "America," and he found it impossible to make the necessary advances. The business was, however, begun immediately, and some progress made in construction before winter. The service was not suited to his impatient temper, and he has recorded that the task of inspecting her construction was "the most lingering and disagreeable service he was charged with during the period of the Revolution."

As soon as the enemy had advice that there was a prospect of the "America's" being finished, various schemes were suggested for her destruction, intelligence of which was sent in cipher to Portsmouth by the Minister of Marine. Jones applied to the government of New Hampshire for a guard to protect the vessel, and the Assembly voted to comply with his demand. However, none was furnished, and on a second alarm, sent by General Washington, the master-builder, Mr. Hackett, and his associate were prevailed on to mount guard with a party of carpenters at night. For some time Jones paid this guard himself, and took command of it in turn with the master-builders. Large whale-boats with muffled oars came into the river, full of men, and passed and repassed the "America" at night without daring to land.

When the birth of the dauphin of France was officially communicated to Congress in the summer of 1782, several of the States celebrated the event with public rejoicings, and Jones seized the opportunity to

"testify the pleasure and gratitude"—as he expressed it—"which he really felt." At his private expense he had artillery mounted on board the "America." She was decorated with the flags of different nations, displaying in front that of France; and fired salutes as often as the forts, and thirteen royal salutes at a toast drank at a public entertainment, and afterwards a continued *feu-de-joie* until midnight. When it became dark the vessel was brilliantly illuminated and displayed fireworks, which had a very fine effect, for it was a very dark night. All the inhabitants of the town and its vicinity were assembled on the banks of the river, and testified their admiration by every possible show of applause. On the anniversary of our independence the same year, Jones, who was fond of show, made a similar rejoicing. Captain Jones did not approve nor follow the plan that had been proposed by Landais for finishing the upper works of the America, and has left us the following description of her as completed. It had been intended to make the waist shallow with narrow gangways: the quarter-deck and forecastle to be short, with a large stern gallery. Instead of this the quarter-deck was made to project four feet before the mainmast. The forecastle was also long, the waist deep, and the gangways broad and of equal height with the quarter-deck and forecastle. There was just room for the boats between the gangways. A breastwork pierced with gun ports, but of suitable height for musketry, and of the same strength and nature as the sides of the ship, ran all round the quarter-deck gangway and forecastle, so that all the cannon on the quarter-deck and forecastle could have been fought on one side,—an advantage possessed by no other ship of her time. Above this breastwork the poop-deck stood on pillars eighteen inches long, and projected eight feet before the mizzenmast. Around the poop-deck a folding breastwork was made of light materials and of a strength to resist grape-shot; it was made to fold down on the deck, and could be raised again in a minute, so that it was impossible to perceive that the "America" had a poop at the distance of a quarter of a mile. There were only single quarter-galleries and no stern gallery; and both stern and bow were made very strong, so that the men at quarters might be everywhere under good cover. The plan projected for the sculpture expressed dignity and simplicity. The head was a female figure crowned with laurels. The right arm was raised, with forefinger pointing to heaven, as appealing to that high tribunal for the justice of the American cause. On the left arm was a buckler with a blue ground and thirteen silver stars. The legs and feet of the figure were covered here and there with wreaths of smoke to represent the dangers and difficulties of war.

On the stern, under the windows of the great cabin, appeared two figures in bas-relief, representing Tyranny and Oppression bound and biting the ground, with the cap of Liberty on a pole above their heads. On the back part of starboard quarter-gallery was a large figure of

Neptune, and on the larboard gallery a large figure of Mars. Over the windows of the great cabin on the highest part of the stern was a large medallion, on which was a figure representing Wisdom surrounded by danger, with the bird of Athens over her head. The danger surrounding Wisdom was expressed by flashes of lightning.

The "America" was *fifty feet six inches* in extreme breadth, and measured a hundred and eighty-two feet six inches on the upper gun-deck. Yet, though the largest of seventy-four guns in the world, she had, when her lower battery was sunk, the air of a delicate frigate, and no person at the distance of a mile could have imagined a second battery.

Jones was not destined to command this beautiful ship whose construction he had watched and guarded. At the close of the summer of 1782 the "Magnifique," a 74-gun ship belonging to the French squadron, under the Marquis de Vaudreuil, was lost by accident in the harbor of Boston. Policy and perhaps equity rendered it expedient for Congress to present France their solitary ship of the line, and a resolution to that effect was passed on the 3d of September. Other motives may have had their weight in making this disposition of the "America." Thus passed out of their hands the only ship of the line of the American Revolution.

Mr. Morris, writing to Paul Jones the day after the passage of the resolution, says, "The inclosed resolution will show you the destination of the 'America.' Nothing could be more pleasing to me than this disposition excepting so far as you are affected by it. I know you so well as to be convinced that it must give you great pain, and I sincerely sympathize with you. But although you will undergo much concern at being deprived of this opportunity to reap laurels on your favorite field, yet your regard for France will, in some measure, alleviate it; and to this your good sense will naturally add the delays which must have happened in fitting the ship for sea. I must entreat you to continue your inspection until she is launched, and to urge forward the business. When that is done, if you will come hither, I will explain to you the reasons which led to this measure, and my views of employing you in the service of your country."

This resolution was the more disappointing to Jones as this was the *tenth* command of which he had been deprived in the course of the Revolution. He continued, however, to urge forward the launch with his utmost energy. The difficulties were great,—the ship was built on a very small island in the river opposite Portsmouth, belonging to the agent for supplying materials. Between the stern and the opposite shore, which was a continued rock, the distance did not exceed one hundred fathoms. From a few feet above the stern a ledge of rock projected two-thirds across the river, making an angle of twenty degrees with the keel; and from a small bay on the opposite shore the flood-tide continued to run with rapidity directly over this ledge for

more than an hour after it was high water by the shore. It was necessary to launch the ship exactly at high water, and to give her such a motion as would make her pass around the point of the ledges of rock without touching the opposite shore,—a difficult matter. It was impossible to fix stockades in the river on account of the current and the rocks. This defect could only be supplied by anchors and cables. A large anchor was fixed in the ground under the bow, from which depended cables of a proper length, and ranged in a manner so as to be drawn gently after the ship when put in motion, and with various slight stoppers, at proper distances, to break one after another, so as to diminish her velocity by degrees. When everything was prepared, Jones stood on the highest part of the prow, or gangway that ascended from the ground to the bow of the ship,—a position where he could see her motion, and determine by a signal the instant when it was proper to let go one or both of the anchors that hung at the bows and slip the end of the cable that depended on the anchor fixed in the ground on the island. The operation succeeded perfectly to his wish, and to the admiration of a large assembly of spectators.

Thus was the "America" launched, November 5, 1782, with the flags of allied France and America displayed from the poop.

After seeing her safely moored, Jones the same day delivered her to the Chevalier de Martigne, who had commanded the "Magnifique," and the next morning he set out for Philadelphia.

Jones highly commended the perseverance of the master-builder, Major Hackett, who had never seen a ship of the line when he drew her plan, and who had no more than *twenty carpenters* at work at any time while her construction was in progress, and says, "The workmanship on her was far superior to any before seen in naval architecture; that it would only have been necessary that the Abbé Reynel should have seen the 'America,' to have induced him to give to the world a very different idea of the continent of which that elegant ship bore the name." What were her adventures and cruisings in the French navy I do not know.

Cooper, in his "Naval History of the United States," asserts she was captured by the British in Lord Howe's engagement of the 1st of June, 1794, but that appears to be a mistake. The "Amérique" captured in that action was a new ship, as a French list of the year preceding states her as on the stocks. She was undoubtedly a successor of the ship presented by Congress eleven years before. That she was gallantly defended will appear from the following account extracted from James's sketch of that great action:

"The 'Bellerophon' opened her broadside at a quarter before nine, and about the same time the 'Leviathan' opened her fire upon the 'Amérique' bearing a commodore's broad pennant. A close and furious engagement ensued; and in about an hour the foremast of the 'Amérique'

was shot away. At about ten minutes before noon the 'Trojan' and 'Eolus,' as they passed to leeward of the 'Amérique' and 'Leviathan,' brought to on the latter's starboard quarter, and opened a very heavy and annoying fire. Soon after they filled and stood to windward. The 'Leviathan' and her opponent had in the mean time wore around together, so that the latter was now the weathermost ship. After further interchange of broadsides the 'Amérique,' finding that several British ships, some of which had already fired at her, were fast approaching, made an attempt to haul off; but such was the shattered state of her main- and mizzen-masts from the 'Leviathan's' shot that they both came down, the latter by the board, leaving the gallant and well-defended ship a mere log in the water. The 'Leviathan' having effected her object, made sail to close with Lord Howe in obedience to a signal then flying. The skill of the 'Amérique's' crew did not equal their bravery, for the 'Leviathan' had only her fore-topsail-yard shot away. Her masts, however, were much injured and her sails and rigging a good deal cut. The 'Amérique' kept the French colors flying until the 'Russell' coming up, fired two raking broadsides into her. The 'Amérique' in this action was commanded by Pierre L. Héretier, and out of a complement of seven hundred and twenty it is stated had one hundred and thirty-four killed and one hundred and ten wounded, nearly one-third."

In this action "L'Amérique" is stated to have been armed with twenty-eight French 36-pounders, thirty French 18-pounders, sixteen French 8-pounders, four French 36-pounder carronades, and her tonnage is stated as eighteen hundred and eighty-four tons.

The name "America" is still preserved in the British navy list on a fine razee of fifty guns.[12]

Fitch's Original Steamboat, 1785–88.—In spite of difficulties that few could withstand, John Fitch, a native of Windsor, Connecticut, and a clock- and watch-maker and silversmith by trade and profession, succeeded in raising the means to construct a steamboat, which he ran several times from Philadelphia to Burlington and Trenton in 1788. As a first attempt, and from the want of proper manufactories of machinery at the time, it was of necessity imperfect, public opinion was

[12] The fifteenth volume of the *British Naval Chronicle*, 1801, has a portrait of the "Impétueux," by Mr. Pocock, taken by Lord Hugh Seymour, on the 1st of June, 1794, then called by the French "L'Amérique." She was afterwards named for the "Impétueux," which had been burnt at Portsmouth. Her lower masts were four feet larger than a 98-gun ship, viz.: mainmast from step, 115.4; topmast, 82.0; foremast, 104.6; fore-topmast, 63.6; fore-topgallant-mast, 29.11; mizzen-mast stepped on lower deck, 80.6; mizzen-topmast, 47.4; mizzen-topgallant-mast, 22.8; bowsprit, 71.1; spritsail-yard, 64.8; cross jack-yard, 66.0; mizzen-topsail-yard, 47.10; jib-boom, 45.9; main-yard, 98.9; main-topsail-yard, 69.5; main-topgallant-yard, 42.2; fore-yard, 85.9; fore-topsail-yard, 67.1; fore-topgallant-yard, 37.2; mizzen-topgallant-yard, 33.0. The *Naval Chronicle*, vol. i. p. 154, has another portrait of "L'Amérique" as she appeared when a prize.

unfavorable, and the shareholders finally abandoned the scheme. His feelings may be imagined but not described, for he saw and predicted the glory that awaited the man who should succeed in introducing such vessels. "The day will come," he wrote, with almost prophetic forethought, "when some powerful man will get fame and riches by my invention, but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything worthy of attention." He declared that within a century the Western rivers would swarm with steam-vessels, and he expressed a wish to be buried on the margin of the Ohio, that the music of marine engines in passing by his grave might echo over the sods that covered him. In a letter to Mr. Rittenhouse in 1792 he shows the applicability of steam to propel ships of war, and asserts that the same agent could be adopted to navigate the Atlantic, both for packets and armed vessels. Discoursing on one occasion upon his favorite topic, a person observed as Fitch retired, "Poor fellow, what a pity he is crazy!" He ended his life, in a fit of insanity, by plunging into the Alleghany.

According to Mr. Fitch's own statements, he was first struck with the idea of a steamboat about the middle of April, 1785. After pondering some days on the thought he made a rough draught, but, not daring to trust his own opinion too far, consulted with Mr. Daniel Longstreet, the Rev. Nathaniel Irwin, and sundry gentlemen of Bucks County, Pennsylvania. About the middle of June he went to Philadelphia and showed his drawing to Dr. Ewing, Mr. Patterson, and others, and in June and July he formed models of his invention, which in August he laid before Congress, and in September presented to the Philosophical Society, as the following certificate shows:

"Philadelphia, September 27, 1785.—At a special meeting of the American Philosophical Society a *model*, accompanied by a *drawing* and description of a machine for working a boat against the stream, *by means of a steam-engine*, was laid before the society by *John Fitch*.

"At a meeting of the American Philosophical Society, on December 2, 1785, a copy of the drawing and description of a machine for working a boat against the current, which some time ago was laid before the society by Mr. John Fitch, he this evening *presented* to them." —*Extract from the minutes of Samuel Magaw, one of the secretaries.*

In October he called upon Mr. Henry, of Lancaster, with his draughts, who informed him that he was not the first person who had thought of applying steam to vessels, that he had conversed with Mr. Andrew Ellicott in 1775, and that Mr. Paine, author of "Common Sense," had suggested the same thing to him in the winter of 1778, and that some time after he (Mr. Henry) made some draughts which he proposed to lay before the Philosophical Society, which he showed Mr. Fitch, adding, as he had neglected to bring them to the public view, and as Mr. Fitch had first published the plan to the world, he would lay no claim to the invention. Fitch next waited on Governor Thomas

Johnson, of Maryland, at Fredericktown, with his plans and model, who acknowledged the merits of his invention, and encouraged it. While in Fredericktown he published his plan everywhere. He next went to Virginia, where he waited on General Washington, who informed him that the idea of steam was not original, that Mr. Rumsey had mentioned steam to him, etc.; but he left General Washington "with all the elated prospects that an aspiring projector could entertain," etc.; "for although he found that *some* had *conceived* the thought before, yet he was the first that ever exhibited a plan to the public." From Patrick Henry, the then governor of the State, he received the following certificate:

"I certify that John Fitch has left in my hands a bond payable to the governor for the time being for three hundred and fifty pounds, conditional for exhibiting his steamboat, when he receives subscriptions for one thousand of his maps, six shillings eight pence each.

"PATRICK HENRY.

"November 16, 1785."

He then returned to Maryland and acquainted Governor Johnson of his expected assistance from Virginia, and that he intended applying to the Maryland Assembly to patronize his scheme; and Governor Johnson addressed a letter, dated November 25, 1785, to General Smallwood, the then governor, in his behalf. He attended the Legislature about three weeks, when a committee reported on his petition, that "however desirous it is for a liberal and enlightened Legislature to encourage useful arts, yet the state and condition of our finances are such that there can be no advance of the public money at present." Finding, as he says, that he was "undoubtedly the first person in America that could be termed the inventor of a steamboat, either agreeable to custom or equity," he applied for the exclusive privileges and for the emoluments to be derived from his invention to different States, which were granted for a term of fourteen years by New Jersey in March, 1786; by Delaware, New York, and Pennsylvania in the winter and spring following; and by Virginia in October, 1787. In July, 1786, he propelled a skiff by steam in the river Delaware, at Philadelphia, with a cylinder of three inches in diameter. This was the first practical result of his ideas and inventions. We next hear of him in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Columbian Magazine*, under date December 8, 1786, in which he thus describes the "original steamboat" invented by him. This letter is illustrated with a cut of the boat in question:

"SIR,—The reason I have so long deferred giving you a description of the steamboat has been in some measure owing to the complication of the works and an apprehension that a number of draughts would be necessary in order to show the power of the machine as clearly as you

would wish; but as I have not been able to hand you herewith draughts, I can only give you the general principles. It is in several parts, similar to the late improved steam-engines in Europe, though there are some alterations. Our cylinder is to be *horizontal*, and the steam to work with equal force at each end. The mode by which we obtain what I take the liberty of terming a vacuum is, we believe, entirely new, as it is also the method of letting water into it, and throwing it off against the atmosphere without any friction. It is expected that the engine, which is a twelve-inch cylinder, will move with a clear force of eleven hundredweight after frictions are deducted. This force is to act against a wheel of eighteen inches diameter. The piston is to move about three feet, and each vibration gives the axis about forty evolutions. Each evolution of the axis moves twelve oars or paddles five and a half feet, which work perpendicularly, and are represented by the stroke of a paddle of a canoe. As six of the paddles are raised from the water six more are entered, and the two sets of paddles make their strokes about eleven feet in each revolution. The cranks of the axis act upon the paddles about one-third of their length from the lever end, on which part of the oar the whole force of the axis is applied. Our engine is placed in the boat, about one-third from the stern, and both the action and reaction turn the wheel the same way."

On the 22d of August, 1787, with a twelve-inch cylinder, Fitch is said to have propelled a boat of fifteen tons burden on the Delaware, in the presence of nearly all the members of the convention to frame the Federal Constitution. In 1778, under his State patents, Fitch formed a company, of which Mr. William Thornton, the first superintendent of the United States Patent Office, was one of the principal shareholders, which contended that this claim of propelling boats by steam included all the modes of propelling boats then known, and that the patent was for the application of steam as an agent to the propelling power. This company worked at their boat incessantly to bring it to perfection, and under the disadvantages of never having seen a steam-engine on the principles contemplated, and not having a single engineer in their company or pay. They made engineers of common blacksmiths, and the result of all their efforts was a boat that did not exceed three miles an hour. The company then entered into an agreement by which the shares were consolidated and rearranged, and at the end of twelve months the new company was ready for a new experiment, with a boat eight feet wide and sixty feet long. The day was appointed, and the experiment made in the following manner, says Mr. Thornton in his narration: "A mile was measured in Front Street (or Water Street), Philadelphia, and the boards projected at right angles as exactly as could be to the wharves, where a flag was placed at each end, and also a stop-watch. The boat was ordered under way at dead water; as the boat passed one flag, it was struck, and

at the same instant the watches were set off; as the boat reached the other flag, it was also struck, and the watches instantly stopped. Every precaution was taken before witnesses, the time shown to all, the experiment declared to be fairly made, and the boat was found to go at the rate of eight miles an hour, or one mile within the eighth of an hour:" this was in July, 1788. It afterwards went eighty miles in a day. The governor and Council of Pennsylvania were so highly gratified that, without previous intimation, Governor Mifflin, attended by the Council in procession, presented to the company and placed in the boat a superb silk flag, prepared expressly, and containing the arms of Pennsylvania. This flag remained in the possession of the company until Mr. Fitch was sent as its agent to France at the request of Mr. Aaron Vail, our consul at L'Orient, who was solicitous of having steamboats built there, when Mr. Fitch presented the flag to the National Convention. Mr. Vail finding that laborers could not be had to build steamboats, paid Mr. Fitch's expenses, and returned him to the United States, and, it is said, submitted the papers and plans of Mr. Fitch to Mr. Fulton.

In July, 1788, he made a voyage on his steamboat from Philadelphia to Burlington,—twenty miles. The boiler burst when near the wharf at the latter place. The damage was soon repaired, and the boat went frequently, in 1788, between those two places, at the rate of from seven to eight miles an hour. The experiment was so successful that the steamboat company resolved to build a larger boat, the machinery of which, after many failures, was perfected in 1790. This boat was successful and practical. It made numerous voyages between May and June, 1790. In the latter month it commenced running on the Delaware *as a regular packet, passenger, and freight steamboat, and advertisements of its times of passage are to be found in the Philadelphia newspapers* between June 14 and September 10, 1790. There are twenty-three of these advertisements, counting all the days of publication; and the distance passed over on the various trips was nearly three thousand miles; the accidents very trifling and easily repaired. *But the steamboat did not pay.* There was not traffic and business enough to support it.

Finding the works on board these boats not strong enough, the company built another of twenty-five tons, called the "Perseverance," which they rigged schooner fashion, intending to send her to New Orleans to mount the Mississippi. The principal parts of the work were prepared and ready to put on board, when the spirit of innovation seized some of the company, says Mr. Thornton, and in their attempts to simplify their machinery ruined it, and involved the concern in such debt as to oblige them to sacrifice both boats and all the machinery. On the 22d of June, 1790, while this boat was making regular and successful trips on the Delaware, Mr. Fitch addressed a petition to the

Secretaries of State and War and the Attorney-General of the United States, claiming that he conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam in the spring of 1785, and stating that he had expended about eight thousand dollars in his experiments, and that, "having at length fully succeeded in his scheme, proofs of which he is prepared to offer, he trusts he now comes forward not as an imaginary projector, but as a man who, contrary to the popular expectation, has really accomplished a design which on examination will clearly evince the many important advantages which must result therefrom to the United States. The Western waters of the United States, which have hitherto been navigated with great difficulty and expense, may now be ascended with safety, convenience, and great velocity; all the internal waters of the United States will be rendered more convenient and safe, and the carriage on them much more expeditious, and an increased value will be given to the Western Territory."

He further states that the loss of time and money in bringing his engine to perfection was occasioned by his total ignorance of the improved state of steam-engines, that he had been unable to find a person who was acquainted with the new engine of Wate & Boulton, and that at the date of his petition he was totally ignorant as to whether his engine is similar or not to those in England, but is happy to say that he is now able to make a complete steam-engine, which in its effects he believes is equal to the best in Europe, the construction of which he has never kept secret. For these reasons he prays the persons addressed, they will "grant him the exclusive right to the use of the steam navigation for a limited time,—*do him that justice which he conceives he merits*, and which he trusts will redound to the honor and add to the true interests of America."

Mr. Fitch's life was an eventful one, but can be told in a few words. Born in 1743, at Windsor, Connecticut, he received a common school education, and served an apprenticeship to clock-making. In 1767 he was unhappily married, and soon separated from his wife. Two years afterwards he settled as a silversmith at Trenton, New Jersey, where his house and property were destroyed by the British army. He then joined the army as a lieutenant of volunteers. He afterwards went to Kentucky, where he purchased large grants of land, but fell into the hands of the Indians, by whom he was held in painful captivity for years. In 1782 he returned to the East, and lived by the construction of maps of the Western country, then almost unknown. His experiments in steam navigation between the years 1785 and 1790 we have narrated, and he died by his own act, as has been stated in our narrative, in June, 1798, when in the prime of manhood, at the age of fifty-five.

Early American East Indiamen, 1784–90.—The credit of opening India, China, and, indeed, the entire East to American com-

merce is due to Elias H. Derby, a Salem merchant, born in the port in 1739. This gentleman possessed a courage and enterprise that no obstacles could daunt, and he determined to enter the rich field then monopolized by the English and Dutch East India Companies. Accordingly, in 1784, he despatched the ship "Grand Turk," under Captain Jonathan Ingersoll, to the Cape of Good Hope on a mercantile reconnoissance, to discover the needs and capacity of the Eastern market. She returned in less than a year with the information sought, was quickly reloaded, and on the 28th of November, 1785, cleared for the Isle of France, with instructions to proceed thence to Canton, *via* Batavia. The ship was laden with native products,—fish, flour, provisions, tobacco, spirits,—and made a successful voyage, returning in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens, the first vessel from New England, if not from America, to enter into competition with the incorporated companies of the Old World. Her success seems to have electrified the merchants of Salem, Boston, and New York, and an eager rivalry for the trade of the Orient ensued, with the result that when Mr. Derby's ship "Astrea" entered Canton two years later she found fifteen American vessels there taking in cargo, four of them belonging to our merchant, however, who had not been slow in improving his advantages as pioneer. This was not the only pioneer work that he did. His bark "Light Horse," in 1784, first opened American trade with Russia. In 1788 his ship "Atlantic" first displayed the American flag at Surat, Calcutta, and Bombay. Another did the same in Siam; the third was the first to open trade with Mocha. In 1790, it is said, his vessels brought into Salem seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-one pounds of tea, these ventures being among the first in the tea trade.[13]

THE "MASSACHUSETTS."—In 1789, the ship "Massachusetts" was built at Germantown, a large double-headed promontory in the town of Quincy, jutting into Boston Bay, and formerly called Shed's Neck. The "Massachusetts" was the largest merchant ship which at that time had been built on this continent, her keel being one hundred and sixteen feet in length. She was of nearly one thousand tons burden,[14] pierced for thirty-six guns, of a remarkably fine model, and constructed in the most thorough manner. The launching of this ship was an event of great importance, and people came from all parts of the colony to witness it. It was a day of jubilee and rejoicing. Hon. Josiah

[13] Correspondent *Boston Transcript*, 1888.

[14] Tonnage is a very uncertain way of estimating the size of a ship, the measurements for establishing it having been often varied to suit the times, or to avoid taxation. In England there are early laws upon the subject settling the data upon which the calculation should be made. The present system in England, called new measurements, dates from 1835; the prior system, or old measurement, was established in 1719. The United States has enacted several laws regulating the measurement or tonnage of vessels. Each maritime country has its own law of measurement.

Quincy, in his "Memoir of Major Samuel Shaw," says, "On this interesting occasion the hills around Germantown, and the boats which covered the harbor and river, were filled with spectators from Boston and the neighboring country. Both English and French naval commanders, at that time visiting Boston in national ships, expressed their admiration of the model of this vessel, and it was afterwards pronounced by naval commanders at Batavia and Canton as perfect as the then state of art would permit."

The "Massachusetts" was built by direction of Major Shaw for an East India trader. Commanded by Captain Job Prince, with a complement of seventy-five officers and men, and twenty guns mounted, she proceeded on a voyage to Batavia and Canton, where she arrived in safety, notwithstanding the prediction of Moll Pitcher, the famous fortune-teller of Lynn, that the ship would be lost on the voyage and all hands perish. She made the passage to Batavia in one hundred and fifty-eight days, certainly not a remarkable one for speed, and at Canton was sold to the Danish East India Company for sixty-five thousand dollars. Her further history is unknown.

THE FIRST WATER-LINE MODEL, 1794.—At a stated meeting of the New York Historical Society, June 7, 1853, Mr. De Peyster presented the original ship model (a water-line model) made by the *inventor*, Orlando B. Merrill, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1794. He was then living, at the age of ninety-four. Previous to 1794 there were only skeleton models showing the ribs, etc., of the ship. The model was given by Mr. Merrill to David Ogden, of New York, who presented it to the society.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, 1794—THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "UNITED STATES," 1797.—At the conclusion of the war of the American Revolution the Continental Congress thought a millennium had commenced, or that the new confederation was unequal to the support of a navy, so the few remaining cruisers of the Continental navy were ordered to be sold, the last being the frigate "Alliance," which was reluctantly disposed of in June, 1785,[15] in preference to encountering the expenses of repairs. Several of the States, however, with the consent of Congress, had small cruisers of their own, that performed the service of revenue cutters. The Dey of Algiers almost immediately discovered that a new country had started into existence, without any protectors for its commerce, and on the 25th of July, 1785, the schooner "Maria," of Boston, was seized by one of his corsairs; five days later the ship "Dolphin," of Philadelphia, was captured, and the crews of both vessels were carried into slavery. In 1790, twelve months after the organization of the Federal government, fourteen of these unfortunates were still held in slavery. Before the close of 1793 fourteen American vessels had been seized

[15] See account of the "Alliance" in this paper.

by these lawless barbarians, and one hundred and nineteen prisoners held for ransom. These depredations rendered it absolutely requisite that the government should organize a naval force to protect its citizens, and the House of Representatives, January 2, 1794, adopted a resolution, "That a naval force adequate to the protection of the commerce of the United States against the Algerian corsairs ought to be provided." Accordingly, on the 3d of March, 1794, the President communicated all the facts in his possession to Congress, which immediately passed an act he approved on the 27th of the same month, which authorized him to provide, by purchase or otherwise, equip, and supply four ships to carry forty-four guns, and two ships to carry thirty-six guns each, or to provide, by purchase or otherwise, in lieu of the six frigates, a naval force not exceeding, in the whole, that by the act directed, so that no ship thus provided should carry less than thirty-two guns, etc.

Fifteen months earlier, Colonel Joshua Humphreys, who was destined to be the constructor of the new navy, had addressed the following letter to the Hon. Robert Morris explaining his views as to the size, etc., of the vessels that should be built:

"PHILADELPHIA, 6th January, 1793.

"TO THE HON. ROBERT MORRIS.

"SIR,—From present appearances I believe it is time this country was possessed of a navy; but, as that is yet to be raised, I have ventured a few ideas on the subject.

"Ships composing the European navies are generally distinguished by their rates; but, as the situation of our coast and depth of water in our harbors are different in some degree from those of Europe, and as our navy must be for a considerable time inferior in the number of its vessels to theirs, we are to consider what size ships will be most formidable, and be an overmatch for those of an enemy,—such frigates as in blowing weather would be an overmatch for double-decked ships, or in light winds may evade coming to action by outsailing them. Ships built on these principles will render those of an enemy in a degree useless, or will require them to have a superiority in number before they attack our ships.

"Frigates, I suppose, will be their first object, and I think none of them ought to be built less than one hundred and fifty feet keel, to carry twenty-eight 32-pounders, or thirty 24-pounders, on the gun-deck, and 12-pounders on the quarter-deck. *These ships should have scantlings equal to seventy-fours.* As such ships will cost a large sum of money, they should be built of the best materials which can be procured, and the timbers framed and bolted together.

"*If we build our ships of the same size as the European, they having so great a number of them, we shall always be behind them. I would*

build them of a larger size than theirs, and take the lead of them, which is the only safe method of commencing a navy.

"I am, very respectfully, yours,

"JOSHUA HUMPHREYS."

The act of Congress, it will be observed, gave discretionary power to the President, within certain limits, regarding the size of the ships, and in directing the construction of the ships the views of Humphreys were adopted by General Washington and General Knox.

On the 12th of April, 1794, General Knox requested Mr. Humphreys to prepare draughts and models for such frigates as he had proposed to the War Department (for there was no Navy Department then) in his letter of that date, and also models for the frames; and in July he was instructed to have the moulds for those to be built at Norfolk (the "Chesapeake"), Baltimore (the "Constellation"), New York (the "President"), Boston (the "Constitution"), and Portsmouth (the "Congress"), prepared with all possible dispatch, and sent to those places,—*Mr. Humphreys superintending in person the construction of the frigate "United States" at Philadelphia.*

In reporting progress, in December following, Mr. Humphreys says, "From the construction of those ships, it is expected *the commanders of them will have it in their power to engage or not any ship, as they may think proper; and no ship under sixty-four, now afloat, but what must submit to them.*" There was reason then in the remark of our enemy in the war of 1812–14, that these ships were seventy-fours in disguise, and for their caution in sending out their frigates to cruise in couples.

In the same month the Secretary of War submitted to the House of Representatives a report respecting the frigates authorized by the act, in which he says,—

"The passing of the said act created an anxious solicitude that this second commencement of a navy for the United States should be worthy of their national character; that the vessels should combine such qualities of strength, durability, swiftness of sailing, and force as to render them equal, if not superior, to any frigates belonging to any European powers. Researches, therefore, have been made for the best principles of construction, and such proportions adopted as have appeared best, upon the most mature advice and deliberation.

"The largest ships, of forty-four guns, will be constructed upon a scale to contain thirty cannons of the calibre of twenty-four pounds upon the gun-deck. The others, of thirty-six, twenty-eight cannons, of the same calibre, upon the gun-deck. The remaining force will be made up of twelve-pounders and brass howitzers.

"The frigates will be built of live-oak and red cedar in all parts where they can be used to advantage."

In 1796 a committee was appointed by the House of Representatives to inquire into the actual state of the naval equipment, etc., and reported that "the President of the United States, under whose direction they were to be built, deemed it most advisable to extend the size of the frigates, and determined that they should be near three hundred tons larger each than the committee who had reported on the naval armament had estimated; that, instead of making use of common timber for building the frigates, he caused the best live-oak and red cedar to be got in Georgia," etc.

In 1798 the Secretary of War, in furnishing information as to the expenditure of the money appropriated for the naval armament, and also into the causes of the delay in completing the same, says, in respect to the size of the ships,—

"It appears that the first estimate rendered to Congress was for frigates of the common size and dimensions, rated at thirty-six and forty-four guns; and that the first appropriations for the armament were founded upon this estimate. It appears also that when their size and dimensions came to be more maturely considered, due reference being had to the ships they might have to contend with, it was deemed proper so to alter their dimensions, without changing their rates, as to extend their sphere of utility as much as possible. It was expected from the alterations that they would possess in an eminent degree the advantage of sailing; that, separately, they would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions; that, if assailed by numbers, they would be always able to lead ahead; that they could never be obliged to go into action but on their own terms, except in a calm; and that, in heavy weather, they would be capable of engaging double-deck ships. These are the principal advantages contemplated from the change made in their dimensions. Should they be realized, they will more than compensate for having materially swelled the body of expenditures."

Mr. Humphreys met with some opposition; and one of the frigates, the "Chesapeake," was consequently constructed on a smaller scale, and on a different model, *although the timbers had been prepared for the larger dimensions.*

The history of those ships exhibits all the qualities that were claimed for them. They proved to be fast sailers, to be capable of enduring heavy battering, and of inflicting severe injury in a brief time.

The advantages contemplated in their construction were first realized in the actions in 1799 and 1800 between the "Constellation" and the French ships "Vengeance" and "Insurgent," but more fully during the war of 1812–14, which brought into conspicuous notice the system upon which they were built, and gave a powerful impulse to the construction of the navies of Europe.

THE "UNITED STATES," 44.—The first of the new frigates to be

got into the water was the "United States," which was built under the personal superintendence of Colonel Joshua Humphreys. She was launched from Southwark, Philadelphia, at high water on the morning of the 10th of May, 1797, under the direction of her constructor. Commodore Barry commanded the vessel on this occasion. The newly-installed President of the United States, John Adams, and the heads of departments, witnessed the launch from the United States ship "Sophia," Captain O'Brien. The launch was attended by thousands of persons, who greeted the consummation with loud acclamations.[16]

The "United States" was one of the first frigates built upon scientific principles, better understood than when the ships of the Revolutionary navy were built. Her model was fine, and the decoration of her hull exceeded anything hitherto seen. The figure-head, which was carved by William Rush, was considered a masterpiece of art. It represented the Genius of America, wearing a crest adorned with a constellation. Her hair escaped in loose, wavy tresses, and rested upon her breast. A portrait of Washington was suspended from a chain which encircled her neck, and her waist was bound with a civic band. In her right hand she held a spear and belts of wampum,—the emblems of peace and war. In her left hand was suspended the Constitution of the Union. Above was a tablet, on which rested three books, to represent the three branches of government, and the scales of Justice. On the base of the tablet were carved the eagle and national escutcheon, and the attributes of commerce, agriculture, the arts and sciences.[17] This was subsequently exchanged for a billet-head and scroll-work.

A daily journal kept by her constructor, Humphreys, from October, 1794, to her launch, is extant, showing the progress made upon her. Those were not total abstinence times, and we read in this journal of frequent allowances of rum to the workmen. Thus, October 23, 1794, six gallons of rum were supplied for the use of the men in the mould-loft and yard, and there were similar expenditures on the 3d and 17th of November and 22d of December, and on the 28th of December Francis Tench furnished one hundred and sixteen gallons of rum, and again, April 9, 1795, he furnished another hogshead of rum; and from that on to her launch the item "rum" occurs frequently.[18]

The dimensions of the "United States" were: length, 175 feet; beam, 43.6 feet; hold, 14.3 feet; and maximum draught, 23½ feet; tonnage, 1576 tons; complement of officers and crew, 400. By a subsequent cast of measurement her tonnage was increased to 1607 tons and her complement raised to 480. She carried from 75 to 140 tons of ballast, 57,000

[16] Joshua Humphreys, the constructor of this ship, was a native of Delaware County, Pennsylvania. He died in 1838, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years.

[17] Westcott's "History of Philadelphia."

[18] History of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, by Henry M. Vallette, in *Potter's American Monthly*, January, 1876.

gallons of water, and could stow provisions for six months. Her false keel and rudder-braces were injured in launching, and she was hove out for repairs. Previous to the war of 1812, from her dull sailing qualities, she obtained the name of the "Old Wagon," but a change in her stowage and the position and staying of her masts improved her in that respect so much that she frequently logged ten and one-half knots on the wind and twelve and one-half to thirteen knots when running free. She outsailed the whole English fleet in the Mediterranean in 1834. Her first cruise, July, 1798, to April, 1801, was in the West Indies, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore John Barry, making a special voyage across the Atlantic to convey the United States ambassadors, Ellsworth and Davie, to France. In the quasi-French war she made prizes of the privateer schooners "Sans Pareil," "La Jacoux," "L'Amour de la Patrie," "La Tartufe," and "La Bonaparte." She does not appear to have been in service again until 1810, when she was commissioned, at Norfolk, by Captain Stephen Decatur, having Lieutenant William H. Allen for his executive, and she continued in active service under the command of Decatur until her arrival at New London with her prize, the frigate "Macedonian," which was captured October 25, 1812, in lat. 29° N., long. 29½° W. The "Macedonian" was of thirteen hundred and twenty-five tons, and mounted forty-nine guns, and had a crew of three hundred and six men, seven of whom were American sailors pressed into the service. Both ships proceeded to New London, and subsequently to New York, where they arrived, through the sound, January 1, 1813. In 1815–19, the "United States" was employed in the Mediterranean; in 1824–27 as Commodore Hull's flag-ship in the Pacific; in 1832–34, and 1836–39, again in the Mediterranean; in 1839–40, on the home squadron; in 1842–44 as the flag-ship in the Pacific; 1846–49 as the flag-ship on the coast of Africa and in the Mediterranean, which was her last active service. Returning to Norfolk from the Mediterranean in February, 1849, she was used as an "ordinary ship" until the yard fell into the hands of the rebels, in 1861, when she was scuttled and sunk to prevent her falling into their hands. Her original cost was two hundred and ninety-nine thousand three hundred and thirty-six dollars, and there had been expended on her in repairs up to her destruction six hundred and fifty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty-six dollars. At the close of our civil war, and after the reoccupation of the navy-yard by the United States, she was raised and broken up.

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,
Rear-Admiral U.S.N.

KITTY'S CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 78.)

XVIII.

It was a gala night at the opera. The grand old house, so perfect in acoustic properties, so comfortably old-fashioned in design, so quaintly foreign in all its appointments, was filled with an audience composed of the music-loving people of New Orleans, and a sprinkling of Northern visitors stood lingering amid the balmy odors of the magnolia and the orange-blossom. Spring had come,—summer was coming. The sun was already high and warm enough to warrant the appearance of parasols by day; while, after it sank to rest, the ray-warmed breezes were welcomed through open door and casement; and in hundreds of slender hands the fan, swung and flirted with the indolent grace our Southern women have so readily learned from their Castilian sisterhood across the sea, stirred the perfumed air, and rustled soft accompaniment to the witchery of the music.

Entering that old French opera-house on Bourbon Street, one steps on foreign soil. America is left behind. French is the language of every sign, of the libretto, even of the programme. French only is or was then spoken by the employés of the house. French the orchestra, the chorus, the language of the play. French, everything but the music. The ornamentation of the house, the arrangement of the boxes, the very division of the audience was the design of foreign hands, and here, more readily than anywhere in our land, could one imagine him or herself abroad.

These were days of triumph for the stockholders of the old company. The somewhat over-gilded and too ornate decorations might have lost much of their freshness. The upholstery had grown worn and faded; but the orchestra and the company were admirable. Aiming at perfection and completeness in all details, the managers had kept up the old system of putting everything *thoroughly* upon the stage. Costumes and properties, though old, were accurate and appropriate; the chorus was full, admirably schooled and disciplined; and the orchestra, in the days when Calabresi's *bâton* called it into life, had no superior in the country. Instead of lavishing fortunes on some one marvelous

prima donna and concomitant tenor, the aim of the management had been to secure excellent voices, good actors, conscientious artists, and so be sure of rendering an opera in its entirety,—every part well and suitably filled, instead of turning the grand creations of the great composers into mere concert recitations. One heard the opera in New Orleans as he heard it nowhere else in the country, and there, and there only of all its places of public amusement, could one see in full force the culture and the refinement of the Crescent City.

It was a "full dress" night. The parquet was filled with men in the conventional black swallow-tail. The dress and second circles of open boxes, the *loges* behind them, were brilliant with the toilets of beautifully-dressed women; and in one of these latter inclosures were seated Miss Summers and Kitty, behind whom could be seen Vinton, Amory, and Harrod.

Leaving my seat in the parquet, I strolled up to their box immediately after the curtain fell upon the first act of "The Huguenots." Some forty-eight hours had passed since my meeting with Mars, and that vivid curiosity of mine was all aflame as to the later developments. Both ladies turned and gave me cordial welcome as I entered. Vinton made room for me behind Miss Summers's chair, and Harrod strolled out to see some friends.

Though both officers were in civilian evening dress, the story of Pauline's engagement was known among the few acquaintances she had in society, and her escort, a stranger to the city, was doubtless assumed to be the Yankee major. It was too soon after the war for such an alliance to be looked on with favor by those who had recently been in bitter hostility to the army blue, and the few glances or nods of recognition that passed between Miss Summers and a party of ladies in an adjoining box were constrained—even cold. To my proud-spirited friend this was a matter of little consequence. If anything, it served only the more deeply and firmly to attach her to the gallant gentleman, still pale and languid from his recent illness, who so devotedly hovered about her the entire evening. Her sweet, womanly face was full of the deepest tenderness as she leaned back to speak to him from time to time, and soon, with woman's quick intuition, observing that I was anxious to watch Kitty and Mars, she delightedly resigned herself to my abstraction and gave her undivided attention to Vinton.

Never in my brief acquaintance with her had Kitty Carrington looked so bewitchingly pretty. Never were her eyes so deep, dark, lustrous; never—I could plainly see—so dangerous. Never was her color so brilliant, never were her lips so red, her teeth so flashingly white; and never yet had I seen her when all her fascinations were so mercilessly leveled at a victim's heart, even while she herself was tormenting him to the extent of every feminine ingenuity. The situation was plain at a single glance.

Her greeting to me had been coquettishly cordial, and for a moment she looked as though she expected me to accept Mr. Amory's proffered chair at her back. But Mars had risen with so rueful a look in his eyes—something so appealing and wistful in his bearing—that I had the decency to decline; and with vast relief of manner he slid back into his seat, and the torment went on.

In low, eager tones he was murmuring to her over the back of her chair. She—with head half turned, so that one little ear, pink and shell-like, was temptingly near his lips—was listening with an air of saucy triumph to his pleadings,—whatever they were,—her long lashes sweeping down over her flushed cheeks, and her eyes, only at intervals, shooting sidelong glances at him. What he was saying I could not hear, but never saw I man so plunged in the depths of fascination. His eyes never left their adoring gaze upon her face, yet they were full of trouble, full of pleading that might have moved a heart of stone. But Kitty was merciless. At last there came a bubble of soft, silvery laughter and the mischievous inquiry,—

"And how should a lady answer? How—Miss Grayson, for instance?"

For a moment there was no word of reply. Amory sat like one in a daze. Then very slowly he drew back, and I could see that his hand was clinched and that his bright young face had paled. Alarmed at his silence, toying nervously with her fan, she strove to see his eyes, yet dared not look around. Mars slowly rose to his feet, bent calmly over her, and, though his voice trembled and his lips were very white, he spoke distinctly, even cuttingly,—

"Miss Grayson would have answered at least with courtesy and—good-night, Miss Carrington."

And before another word could be said he had quickly bowed to the rest of us and abruptly quitted the box.

Evidently she had tormented him until his quick, impulsive, boyish nature could bear it no longer,—until his spirit had taken fire at her merciless coquetry,—and then, giving her no chance to retract or relent, he had vanished in choking indignation. Kitty sat still as a statue one little minute, turning from red to white. Pauline, who had heard only Amory's sudden words of farewell, looked wonderingly up an instant, then seeing plainly that there had been a misunderstanding, and that remark or interference would only complicate matters, she wisely turned back to Vinton, and the rising of the curtain gave all an excuse to concentrate their eyes, if not their thoughts, upon the stage.

But the opera was an old story to me. Kitty was a novelty, a study of constantly varying phases, a picture I never tired of gazing at, and now she was becoming even more a perfect fascination. Pauline glanced furtively, anxiously, at her from time to time, but I,—I most unblushingly watched and stared. She was manifestly ill at ease

and grievously disquieted at the result of her coquetry. Her brilliant color had fled. Her eyes, suspiciously moistened, wandered nervously about the house, as though searching for her vanished knight, that they might flash their signal of recall. I, too, kept an eye on the parquet and the lobby, far as I could see, vaguely hoping that Mars might relent and take refuge there, when his wrath would have time to cool, and he could be within range of her fluttering summons to "come back and be forgiven." But the second act came to a close. Mars never once appeared. Vinton and Miss Summers once or twice addressed some tentative remark to Kitty, as though to bring her again into the general conversation and cover her evident distress; but monosyllabic replies and quivering lips were her only answer. I began to grow nervous, and decided to sally forth in search of my peppery hero. My ministrations had been vastly potent and diplomatic thus far, and might be again. So, with a word or two of excuse, I made my bow and strolled into the *foyer*.

One or two acquaintances detained me a few moments, but during the intermission between the acts I was able to satisfy myself that Mr. Amory was no longer in the house. Indeed, some of the officers stationed in town told me that they had seen him crossing the street just as they re-entered. Presently I met Colonel Newhall, and his first question was,—

"How is Vinton to-night?"

"Very well, apparently. Do you want to see him?"

"Not particularly. He is here, I believe. You might tell him that his sick-leave is granted. It may be welcome news to him—just now."

"Naturally: as he expects to be married next month."

"Yes. I'm glad he got the leave—when he did," said the colonel, as he turned away to speak to some friends.

Something in his manner set me to thinking. What could he mean by saying that he was glad Vinton had secured his leave of absence? Was any sudden move probable? Amory did say that it was current talk that their regiment was to be ordered to the frontier in the spring. Could it be that the order had already come?

I went back to the box. Kitty looked eagerly around as I entered, then turned back in evident disappointment. Not a word was exchanged between us until the close of the act; but for two occupants of the *loge* "The Huguenots" had lost all interest.

It was eleven o'clock and after as we reached the lodgings on our return from the opera. Mars had nowhere appeared, though Kitty's eyes sought him in the throng at the door-way, and, as we drew near the house, she looked eagerly ahead at a soldierly form in cavalry undress uniform. A corporal of the troop was lounging under the gas-light at the entrance. The moment he caught sight of our party he stepped forward and handed Vinton a letter.

There was nothing unusual about a letter arriving for Major Vinton—day or night. Orderlies came frequently to the old house on Royal Street with bulky missives for him; yet I felt a premonition in some inexplicable way that this was no ordinary communication. It was a mere note, and I thought the corporal said, "From the lieutenant, sir." Yet I knew it meant tidings of importance,—and so did others.

Miss Summers had withdrawn her hand from Vinton's arm as he took the note, and with deep anxiety in her paling face stood watching him as he opened and read it under the lamp. Kitty too had stepped forward, and, resting one little hand on the stone post at the door-way, gazed with equal intensity and a face that was paler yet than her cousin's. Harrod and I, a little behind them, were silent witnesses. Presently Vinton looked up, his eyes seeking the face he loved.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Our orders have come."

For an instant no one spoke. I could not take my eyes off Kitty, whose back was towards me, but whom I could see was struggling hard for composure. Pauline instinctively put forth her hand, drawing Kitty closer to her side.

"Shall I read it?" asked Vinton, gently, looking at Pauline, after one hurried glance at Kitty. She nodded assent.

"It is from Amory," he said.

"DEAR MAJOR,—Parker has just met me. The orders are out. Regiment ordered to Dakota. Our troop goes by first boat to St. Louis. Your leave is granted, so it does not affect you; but—I'm glad to go. Parker says by 'James Howard' to-morrow night.

"Yours in haste,

"AMORY."

Without a word Kitty Carrington turned from us and hurried into the house.

"What on earth could take the regiment to Dakota?" asked Harrod, after a moment of silence.

"The Sioux have been troublesome all along the Missouri and Yellowstone of late, and this is anything but unexpected. We had a lively campaign against the Southern Cheyennes, you remember, and this promises more work of the same kind, only much farther north."

Pauline's eyes were filling with tears. I was plainly *de trop*, and had sense enough left to appreciate that fact at least. Promising to meet Vinton at headquarters in the morning, I took my departure. I had made up my mind, late as it was, to go and see Amory; and, late as it was, I found him in earnest talk with his mother.

"Can you spare me a moment?" I asked. "I have just heard the

news, and if it be true you sail to-morrow night, you will be too much occupied to-morrow."

He had come to the door to admit me, and looked reluctantly back. Hearing my voice, Mrs. Amory came into the hall to greet me, and courteously as ever she asked me to enter; but I saw the traces of tears on her face, and knew that their time was precious.

"I want to have a moment's talk with this young man, Mrs. Amory. I will not take him farther than the corner, and will not keep him longer than five minutes at the utmost. Can you spare him that long."

She smiled assent, but Mars hung back. He knew well that I was once again coming forward with some intervention, and his blood was up, his anger still aglow; but I was not to be denied. He seized his forage-cap and stepped out with me into the starlit night.

"There is no time for apologies from an old fellow like me, Amory," said I, placing a hand involuntarily on his shoulder. "Forgive me if I pain you, or am too intrusive. I heard what happened at the opera to-night. Would you be willing to tell me how she came to know anything about Bella Grayson?"

"I told Miss Carrington myself," said Mars, rather shortly; and his hands went down in his pockets, and a very set look came into his face as he kicked at a projecting ledge in the uneven pavement.

"You know how I've grown to like you, youngster, and *must* know that I can have no other impulse or excuse in thus meddling with your affairs. I'm fond of her too, Frank, and have seen enough to-night—and before—to convince me that she would give a vast deal to unsay those thoughtless words. I do not excuse her conduct; but she never for an instant could have dreamed of its effect, and it did not take the news of your order to make her repent it bitterly. I could see that plainly. Amory, *don't* go without seeing her."

Mars made no reply whatever.

"Have you told your mother of this misunderstanding?" I asked.

"Not exactly. I have told her—she saw I was cut up about something and asked—that something had been said that was very hard to bear, but that I had rather not talk of it now. I was too much hurt."

"Well. Then I must say nothing further, my boy; but if I may ask anything for the sake of the friendship I feel for you and for them, tell your mother the whole affair, and let her guide your action. Now, forgive me, and good-night. We will meet in the morning."

He pressed my hand cordially enough, but still made no reply to my request. "Thank you, Mr. Brandon; good-night," was all he said, and Mr. Brandon walked gloomily homeward. *Amantium iræ* might be easy things to settle if left to the participants, but were vastly easier to stumble into.

Clear, cloudless, lovely dawned the morrow, and long before office hours I had breakfasted and betaken myself to headquarters. Mr. Parker was there, and Amory had been at the office, but Vinton had as yet put in no appearance. My first question was as to the probable time of departure of the troop, and Parker's tidings filled me with hope. The quartermaster had been unable to secure transportation for the horses in the "Howard." The troops could not sail before the following day. Meantime, he said, there was to be a review of the small force in the city that very afternoon, and the general had expressed a desire to have a look at the cavalry once more before they started for their new and distant sphere of duty. It was his favorite arm of the service, and he hated to part with them.

By and by the general himself arrived, and Major Vinton happening in at almost the same moment, "the chief" led the latter into his private office and held him there for over half an hour in conversation. An orderly was dispatched for Mr. Amory, who was busily occupied over at the stables, and that young gentleman presently made his appearance, looking somewhat dusty and fatigued. The men were packing for the move and getting ready for their afternoon exhibition at one and the same time, he explained. Then Vinton came out, called his subaltern to one side, and gave him some instructions in his quiet way, and no sooner had he finished than Amory faced about and went out of the room like a shot. Then for the first time I had a chance to speak to Vinton and ask after the ladies.

"Very well; at least Miss Summers is, despite her natural concern at our sudden taking off——"

"Why, you are not going!" I interrupted.

"Yes," he answered. "As far as Memphis, at least. Then I shall leave the troop to Amory and make for Sandbrook, whither the judge and the ladies will start in a few days. That is," he concluded, with a smile, "unless some new freak takes Miss Kitty Carrington. That little lady is ready to tear her pretty hair out by the handful this morning. She did not come to breakfast at all, and I fancy she had an unusually sharp skirmish with Amory last night. By the way, I've got a note for him, and he's gone,—gone clear to the foot of Canal Street, too, to look at the accommodations on one of those smaller steamers,—and I was enjoined to give it to him at once."

"Give it to me; I'll take it," said I, all eagerness. "What boat will he be looking at? I'll get there in short order."

"He ought to be back here by noon," said Vinton. "It will take him not more than an hour."

But I was eager to see Mars myself. The note must be from Kitty, I argued; and so, indeed, I knew it to be, from the dainty envelope and superscription when the major drew it forth. My theory was that I could get that note to him in less than twenty minutes, and

probably be the bearer of peace propositions. It was too alluring a prospect; besides, I was tired of waiting around headquarters doing nothing. Vinton saw my eagerness, smiled, gave me his consent and the note, and in half an hour I was at the levee and aboard the "Indiana." Mars had been there and gone. So much for my officiousness.

This time I took a cab, drove rapidly back to headquarters. Neither Vinton nor Amory was there. Mr. Parker said that the latter had galloped up not fifteen minutes after I left, reported that the "Indiana" could not take sixty horses, and was off again, he knew not whither. Vinton had gone to the stables. Thither I followed.

"The major has just driven off in the quartermaster's ambulance, and they're gone to look at some steamboat," said the corporal at the gate. "The lieutenant's horse is back, sir, but he's gone away too."

This was a complication. It was after twelve. The review was to come off at three. I wanted to go down and invite the ladies to drive with me to see it. But how could I face Kitty Carrington with that undelivered note? Over to Amory's house was the next venture. New despair. He and his mother had taken a street-car and gone uptown only a few minutes before I arrived. Now, what on earth could I do?

"The lieutenant's horse was to be sent to his quarters," the corporal had informed me, "at quarter before three, and the lieutenant probably would not be back at the stables again before that time."

For the next hour Mr. G. S. Brandon was as miserable a man as the city contained. No one at headquarters could tell where Amory had gone. No one knew when Vinton would be back. I fumed and fidgeted around the office some few minutes. Neither Colonel Newhall nor Mr. Parker could help me out in the least. There was no telling where to look for Amory. Vinton might be found down along the levee, but what good would that do? Twice the old general came trudging into the aide-de-camp's room, and looked at me with suspicious eyes from under his shaggy eyebrows,—my ill-concealed impatience and repeated inquiries made him irritable, or my undesired presence during business hours was a nuisance to him, perhaps; at all events, after I had for the tenth time, probably, repeated my hopeless remark of wonderment as to where that young gentleman could have gone, just as the general came promenading into the room with hands clasped behind his back and his head bent upon his breast, as we New Orleans people had grown accustomed to seeing or hearing of him, the old soldier stopped short, and, raising his head, testily exclaimed,—

"Mr. Brandon, what *is* the matter? Does that young officer owe you any money?"

"Money, sir? No, sir!" I answered, in all haste and half indignation. "By heavens! I wish that were the matter. The boot is on

the other leg, general. I owe him something more than money. A letter, sir,—a letter from a young lady, and I undertook to deliver it two hours ago."

April sunshine bursting through storm-cloud could not more quickly soften and irradiate the face of nature than that wonderful smile of the old general's could lighten every lineament. Who that ever saw it could forget it? It beamed from the wrinkles around the kind old eyes. It flashed from his even teeth, it dimpled his cheeks into a thousand merry lights and shadows. It was sunshine itself, and with it all the old courtly manner instantly returned.

"I *beg* your pardon, sir. I beg *his* pardon, sir. God bless my soul, what an inexcusable blunder! A note from a young lady. That charming little friend of Major Vinton's? Here, Parker, you go. You see if you can't find him, sir. Bring him here, sir. Help Mr. Brandon any way you can, sir. God bless my soul, what a blunder!" And by this time we were all laughing too heartily for further words. My indignant and *impetuous* reply had virtually betrayed the situation.

My cab being still at the door I decided to hurry right down to Royal Street, notify the ladies of the coming review, and of the fact that the troop would not sail until the following day, though I felt sure Vinton had done that, then I could return to headquarters. Meantime that precious note was placed in Parker's hands.

Whirling across Canal Street, the cab was just turning into Royal when I caught sight of Miss Summers and Harrod on the banquette, and obedient to my shout the driver pulled up. They turned back to greet me. Yes, Vinton had sent word about the review and the good news that there was yet a day before they could sail. The colonel and his sister were going to attend to some business on Canal Street, and hurry back to meet him at the lodgings at half-past two, then they would all drive up to see the review near Tivoli Circle. Would I join them? Amory was to command the troop, as the doctor thought Major Vinton not yet strong enough to ride. But where was Amory? had I seen him?

All this was asked rapidly, as time was short, and almost as rapidly I learned that Kitty was at home, and Pauline's eyes plainly said waiting and anxious. I decided on driving thither at once and confessing the enormity of my sin of omission. I would find her in their kind landlady's parlor, said Miss Summers. So in I went.

In ten minutes Kitty Carrington fluttered into the parlor where I was awaiting her. No need to tell that hers had been a night of unhappiness, a day of bitter anxiety. Her sweet face was very pale and wan, her eyes red with weeping. How to break my news I did not know. She looked wonderingly, wistfully, at the solemnity of my face, gave me her hand with hardly a word of greeting, and stood by the

table waiting for me to tell my errand, forgetful of the civility of asking me to be seated.

"Miss Kitty, I am in great trouble. Nearly three hours ago I volunteered to hurry down to the levee with a letter that Major Vinton had for Mr. Amory, but Mr. Amory and I missed each other, have missed each other ever since. He has gone somewhere with his mother, and yet must be back in time for the review, but I felt certain that letter ought to get to him at once. Yet you know they do not sail until to-morrow, do you not?"

Her head was averted, her slight form was quivering and trembling, her bosom heaving violently in the effort to control the sob that, despite all struggles, burst from her lips. She had been waiting for him all the morning. In another moment, for all answer, she had thrown herself upon the sofa, and was weeping in a wild passion of unrestrained misery. Poor little motherless Kit! and this was my doing.

In vain I strove to soothe her. In vain I protested that the letter would soon be in his hands, that no possible harm could come from the delay. Nay, in my eagerness and ludicrous distress I believe I knelt and strove to draw her hands away from her face. Then she hurriedly arose, rushed to the window, and leaning her arms upon the casement, and bowing her pretty head upon her hands, sobbed wildly. Good heavens! what *could* such an old idiot do? I was powerless, helpless, wretched.

Suddenly there came a springy step along the lower passage, a quick, bounding footfall on the stair, the clink of spurred heels upon the matting in the hall, and Frank Amory, with a world of sunshine in his glad young face, stood at the door-way. One glance showed him where she stood, still weeping piteously, still blind to his presence. One spring took him half across the room, one second to her side. I heard but one quick, low-toned, almost ecstatic cry.

"Kitty! darling! Forgive me!"

I saw his arms enfold her. I saw her raise her head, startled, amazed. Saw one wondering flash of light and joy in the tear-dimmed eyes, but of what happened next I have no knowledge, not even conjecture. For once in his life Mr. Brandon had the decency not to look, the sagacity to know that he was no longer needed, if indeed he ever had been, and the presence of mind to take himself off.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE WAR IN THE PYRENEAN PENINSULA, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO MASSÉNA'S CAMPAIGN IN PORTUGAL AND THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.[1]

AFTER the capitulations of Baylen and Cintra, and the retreat of the French troops behind the Ebro, the situation of the French on the Pyrenean peninsula had become a very unfavorable one.[2] On this account Napoleon, in the fall of 1808, sent two hundred thousand of his best troops, under a number of prominent leaders, to Spain, and what was most important, personally placed himself at their head. The Spaniards, who, rendered over-confident in consequence of the capitulation of Baylen, had contemplated the adventurous plan of surrounding and capturing Napoleon with his powerful army of veterans as readily as they had overcome Dupont, were everywhere beaten and dispersed. On the 7th November they sustained a heavy reverse at the hands of Lefebvre at Durango; on the 11th November they were beaten by Victor and Lefebvre at Espinosa, and again, on the 23d of the same month, by Lannes at Tudela. On the 30th November occurred the celebrated forcing of the pass of Somasierra by the Polish Ulans of the Guard under Dautencourt and Krasinski, and, on the 4th December, Madrid was compelled to succumb to the mercy of the victor.

In the mean time the English, to the number of thirty thousand under Sir John Moore, had entered Spain and, on the 21st December, were in the neighborhood of Sahagun. The well-laid plan of Napoleon to cut them off by a movement around their left flank was frustrated by adverse weather and bad roads. They escaped the trap, and, pursued by Marshal Soult, retired with loss to Coruna, where, on the 16th January, 1809, occurred the battle in which the brave Sir John Moore fell. Both sides claimed the victory. The English succeeded, at all events, in effecting their embarkation without too great sacrifice. Coruna capitulated on the 20th, and Ferrol on the 27th, January,

[1] From the *Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armée und Marine.* Translated from the German by STANISLAUS REMAK, late first lieutenant Fifth U. S. Artillery.

[2] The writer of this review refers to Thiers, Sarrazin, Jonas, Rigel, and the military encyclopædia of Von der Lüke, as his authorities.

whereby a large quantity of arms and great stores of supplies, left behind by the English, fell into the hands of the French. Soult thereupon penetrated Portugal, while Ney, after the destruction of a Spanish corps under La Romana (known through his remarkable flight with his army corps out of Jutland in August, 1808), sought to subjugate Galicia. In the northeast, Gouvion St. Cyr overcame the Spaniards on the Lobregat on the 17th December, and thereby effected the relief of General Duhesme in Barcelona. On the 13th January, Marshal Victor defeated the Spaniards at Uclas in the vicinity of Cuenza. On the 21st December, Saragossa was once more besieged, and the city surrendered on the 21st January, 1809, after one of the most famous defenses known to history, in connection with which the enduring bravery and skill of the victors is also entitled to the highest praise.

Although Napoleon had already left Spain on the 24th January, 1809, the French are accustomed to refer to this entire campaign up to March as *la campagne de l'empéreur*, and not without reason, for everywhere the personal and energetic supervision of the emperor himself can be perceived. The capital and many important places are taken and secured, the Spaniards suffer a succession of reverses and capitulations, and the English are driven into the sea. And yet the success was but an incomplete and fallacious one, for the conquest of the Spanish people had not been attained. It can well be fancied that if Napoleon had not now been occupied with the war with Austria he might eventually, through the employment of the enormous resources which stood him at hand and by taking the leadership in person, have succeeded in the subjection of Spain, while we must not at the same time lose sight of the consideration that the better part of the nation could not be regardless of the undoubted superiority of the new government over that which had preceded it. It must appear to us as a sad fate for Spain now, that its energetic people should have been destined to bring to a successful termination such a gigantic contest and at such immense sacrifice to establish upon the throne a prince like Ferdinand VII.; that this people, which then defended itself with such enthusiasm against the king and government which it was sought to impose upon it, should since that time have passed through a totally different revolution without having had the power to attain to a fixed political and civil existence. To his misfortune, Napoleon did not return to Spain, and with his departure we observe the entire cessation for all practical purposes of a leadership under a single head, which was so preeminently necessary for the successful prosecution of this war. Nominally, it is true, this leadership was in the hands of King Joseph, with Marshal Jourdan, later with Marshal Soult, for his major-general, but the many able and thorough French generals who had remained in Spain rendered but poor obedience to the king, and were often derelict in reciprocal support of one another. While Napoleon personally pre-

scribed the general conduct of the war, yet, as often happens in such cases, his commands and instructions, given at great distance, frequently came too late, were no longer suitable to the state of affairs, and either could not be carried out at all, or only partially. The illusions to which, despite his extraordinary shrewdness, Napoleon yielded throughout his career, became conspicuously observable with reference to Spain, and only in this manner does his remarkable neglect of this war become intelligible.

While Soult entered Portugal from the north in the beginning of 1809, Victor was to operate on the left bank of the Tajo against Lisbon. On the 28th March, Victor defeated a powerful army under Cuesta at Medallin, a battle having been won by General Sebastiani, on the preceding day, over the Spaniards under Urbino, at Ciudad Real, in La Mancha. Victor did not follow up his victory by a march upon Lisbon, nor is it likely that he would thereby have accomplished any tangible advantage.

Soult, after brilliant successes over the Spaniards and Portuguese, stormed Oporto on the 29th March, but he also, whose corps had dwindled to thirteen thousand men, no doubt justly considered himself too weak to press farther forward, especially as the Portuguese had at that time received a powerful leader and organizer in the person of Lord Beresford. Soult now occupied a tolerably extended position, with Oporto for a central point, and, devoting himself especially to the restoration of order, became the object of accusations (which, according to Thiers, were by no means groundless) that he was ambitious to possess the crown of Portugal.

Such being the condition of affairs, the new English commander-in-chief, Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed at Lisbon on the 22d April with twenty-five thousand men, and with his advent there steps upon the scene the most dangerous opponent of the French. On the 2d May he moved forward from Leyria with sixteen thousand English and six thousand Portuguese, and on the 12th May, after severe fighting, drove Soult out of Oporto, the latter losing his entire artillery and being compelled to retreat into Spain. Here, however, as Wellesley did not pursue, Soult effected a junction with Ney. Both marshals, who were later joined by Mortier, now sought to hold in check the insurrection in Leon, Galicia, and Asturia, in which they had only partial success. The French were more fortunate in the east, especially in Aragon, under General Suchet, who on the 18th June gained a brilliant victory at Belchite over General Blake. In Catalonia, General Gouvion St. Cyr was enabled, in the beginning of June, to lay siege to the important fortress of Gerona, but the city defended itself for six months in the most valiant manner. St. Cyr, in consequence, fell into disgrace and was superseded by Marshal Augereau, by no means equal in ability to St. Cyr. While under Augereau the capitu-

lation of Gerona was effected on the 10th December. He was soon compelled to give up his command to Marshal Macdonald, who was in turn superseded, in April, 1810, by Suchet. During the entire time Duhesme maintained his position in the important city of Barcelona.

After driving Soult out of Portugal, Wellesley had turned against Victor, and had effected a junction with the Spanish army under Cuesta, the united effective being fifty-three thousand men and one hundred guns. King Joseph increased the strength of Victor's corps to forty-five thousand men. On the 27th and 28th July occurred the celebrated battle of Talavera la Reyna, which Wellesley won, but which can hardly be regarded as decisive, as he soon after drew back to Badajoz, while Soult from the north pressed forward against his left flank. In consequence of these movements the king was enabled to support General Sebastiani against the Spaniards under Venegas, who on the 11th August suffered a heavy reverse at Almonacid. A few months later, in defiance of the express counsel of Wellesley, the Spaniards, unaided and alone, with an army of fifty-two thousand men better organized than before, undertook an attack against Madrid, but were totally defeated on the 17th November at Ocana by twenty-nine thousand French under Soult and Mortier, with the enormous loss of thirty thousand men, including twenty-six thousand prisoners. General Kellermann[3] had also, on the 28th November, gained a signal victory over a Spanish corps at Abba de Tormes.

Yet notwithstanding all the reverses of the Spaniards, the guerrilla warfare, under a number of prominent leaders, such as El Empacinado, El Marquisito, El Pastor, and especially Mina, was prosecuted with the greatest bitterness. Indeed, the reverses of the Spanish troops themselves pre-eminently contributed to the augmentation of these bands. As a consequence the country of course suffered uncommonly. According to the estimate of the well-known German writer Pönitz, the maintaining of these partisan troops entailed upon Spain three times the expense that would have sufficed for a regular army of the same dimensions. On the other hand, great difficulties were thus interposed to the French. Communication was everywhere interrupted or very uncertain, even between Madrid and Bayonne. Only Aragon, under the intelligent and energetic leadership of Suchet, constituted relatively an exception. We see, then, that the result of the campaign of 1809 was emphatically not a favorable one for the French, who in Spain were only masters where they held large masses of troops together, while the English stood unconquered on the Portuguese frontier.

As Napoleon had vanquished Austria in the year 1809, and no new war was in prospect, he was readily enabled to employ all his means for the prosecution of the war in Spain and to take the field in

[3] Marquis of Valmy, a son of the old marshal. He became famous through the effect he exerted upon the battle of Marengo by his cavalry attack.

person. His failure to do this entailed disastrous consequences, and appears now almost incomprehensible. *La foule de raisons* adduced by Thiers: Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise in April, 1810; his quarrels with his brother Louis; the secret underhand negotiations with England, which had been entered into through Fouché (the extraordinary character of which, as they are alleged to have proposed the partition of Spain between Joseph and Ferdinand VII., and the erection of the Spanish colonies as a kingdom under Louis XVIII., may well cause us to doubt whether they were ever seriously entertained or discussed), which, as well as his wonderful activity at the head of the government, required his presence in Paris; finally, his antipathy to grappling in person with the indispensable necessities of the Spanish war, which, unlike others in which he had engaged, could not be brought to an end by a few brilliant victories, as well as his confidence in the tried military skill and energy of Masséna,—all these, considering the great importance of this war, are grounds which are hardly tenable, and if they be really the true ones, they show how greatly Napoleon was blinded and self-deceived.

With regard to the conflicting forces, Thiers, who is certainly not inclined to overestimate the strength of the French, relates that Napoleon, after the peace of Vienna, 14th October, 1809, had sent one hundred and fifty thousand men to Spain, bringing his armies up to four hundred thousand men. But, as shown by the result, even this enormous number was in no sense sufficient. After deducting a high sick-rate, and the innumerable detachments demanded to cope with the insurrection, there remained, according to Napoleon's own admission, scarcely half the number to be employed in the principal operations.

The French had to contend with two factors on the peninsula,—on the one hand the insurrection, prosecuted by regular armies and guerrilla bands, on the other, a small but otherwise rather formidable English army under a distinguished leader, supported by a powerful naval armament. It may be admitted that either of these factors alone would have been wanting in relative importance. The English, unaided by the insurrection, had no prospect of enduring success, while the latter betrayed, by its division into parties and by its highly incompetent management, the need of an energetic head, such as the English possessed in Wellesley. The expulsion of the French by either without the co-operation of the other was certainly not to be counted on. In their operations against the English three strategical points were of especial importance to the French,—Lisbon, with its great depot, the chief seaport of the English; Cadiz, where the latter had already landed two thousand men, and could readily land more; and Valencia, also well suitable for a landing-place, and an important middle station with reference to Malta and Sicily. Of these three points, Lisbon and Cadiz were long fruitlessly besieged by the French, and it was not

until January, 1812, that Valencia succumbed, after the brilliant campaign of Suchet.

Napoleon judiciously recognized the importance, at the outstart of the campaign of 1810, of driving the English at Lisbon into the sea. To accomplish this,—to speak in general terms,—ten thousand men were to operate from the north and seventy thousand men from the centre against Lisbon. But this plan was materially modified upon the representations of the king and his adviser, Soult, who urgently recommended the employment of the seventy thousand men last named for an expedition to Andalusia and Cadiz. This plan also seemed to promise great advantage, and the fortunate issue of it, which shortly followed, greatly raised the king in public estimation. The catastrophe of Baylen was to a certain extent revenged upon the spot; with Seville the seat of the Central Junta, the actual capital of the insurrection fell into the hands of the French; and as to Cadiz, its importance had certainly not been overestimated. On the other hand, the apprehensions excited by the growing rebellion in the southern provinces demanded a new division of the forces, although Napoleon thought that for this purpose forty thousand men might be spared a little later, leaving to be employed against Lisbon thirty thousand men, who, with the powerful army of the north, might well be considered a match for twenty-five thousand English. We shall see how fallacious these calculations proved to have been.

In the beginning of January the king passed the Sierra Morena with three columns,—Marshal Victor to the right, General Sebastiani to the left, and Marshal Mortier in the centre, the latter by Baylen. In spite of mines and other almost insuperable obstacles, which made especially of the pass of Despena Perros[4] a veritable bugbear, the passes, badly defended by what remained of the Spanish army after the battle of Ocana, were everywhere forced with great gallantry. On the 20th January the entire French army stood on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, from Bacza to Cordova. Instead of now advancing forthwith with united forces and the greatest energy upon the main objective, Cadiz, the army, according to Thiers, upon the advice of Soult,[5] was again divided.

General Sebastiani pressed forward by Jaën, Granada, to Malaga, and possessed himself of this important post on the 5th February. Mortier, in Estremadura, advanced to Badajoz and, having no siege artillery, unavailingly called upon this formidable fortress to surrender.

[4] The most dangerous pass of the Sierra Morena. The name dates from the Moorish times, and signifies "Throw down the dogs."

[5] According to Thiers, Soult said to the king, "Répondez-moi de Seville et je vous réponds de Cadiz." Thiers, the bitter opponent of Soult in the Chambers, invariably, it must be remarked, seeks to detract from the reputation of Soult, especially with reference to Waterloo. As to the last, Thiers is, however, flatly contradicted by Charras and Chesnay.

He finally occupied a strong position at Lerana. Victor, after an insignificant defense, occupied Seville. Into this city the king made an entry with great pomp on the 1st February, celebrated peace festivals, and made especial efforts to win over the populace. The Central Junta, many of the inhabitants of the upper classes, and the Spanish troops had already fled to Cadiz, which city now became the seat of the insurgent government. It should be remarked that the Central Junta was soon replaced by a regency, which called upon the entire Spanish cortes to assemble in Cadiz in the spring. The insurrection thus gained a legal status.

Although Cadiz was not very strongly fortified, its position rendered it difficult of access, and it had naturally easy communication with the sea. In the first panic which possessed its defenders it is quite likely that its capture might have been effected, but the favorable moment had passed, and they soon regained their courage. The garrison consisted of twenty-one thousand men, regular soldiers, and included, it should be specially remembered, four thousand English. The regency also soon turned over the chief command to the English general, Sir James Graham. Cadiz was then unavailingly besieged by the French with the most praiseworthy endurance, but with totally inefficient means, for two and a half years, from 7th February, 1810, to 15th August, 1812. By the king's command, Marshal Ney, moreover, attempted the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo (11th February), and General Suchet that of Valencia (5th March), but both failed for the same reasons as Mortier's attempt upon Badajoz.

The emperor now manifested the highest displeasure at the results heretofore attained by the campaign. He especially made complaints to his brother of weakness against the Spaniards, and of favoritism towards them at the expense of the French troops. The unnatural tendencies of the Napoleonic system are none the less conspicuous in Spain than elsewhere. The vassal-kings, as Louis in Holland, Joseph in Spain, and Murat in Naples, involuntarily became representatives of the interests of their respective nations. Napoleon formally deprived King Joseph of the chief command of the French troops, and demanded as indemnity for the expenses of the war all the country to the north of the Ebro, which necessitated the absolute transfer of the control of affairs, untrammeled by the Spanish government, to the generals there stationed. It must be borne in mind that in the years 1810 and 1811 the Napoleonic power had risen to its greatest elevation. We find at this time not only the exercise of the greatest moral and material power, with reference to the police, the press, and commerce, but also the sway of absolutism in the course pursued towards the states composing the confederation of the Rhine, the absorption of Holland in July, of the Canton Wallis in November, of Oldenburg and the Hanse towns in December, 1810. These transac-

tions evidence with peculiar force the climax to which despotism had reached in its utter disregard of justice and right.

With reference to the campaign, Napoleon determined that Soult should retain the command over the army of Andalusia, should hold the conquered provinces in check, and should besiege Badajoz as well as Cadiz. Not until after the capture of the fortress of Badajoz was he to turn against Lisbon. The command of the northern army was conferred upon Marshal Masséna (22d April). He was to take the fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, and then to push forward against Lisbon from the north. The generals in the provinces of the Ebro were also to reduce the many strong and important fortresses, and thus prepare for the march upon Valencia. Here Suchet soon received the supreme command. Of the three leaders he alone was fortunate. After a long succession of really brilliant successes, he captured Valencia on the 12th January, 1812, whereby the actual subjugation of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia may be regarded to have been finally accomplished.[6]

The army of Andalusia was so occupied with the insurrection and the siege of Cadiz that it was not until the 26th January, 1811, that Soult was enabled to undertake the siege of Badajoz after the capture, eight days before, of the neighboring town of Olivenza. On the 20th February the Spanish army under Mendizabal was badly defeated, and on the 10th March Badajoz succumbed.

Marshal Masséna[7] had in the mean time (in the beginning of May,

[6] Suchet defeated O'Donnel at Margalet on the 24th April, captured Lerida on the 14th May, Mequinenza on the 8th June, 1810, Tortosa on the 2d January, 1811, stormed San Filipe de Baloguer on the 8th January, Taragona on the 26th January, Mont Serrat on the 24th July, captured Oropesa on the 11th November, and Murviedro on the 26th October, 1811, having the preceding day decisively defeated the army under General Blake.

[7] Masséna was born at Nice 6th May, 1758. The son of poor parents, he was for a short time ship's boy. In 1775 he entered the French regiment "Royal Italien," and in 1789 was discharged as sergeant. Soon after he entered the army of the revolution, became general of division in December, 1793, field-marshal in 1804, Duke of Rivoli in 1807, and Prince of Essling in 1809. In the fall of 1807 he had the misfortune to have an eye shot out by Berthier while on the chase. Masséna took part in all the wars of the times, and greatly distinguished himself in 1796 and 1797 in Italy, in 1799 in Switzerland, where he defeated the Russian General Korsakow in the so-called second battle of Zürich on the 25th and 26th September (a most important victory, rich in results), in 1800 at the siege of Genoa, in 1809 at Ebelsberg on the 3d May, and at Aspern and Essling on the 21st and 22d May. Masséna had peculiarly the reputation of being an energetic and fortunate general. The soldiers called him *L'enfant gâté de la victoire*,—"The spoiled child of victory." With Napoleon personally he stood high, and was on that account selected as commander-in-chief. Thiers maintains that Masséna accepted the command with reluctance, and promised himself but poor success in the campaign. Masséna's exterior produced an unfavorable impression. In the words of Thiers, "Avec trop peu d'appareil, sans cette hauteur d'attitude qui impose aux hommes." He was a great high-liver. "S'il avait la vigueur du commandement, il n'en avait pas la

1810) arrived at Salamanca, and at once recognized the difficulties of the situation and the deficiency of his means for carrying on the war. He had under his special command three corps,—the Sixth Corps (Ney), the Second Corps (Reynier), all well-tried soldiers, the Eighth Corps (Junot), on the other hand, consisting mostly of new formations, and six thousand good cavalry under General Montbriun,—in all barely seventy thousand men, instead of ninety thousand which had been promised him by the emperor. These troops were all badly provided. They had lived from hand to mouth; there were no magazines; all material had to be supplied anew, and money was withal very scarce. However excellent the troops of Ney and Reynier were in battle, their discipline had undoubtedly suffered by the method in which the Spanish war had necessarily been conducted. The corps commanders, especially Ney and Junot, were rather reluctant subordinates. Both believed they had claims to the chief command, Ney by reason of his personal great fame, Junot, it is true, with less show of justice, as he had already been tried as commander-in-chief in Portugal.[8] At the most Masséna could not count upon more than from fifty-five to sixty thousand men for his march into Portugal, for at the outstart, by express command of the emperor, he was to take two strong fortresses, in each of which he would have to leave garrisons. With all this there was a high sick-rate (in Junot's corps nearly twenty per cent.), and the many detachments further impaired his strength. But were from fifty-five to sixty thousand men sufficient against a strong English-Portuguese army in a rebellious country, the nature of which everywhere offered the strongest positions for defense? Masséna at once developed the most extraordinary activity in the establishing of magazines, the creation of a siege-train, and in attention to all the minutiæ of transportation and supply. The Spanish fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo and the Portuguese fortress of Almeida were, moreover, each, after a brave defense of five weeks, compelled to capitulate by the Sixth Corps under Ney, the former on the 10th July, the latter on the 28th August. At Almeida on the 27th August, the day before the capitulation, the principal magazine had exploded. An English division under General Crawford had been beaten there on the 24th July. No further efforts were made to relieve either of these fortresses by Wellington, who, with the bulk of his forces, was at Visen. This occasioned great bitterness among the Spaniards and Portuguese. As an instance of this it may be men-

dignité, suivi d'un entourage fâcheux et notamment d'une courtisane." He was, moreover, pre-eminent among all French marshals for avarice, which is saying much. He had already been publicly reprimanded by Napoleon for his system of robbery and plunder in Italy in 1805.

[8] Junot by no means regarded as a discredit the highly honorable capitulation of Cintra. Shortly before, on the 10th April, he had, moreover, captured the strong fortress of Astorga.

tioned that after the fall of Almeida the Twenty-fourth Portuguese Regiment to a man deserted, with all its officers, to the French.

On the 16th September Masséna, with fifty-six thousand men and one hundred guns,—the utmost strength that could be made available, —and with rations for sixteen days, commenced his invasion of Portugal by the way of Pinhal and Calorico. Junot commanded the right wing, Reynier the left wing, and Ney the centre. The French found the country depopulated beyond all expectation and the roads wretched. On the 19th September Masséna reached Viseu, and now determined to press forward on the right bank of the Mendejo to Coimbra, to gain there the great highway which leads from Oporto to Lisbon.

At Busaco, however, he found the English under Wellington in a strong position, blocking his progress.

As regards the latter, they had, with the exception of a short interval after the peace of Amiens (27th March, 1802), uninterruptedly contended until the French revolution in its various phases and consequences, principally by the employment of their vast pecuniary resources and through their naval power. The insignificant land forces had played but an unimportant part in the first wars. In the year 1808, indeed, an English army had delivered Portugal from the French, but the undertaking had come to an unfortunate end with the embarkation at Coruna.

In the year 1809 two land expeditions were equipped towards the support of Austria. The larger, forty thousand men under Lord Chatham, who did but little honor to his illustrious name, was intended to operate against Holland, and landed in July on the isle of Walcheren. The English had placed great hopes in this expedition, which proved, however, a total failure, and ended in a truly lamentable manner. Decimated by the climate, the English were compelled, in December, to betake themselves again to their vessels, without having accomplished more than the fruitless capture of the little fort of Vlieszingen (26th August). The other expedition, as already mentioned, had the second time delivered Portugal and beaten the French at Talavera. It was commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley, who later, as Duke of Wellington, attained such renown. This title was conferred upon him in England after the battle of Talavera.[9]

[9] Wellington, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, of Ciudad Rodrigo and of Vittoria, Prince of Waterloo, Marquis of Duero and of Torres Vedras, Count of Vimeira, and Viscount of Talavera, was born 6th May, 1769, at Dungan Castle, Ireland, the fifth son of a noble Englishman, the Count of Mornington. Educated at the military school of Angers, France, he became ensign in 1787, by purchase lieutenant-colonel in 1793, in the Dutch war colonel in 1795, major-general in 1803, lieutenant-general in 1807, and after the battle of Vittoria, in 1813, field-marshal. In 1797 he went to India, where he remained eight years and laid the first foundations of the fame which he later acquired. He especially distinguished himself there in the war with Tippoo Saïb, notably at the storming of Seringapatam, 3d

Wellington after this battle had retired to Badajoz, and, after the entry of the French into Andalusia, had even retreated across the Portuguese frontier. This long inactivity has been much censured, and at first sight seems incomprehensible. The true reason is no doubt to be found in the want of understanding and co-operation with the Spaniards. From the beginning the English had complained of bad management. The easy-going Spaniards thought these complaints groundless and laughable. John Bull was certainly not a very amiable guest, and the Spaniards further counted him a heretic. The Spanish generals, none too much in unison with one another, regarded a subordination to Wellington as in the highest degree distasteful, although the latter had been appointed captain-general of all the Spanish forces. At Talavera they had rendered poor support. After this battle, owing to the premature retreat of Cuesta, the wounded English fell into the hands of the French. This created great bitterness, and it has even been sought to make this an explanation for the massacre perpetrated by the English at the storming of Badajoz (5th April, 1812). The Spaniards, moreover, against the counsel of Wellington, gave battle at Ocana, and in consequence suffered a terrible reverse. Thus it is

May, 1799 (where Tippoo fell), and in the engagements with the Mahrattis from 1801–1803. In 1807 he commanded the land forces sent against Copenhagen, and in 1808 a division in Portugal. Owing to the capitulation of Cintra, to which he had been a signatory, he was court-martialed but acquitted. Conspicuous among the noted acts with which his name is associated are the brilliant victories of Salamanca on the 21st July, 1812, and of Vittoria on the 21st June, 1813.

A sort of hero-worship similar to that entertained by the French towards Napoleon is indulged by the English with reference to Wellington, if with vastly less justification. Undoubtedly, Wellington possessed great qualities as a leader and an imperturbable equanimity in danger, an extraordinarily sharp eye for tactical relations, especially to detect every point of exposure of the enemy, and an uncommon pertinacity in the carrying out of his strategical plans, in which he was at all times guided by high political considerations. On the other hand, through his methodical slowness and caution many excellent tactical advantages were either wholly or partially neglected, and when we view his cold indifference we are not surprised that on emergency he utterly lacked the moral power to electrify the masses. He never succeeded in bringing his Peninsular allies to the point of implicit confidence in his leadership. And yet for this war he was certainly the proper man, and contributed most to the expulsion of the French. As to the war of 1815, this is more calculated to impair the reputation of Wellington as a strategist than to add to it; for in Flanders the obstacles to rapid movements which existed in Spain were not to be contended with, and the many negligences in the war of 1815 which are to be exclusively attributed to the English commander strike us most forcibly, quite independently of the consideration that in his character as representative of the egotistical English political ideas he must be regarded as having been to a certain extent trammeled. His character, always praised by the English as having been remarkably straightforward and honorable, has been in later times the object of considerable animadversion. His conduct towards his Prussian companions in arms, both before and after the battle of Waterloo, is certainly open to the severest criticism, and his report upon the battle cannot be regarded as either generous or impartial.

not to be wondered at that the English commander placed no confidence in the official Spanish conduct of the war, and looked no more than in a general sort of way for support through the insurrection of the Spanish people.

Wellington was, however, influenced by the political state of Europe and by English policy in the adoption of his system, under no circumstances to enter upon any undertaking the success of which could be regarded as in the least degree doubtful. He carried out this system with determined tenacity, and finally attained the most brilliant results.

In England much discouragement was felt after the peace of Vienna and the unfortunate Walcheren expedition. The enormous expenses of war and the cessation of commerce also produced a decided impression. Then came Napoleon's marriage with the Austrian princess, the absorption of Holland, etc. The opposition, favorable to peace, became clamorous. The sympathies of the Prince of Wales also tended in that direction, and there was every probability that his father, George III., whose mind was affected, would soon have to be relieved of the cares of the kingly office. In the following year the prince actually became regent. The Tory ministry, whose chief support was Wellington's oldest brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, thus maintained itself only with the greatest difficulty, and the secret negotiations with France, before referred to, were broken off. But the English ministry and people were forced to admit that all hope rested with the army in Portugal, and that Napoleon could now employ against this all his enormous power under his personal unequaled leadership.

All these reasons early induced Wellington to establish a secure asylum for his troops in Portugal.

Thus there came into existence the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, which had been commenced as early as October, 1809.

Rigel is of opinion, no doubt with truth, that in all modern history there has never been a stronger fortification, nor a fortified camp of such vast dimensions, embracing some seven hundred and seventy-five square miles. It might also be added that up to that time intrenchments had never exerted so far-reaching and decisive an influence. The idea was not a new one. As early as the year 1799 a French engineer, named Vincent, had prepared a plan. This formed the basis of Wellington's intrenchments, extended in a colossal manner. Lisbon, it will be remembered, lies at the point of the peninsula formed by the Tajo (the Portuguese call the river "Tejo") with the sea. The aim was, by intrenchments, to convert this peninsula—a highly difficult, mountainous region, traversed by but few narrow roads—into an enormous citadel impregnable to the French, and to intrust to it the hope of successfully withstanding the preponderance of power of Napoleon on the continent. Her absolute mastership at sea, with the expenditure

of such vast sums of money as England alone could make available, contributed abundance of supplies. Even forage, hydraulically compressed, came from England. A powerful transport-fleet secured the embarkation of the troops in case of utmost need, and a turning of the position, in view of the breadth of the Tajo at its mouth and the naval power of the English, appeared impossible.

The intrenchments consisted of three lines, of which the outer two completely cut off the peninsula. The outermost line extended from Aljandra on the Tajo by Torres Vedras to the north of the little river Zezandra (Thiers says "Zizambre"), as far as the sea. It was distant from Lisbon from twenty-five to thirty miles, extended in a direct line twenty-five miles, and in actual length of parapet some thirty-five miles, and consisted of seventy works, with three hundred and nineteen guns and a garrison of nineteen thousand men. The second and stronger line extended from Quintilla (southward towards the mouth of the Tajo) to the entrance of the creek Lorenzo into the sea, was distant from Lisbon from fifteen to twenty miles, was twenty miles long, and contained sixty-nine works with two hundred and twenty guns and a garrison of fifteen thousand five hundred men. The third line consisted of thirteen works with ninety-four guns and a garrison of five thousand four hundred men, mostly English marines. It was ten thousand feet long, supported by two old forts,—San Julian and Majas,—formed on the coast a ring open towards the sea, and was intended to cover the embarkation of the troops. It was very properly laid out some five miles distant from Lisbon, Wellington desiring to be independent of the populous capital should this extreme necessity arise. On the left bank of the Tajo only some insignificant works were erected, notably, a reserve place of embarkation for a division at Setubal. On the right bank the works were everywhere suited to the favorable nature of the ground; were of the greatest diversity in point of size and extent; were in part closed, in part open; many mounted fifty guns, others but six; in a few the thickness at the breast-height was but six to eight feet, while some were revetted with the strongest masonry; the ditches were at least fifteen feet wide and ten feet deep. In the outermost line, at the most accessible point, Mount Acrasso, forming a natural obstacle to the approach to the sea and the Tajo, a powerful citadel had been built, the capture of which would have necessitated a regular siege. The second line, as already remarked, was still stronger than the first; and here, also, the most accessible point, the pass of Buccellas, had been most powerfully fortified.

All these works had suitable communications, so that reinforcements could readily be dispatched wherever needed. At all important points places of arms had been provided, and the English naval signals constituted a great practical advantage. Permanent garrisons were established, consisting principally of Portuguese, partly even of militia,

leaving the best troops of the line available for every emergency. Although these lines were not all in a state of completion upon the arrival of the French, work upon them was continued without interruption, and the nature of the ground, excavations, inundations, and obstacles of every kind contributed to render them wellnigh impregnable. The position of the enemy, especially from Mount Acrasso, was everywhere exposed, and demonstrations from that quarter were attended, on that account, with almost insuperable difficulty, while the movements of the garrisons remained concealed. With all this, Wellington had ordered a general devastation of the country. This, however, was only partially carried out by the inhabitants; otherwise the French certainly would not have been able to maintain themselves in Portugal as long as they did.

Thus these remarkable fortifications seemed fully to satisfy their purpose, especially as there was at hand an abundant force for their defense. Wellington's effective, the allegations of the English to the contrary notwithstanding, was numerically considerably superior to that of the French. It consisted at the outstart of twenty-five thousand English and thirty thousand Portuguese (the latter, in part, commanded by English officers, and single regiments being distributed to the various English brigades), and twenty-two thousand Portuguese militia. These were later reinforced by eight thousand Spaniards under La Romana (he died at Lisbon on the 18th January, 1811), various important additions and new formations, so that a respectable German author names the entire effective within the lines in November, 1810, as one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty thousand men, more than half composed of troops of the line. As regards the value of these troops, the English—the flower of the army—were troops of the line, possessing the well-known qualities of the English soldier: energy in attack, *sang-froid*, and determined endurance in defense. They were, however, a little too heavy and unwieldy, and too dependent upon the commissariat. With them are included the troops of the legion, who, though not equaling the remainder in the qualities referred to, were superior in point of sobriety and nobility. The Portuguese were also quite good soldiers. Under the leadership of a renowned German warrior, the Count of Lippe-Schamburg,[10] they had already demonstrated, some fifty years before, that they could readily be developed into a capital force. Moderate in their physical requirements, inured to hardships, they were pre-eminently excellent on the march. Finally, the militia was very well adapted to its em-

[10] Born in London, 1728; an excellent artillery general in the Seven Years' War under Ferdinand v. Braunschweig. He was called by Pombal, in 1762, to organize the Portuguese troops and lead them against the Spaniards. Later he founded the celebrated Academy for Officers, one of whose scholars was Scharnhorst (Wilhelmstein).

ployment behind the intrenchments. A highly remarkable circumstance ought also to be mentioned,—one which seems almost incredible, but which is unanimously confirmed by all sources,—namely, that Masséna knew nothing of the existence of the lines until he stood before them.

Impetuously attacking the English who advanced to meet him at Busaco, on the 27th September, Masséna was nevertheless compelled to draw back with a loss of six thousand men, and it almost seemed as if his advance must come to an end then and there. Fortunately, General Montbriun found a poor mountain road, which turned the position of Busaco to the right, and led by Bojalva to Coimbra. By some unaccountable oversight Wellington, who was certainly well acquainted with the ground, had omitted to garrison or to observe this road, by which Masséna forced his way to Coimbra, reaching it on the 29th September, and finding considerable supplies. Wellington then retired behind the lines, having been pursued by Masséna by the way of Pombal and Leyria. Masséna unhesitatingly believed that the English would take to their vessels at Lisbon; nor did he recognize his great error until, from Alemquer, he for the first time beheld the formidable intrenchments. Careful reconnoissances seem to have brought him the conviction that his force was insufficient to overpower the position of his adversary. He never made a regular attack.

A sort of truce between the principal armies now set in, while, on the other hand, in the rear of the French, the guerrilla warfare, under the English commanders Wilson and Trent and the Portuguese Silveira, was prosecuted with great vigor. It then became necessary to relieve several thousand Frenchmen, who had been left behind at Coimbra, and finally all communication with Spain, not to speak of France, was so absolutely cut off that Masséna remained without advices for months.

He had placed his three corps as close to the lines and as well covered as possible, and had also thrown up strong intrenchments. Yet his right wing (Junot), opposite to Torres Vedras, was much exposed, and necessarily remained passive, especially as Wellington, for some unaccountable reason, neglected to attack. The French, on their part, made the most strenuous efforts to secure supplies. This led to a system of robbery, whereby the country suffered immensely. In the middle of November, however, Masséna, through absolute want of subsistence, was forced to take up a position farther back, behind the Rio Major, by Santaram, Thomar, and Leyria, with headquarters at Torres Novas. Wellington did not press forward very energetically, though he seems to have thought that the French were about to evacuate Portugal. As soon as he observed that they again came to a stand, and that they covered their positions by intrenchments, he held aloof from every further attack. He allowed his troops to retire in part behind the lines, and

in part to move into cantonments on the two banks of the Tajo. Of course, with the naval resources of the English, communication between the two banks was not very difficult. The English headquarters were at Cartaxo.

On the 10th November, Masséna had sent General Fay, a very shrewd and able officer, to Paris, to enlighten the emperor as to the hopeless situation of the army, and to demand the reinforcements which were so imperatively necessary. Fay was certainly the right man for this purpose. Personally much liked by Napoleon, he possessed tact and the gift of eloquence to a high degree. But no practical advantage came from this mission. Thiers, always quick to praise Napoleon, explains that on the one hand the emperor had entertained illusions with regard to this war, and, on the other, that he was then already so much occupied with his plans against Russia as to postpone to these all other considerations. As formerly remarked, it was the time when the fame and power of the imperator had reached its highest point. The pertinence of his own reflection, that "his destiny must be fulfilled," to which he had given expression in referring to Russia, commences at this time to strike us with especial force. At the very time when Napoleon, upon his advance, made the first notable halt (at Wilna), Wellington gained the brilliant victory of Salamanca (21st July, 1812). As, after the dreadful catastrophe which had fallen upon the conqueror like an unparalleled judgment of God, it became necessary to withdraw the best troops from Spain, Wellington gained, almost on the French frontier, the far more brilliant and important victory of Vittoria (21st June, 1813), and at the same time Austria joined the coalition.

Fay returned to Masséna on the 2d February, 1811, and really brought only promises of reinforcements and orders as to the support of Soult,—mere directions, which either could not be carried out at all or only to the smallest extent. And this, when the starved-out and desperate army had indulged hopes of a formidable reinforcement, and above all that the emperor himself would come.

His only considerable reinforcement, some nine to ten thousand men under General Drouet d'Erlon, Masséna had received in the beginning of January, 1811. A short time before, Gardonne's division, amply supplied with provisions and ammunition, had approached the French to within four hours' march, but for some unaccountable reason had turned back,—a tolerably good illustration of the want of a leadership under a single head. Even General Erlon, who commanded the Ninth Corps, was by no means under the supreme command of Masséna. He was only to establish communication with Masséna, who thereafter retained him only with the greatest difficulty. Erlon's other division, under General Claparède, after having won great successes over the guerrillas, had been compelled by orders to return to

Celorico. Masséna received successively a number of small reinforcements, in all barely six thousand men.

A complete truce between the principal armies had again supervened at the close of November, but the continually increasing want of supplies necessitated the greatest efforts on the part of the French. The wonderful energy and skill of General Eble[11] enabled him, with material procured on the spot under great difficulties, not only to throw two bridges over the Zezera, enabling the French to possess themselves of and to maintain themselves at the important place of Punjete, but also to prepare two bridge-trains for the Tajo. It is true these were put to no use; the undertaking appeared too hazardous to Masséna, in view of the breadth of the stream and the presence of the powerful enemy. Nor would the successful crossing have led to tangible benefit, except, perhaps, in the matter of supplies, or in the event of an advance on the part of Soult. On the other hand, it is not so clear why the French made no effort to capture the not very strongly fortified Abrantes, on the right bank of the Tajo. The only reason why this was not done is stated to have been the want of ammunition, and the necessity for the strictest economy in this regard. But, considering the importance of the object, this explanation is barely tenable. Abrantes lay in rear of the French position, had a good bridge over the Tajo, and was the most convenient place of crossing for the enemy. With a little greater activity displayed from the direction of Abrantes, this spot might have become exceedingly dangerous to the French.

At the commencement of March the suffering and want in Masséna's army had become unendurable in an extreme degree. Then came news that the English had received important accessions to their strength from Malta and Sicily. All signs were at hand that Wellington would at last proceed to an attack in earnest.

Masséna no doubt justly believed himself too weak, in his extended position, with his troops decimated by hunger and disease, to sustain such an attack. He had no word from Soult. Thus, on the 5th March, he commenced the retreat towards Spain. With regard to this retreat, it need only be mentioned here that, on the 5th April, the French reached the Portuguese frontier with the not relatively great loss of five to six thousand men, and without leaving behind a single gun. Marshal Ney[12] led the rear-guard in the most valiant manner.

Here it must be again observed that Wellington's excess of caution prevented his vigorously taking advantage of the retreat of the French. The pursuit was carried no farther than the frontier, under the some-

[11] The famed builder of the bridges of the Beresina was born 1755, became captain of artillery in 1790, minister of war in Westphalia in 1807, and inspector-general of artillery in 1812. He died at Königsberg, 2d January, 1818.

[12] Shortly afterwards, however, Ney had a misunderstanding with Masséna, who on that account sent him away from the army.

what singular-sounding pretense of want of provisions on the part of the allied army.

Thus Masséna's troops were early enabled to recuperate. Newly provided and strengthened by the accession of two thousand artillery and cavalry of the Guard, they soon reached a condition calculated to inspire respect. In the beginning of May Masséna, with thirty-eight thousand men, made the attempt to relieve, or at least to revictual, the fortress of Almeida. Wellington opposed him with a superior force (of troops of the line alone some forty-five thousand men) in the position of Fuentes de Onoro, strong both by nature and art. After the heavy assaults of the French on the 3d and 5th May had been repulsed, Masséna relinquished his undertaking. Until the 10th May he remained before the English position, and then retired upon Ciudad Rodrigo. Before that he had, however, sent an order to General Brennier, commandant of Almeida, to blow up the works. A brave soldier, André Tillier, of the 6th Regiment of Chasseurs, brought the order, despite every obstacle, into the fortress, and Brennier carried it out on the night of the 10th to 11th May. He then successfully cut his way out with the garrison.

A few days later Masséna, now fallen into disgrace through his reverses, quitted the army, and was replaced by Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa. Rigel relates that Masséna is said to have carried off from Portugal the sum of eight hundred thousand piastres, the result of unheard-of exactions. It must be confessed that these accusations, if well founded, cannot fail seriously to detract from our estimate of this leader.[13]

In conclusion, let us make a few observations upon the contention about the lines of Torres Vedras. Wellington's methods were crowned with success, and are certainly, in many respects, especially from a political stand-point, worthy of admiration. In this connection his deep penetration, his uncommon perseverance, appear in the strongest light. Yet it may not improperly be urged that he offered only a passive opposition. A decisive result was thus greatly retarded, and the appalling suffering of the country inordinately prolonged. Involuntarily the question suggests itself, whether Wellington, with the means at his disposal, might not have been enabled to inflict a catastrophe upon the French before his lines. And if that were possible, was he justified in hesitating to make the attempt? What security had he that Soult would not move to their support, or, indeed, that the formidable reinforcement which was certainly expected by the French, with the emperor in person in command, would not come? In such an event-

[13] After this Masséna was given no command commensurate with his rank and fame. The 8th Military Division (Mediterranean) cannot be so considered. This he also kept under the Restoration. He took no part during the Hundred Days. He died 4th April, 1817.

uality, was it not of the utmost importance that Masséna's army should first be beaten, if not annihilated? Would it not seem that every possible injury at least should have been done to that army? On the other hand, this passive resistance of Wellington appears to demonstrate the respect in which Masséna and his forces were held.

As regards the total failure of the French expedition, the cause is no doubt to be found in the fact that in the estimates of means for carrying on the war the lines of Torres Vedras, whose existence was not known, were left entirely out of consideration. Under any circumstances one hundred and forty thousand men were insufficient for the conquest of the southern provinces, with Lisbon and Cadiz. It had been better to confine the operations and limit them to a definitive object, of which Lisbon with the English was of the utmost importance. The miserable support rendered to Masséna is explained by the want of an individual leadership, which has been so often commented upon. Out of the Gardonne division, out of the corps of Drouet, out of the Guards, who stood almost inactive at Burgos, and out of the detachments which were continually being sent forward into Spain, it would certainly have been possible to form a compact force of from fifty to sixty thousand men. It must be admitted that even then it is much to be doubted if a decisive result could have been attained, and especially if the disadvantage in respect to the dearth of supplies and the limited means of communication were, under any circumstances, to be overcome. The possession of the other bank of the Tajo, where ample supplies were yet to be found, would certainly have been an indispensable preliminary to success.

Let us now turn to the question, What could Masséna accomplish with the means at his command? Rigel is of opinion that the lines, considering their great extent, might have been forced if Masséna had at once employed for this purpose ten thousand picked men of Ney's corps. But it is exceedingly doubtful if success could have followed this plan when we reflect upon the strength of the position; that demonstrations and surprises were scarcely possible, the French position being everywhere in view; and finally upon the thoroughness and excellence of the English troops, certainly not inferior to the French in fighting capacity. And with his effective combatant force, already so greatly reduced, would Masséna have been justified in this employment of ten thousand of his best troops towards the accomplishment of an object the event of which must have appeared to him so exceedingly doubtful?

Thiers, who in general defends Masséna against many unjust accusations, blames him for not having crossed the Tajo at Punjete. Independently of the danger and difficulty of the undertaking and the necessity for a serious division of his weakened army, this, as formerly remarked, could have been subservient to no purpose, save in the matter

of supplies. An attack upon Lisbon from this side must have appeared purely chimerical to the practiced eye of Masséna.

This brings us to another question: Could the timely appearance of Soult have effected a decision? This must be unequivocally answered in the negative. Even supposing Soult, according to the idea of Napoleon, to have joined Masséna at the timely moment with thirty thousand men, he was absolutely in want of the means for a direct attack upon Lisbon. At the most, he could only have bombarded a portion of the city. Of course this would have been quite annoying to Wellington, yet the character of the latter gives no color to the inference that this would have induced him to effect his embarkation. At all times, the possession of the lines of Torres Vedras could alone decide the conflict. If Masséna were powerless to capture these lines, nothing certainly remained for him to do but what he actually did,—to maintain his position with the greatest endurance, perseverance, and determination, and thus to hold in check a numerous army and a leader of the first rank, such as Wellington was. That he accomplished this during five months, despite the extreme need, despite the murmurings of his starved-out soldiers, and despite the opposition of his generals, is truly remarkable, and certainly did not merit the displeasure of the emperor. No matter how unfavorably the repulsive elements of avarice and slovenliness in Masséna's character may strike us, his excellent qualities as a leader of armies are worthy of the highest recognition.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY MARLINE; OR, NOTES FROM AN AMERICAN MIDSHIPMAN'S "LUCKY BAG."

(Continued from page 487, vol. ix.)

CHAPTER XXII.

ABOUT MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL—AN IRRUPTION OF TERMITES—MR. SHACKLEBAGS GETS SOMETHING IN HIS EYES AND A BLOWING UP—CAN'T GO ON SHORE TILL THE MAINMAST GOES—THE CAPTAIN GETS OUTWITTED BY TWENTY-FOUR MIDSHIPMEN.

I DID not set out with the intention of writing a description of Naples and its environs, nor is it my intention to do so now, but I would have the reader to think that I was not indifferent to the many works of art for which Naples is celebrated, and that I appreciated the beauties of nature which attract the eye, let it look where it may; suffice it to say that I followed the routine laid down in the best received guide-books, and "did up" everything after the most approved fashion. Were I so disposed, I could discourse most learnedly about these matters, but that intelligent chaplain, Mr. Spicy, is coming out with a book, and I have no desire to forestall him.

I must refer those persons who take any interest in the matter to the letters I wrote my respected grandfather about that time; he was kind enough to be pleased with them, and, indeed, paid me the compliment of showing them to those persons who took any interest in my welfare.

A glowing description of the famous Punchinello from my pen also appeared in the *Babylon Tittle-Tattle*, a paper of considerable reputation and some circulation. Its rival, the *Independent Sneak*, severely criticised my composition, and was somewhat indignant at my grandfather for permitting such a silly article to appear in the *Tittle-Tattle;* but the animadversions of Mr. Squint, the editor of the *Independent Sneak*, were dictated by unworthy feelings. He did not hesitate to say

that the *Tittle-Tattle* could only boast of a circulation of one hundred sheets per day, when it was well known that the *Tittle-Tattle* was decidedly the best paper of the two; it possessed one of the best corps of foreign correspondents in the Union, among whom the editor did me the honor to rank me as a shining light.

Had I felt so disposed, I might have made a very interesting work on matters and things in general appertaining to the kingdom of Naples, the most interesting of which would have been the study of the moral and physical condition of the lazzaroni, their liberal sentiments with regard to things that don't belong to them, and their capacity for forming a government of their own on the model of our own glorious republic.

At one time I thought of writing a novel (in the style of the "Last Days of Pompeii"), and proposed to lay the scenes in the "Grotto del Caue," or the "Sibyl's Cave," but on consideration I gave it up. These things are overdone nowadays, and no one cares about reading a novel unless it contains something very spicy. All the twaddle about "hearts and feelings," "concealment like a worm," etc., don't go down with a go-ahead country like ours; they have no time for sentiment, nor any desire to cry, and novels, they say, only burn out candles and bring on the dyspepsia. One reason (I said to myself) why I didn't write on the above subject, was that I saw the pages of a work, written by a brother officer of mine, pasted inside of a trunk that was for sale on Broadway, and my attention was drawn to it by the author himself, who was very *unwisely* leaning over and reading his own productions, heedless of the boy who was bellowing in his ear, "Do you want to buy, sir?" Taking everything into consideration, I think I was sensible in sticking to the narrative of my own adventures, and, as the Italians say, "*Ognum faccia il suo mestiero è farrallo dadovero*," which is a good proverb; but far more to the point is that wherein they say, "*Chi lava la testa dell' assino, butta il tempo è la lisciva.*" I take it for granted my readers understand Italian or I would not quote it.

Of all the foreign ships that visit Naples, and indeed all the ports in the Mediterranean, none are so overrun with visitors as the ships of the United States; the English and French, as a general rule, are very exclusive, though some of the English commanders throw their ships open to visitors as we do. John Bull generally comes to Naples to settle some matter in dispute between him and the somewhat tricky old king who has figured in these pages, and our good progenitor generally brings his Majesty to a proper state of reflection by anchoring two or three ships of the line in front of the palace stairs (on the water side), with a polite intimation of a Paixhan shell for breakfast, or a hot shot at night as a warming-pan. Need it be said that his Majesty generally finds it convenient to apologize. While negotiations are going on ships are not likely to be troubled with visitors, and John Bull escapes many of the

annoyances that Brother Jonathan is subjected to, and is not pestered to death by people of all classes.

I say pestered (knowing that this will not likely be translated into the Italian, like Mrs. "Beecher's toe" was, and that no Italian lady will ever feel indignant as she reads it), for of all the pests in the world the greatest is a crowd of Neapolitans on board of a ship. If they come by the hundreds even, or at stated hours, there might be some toleration, and I can compare them to nothing else but an irruption of the termites, little white ants that suddenly make their appearance among the West India Islands, overrunning and destroying everything they come in contact with. If anything, they are more desirable friends than the Neapolitans, as they clean up everything over which they pass, and have been known to leave nothing but the clean-picked bones of a sick person who was caught in bed; the Neapolitans, on the contrary, stick daggers into the heart of an old first lieutenant by littering the decks, smuggling grog to the sailors, and leaving a smell of garlic sufficient to knock down an albatross on the wing.

I have seen as many as ten thousand on board during the course of twenty-four hours, poking their inquisitive noses into every hole and corner of the ship, and taking liberties with us plain republicans that they would not venture on on board of a European vessel of war. There the crown, that symbol of "might makes right," stares them in the face on their first entrance to the quarter-deck, and the sight of it exercises so wholesome an influence they don't seem to forget where they are.

With us, however, there is no spot so sacred but they will intrude; the captain gives up his cabin, while the steward locks up his silver spoons; the lieutenants, if they would be private, retire to their hot little state-rooms and suffocate over a candle, while the midshipmen, who live (as it is styled) "in the country," are driven away from their shady retreats and sequestered groves to the open road, where they are hustled about by fat old women and sleek-looking friars, or grim-looking schoolmasters with a score of equally grim-looking scholars at their heels.

I well remember, the day after our arrival, when we sat down to dine at the usual hour of twelve, our dinner that day consisted of "salt horse" and bean soup and a famous dish of macaroni, got up in Scantling's best style,—the side dishes it will be unnecessary to allude to; suffice it that we were doing ample justice to the fare before us, and even Mr. O'Classics pronounced the "pae soap" to be the best he had ever eaten, and was stowing it away as if he was bound on the tour of Europe with the expectation of being back by sunset.

Crowds began to flock in from the berth-deck, where they had been witnessing the surprising efforts of Jack to stow away the good things provided for him by his good old "Uncle Sam"; and one old lady

carried, wrapped up in her cotton handkerchief, a huge hunk of duff (sufficient to swamp a yawl-boat), presented to her by some benevolent sailors, who thought, perhaps, that she required ballast to keep her in trim; another held a piece of salt beef wrapped up in brown paper, and one or two little fellows were trying to break their teeth on some huge biscuit that had been furnished them gratis from the bread-bags.

"A' queste sono gli uffiozali," said the first-mentioned old lady, "mangiano macarone."

"È curioso davvero," said an old fellow, leaning over the table, and with an eye-glass looking into the soup-tureen.

"Mamma," said one of the little fellows, "mangiano manteca gli uffiziali?"

"Manteca," said the old lady, "mangiano tutte le cose che son buone; queste Americani son richi come principi, ce molto oro in America, sono bravo gente, tanto polito. Mangia macarone, eccellenza?" she said, addressing O'Classics.

"Faix, no, marm; there's nothing mangy about it, at all,—it's pae soap," said the teacher, "and devilish good at that. Wan't you thry a few, marm?" And with that he handed her, in gallant style, a plateful and a spoon, and the old lady fell to with an appetite that would have done credit to a quarryman.

"O Giacomo," she said, looking at the old fellow, "gusta de questa; è veramento saporoso, veramento ste Americane sono milordi, I Francesi e gli Inglesi non han zoppa come este." The old fellow took a mouthful, and, shaking his head approvingly, said, "Ésta gente sono bravo davvero, e mangiano roba buena."

"Mamma," said the little fellows, "darrime un pochetino."

"Sst, sst, sta sodo quaglione non vedi che esta roba e per i uffiziali, solamente, e como son polito?" said the old lady, swallowing spoonful after spoonful, while her dear Giacomo was putting down two to her one.

"Ah," said O'Classics, "the lazy roony don't 'av' such soap as that iviry day, auld leddy, I'll bet sexpance."

"Si, signore," said the old one, who had heard the word lazzaroni (pronounced in Irish, to be sure), "abbiamo multi lazzaroni in Napoli, molti, moltissimi."

"A gli uffiziali Americani, sono brava gente," said old Giacomo, patting the teacher on the back, and he made a sign at the same time with his spoon at the macaroni dish.

"An' is it macky roony ye'd be afther 'atin'? Wal, help yoursel', auld boy, an' ye may be fond of it for me, but divil a bit it comes up to the stapple comodity 'av' auld Ireland, the blissed pretaty, ony how."

With that permission, in went the spoon, and the contents of the macaroni dish disappeared down the old fellow's throat.

"Ah, Giovanima," he said, "che buono. Gustato. Ah! queste Amer-

icani sono davvero brave," and Madame Giovanimi dipped in her spoon, and soon used up what remained of the macaroni.

"Ah, ye'r divils at macky roony, an' no mestik," said the Irishman. "Giv' the leddy a glass of water, Scantlin', to wash it down wid;" but she declined, and as the crowd began to assemble, she bundled up her duff and piece of salt horse, and, wishing us a "bon giorno," took her leave, with her dear Giacomo and the little ones.

Now on, on come the termites, and the same scene is gone over again; the "pae soap" is among the things that were, and the macaroni and salt horse have vanished,

"Leaving not a wrack behind;"

the bread-bag is laid under contribution, and the termites stow the bread away in very deep pockets, and even in their hats, and one old fellow, who could not succeed in getting near the table, reached over and secured a cucumber-pickle, which he stowed away in his vest-pocket, and for fear some one should rob him of his treasure, he buttoned his coat up tight, and kept his hand on the sacred spot.

At last there was nothing more to offer, but there they stood, looking at us as if we were wild beasts, scarcely speaking, until an old hag came rushing in from the berth-deck, misery depicted in her countenance, singing out, "Nikolaki! Nikolaki! oh, mio figlio, mio Nikolaki! oh, dov'e Nikolaki! ho perduto Nikolaki! oh, Nikolaki e perduto!"

"Che Nikolaki," said an indignant Italian; "per che veniti a seccarci con Nikola? non vedete che questi sono tutti uffiziali?"

"Nikolaki!" screamed the old thing, "ah, mi povero Nikolaki!" and seeing the teacher looking at her in rather a benevolent manner, she laid hold of his arm, and, with the most imploring countenance, asked him, "Signore, l'aveto veduto il mio figlio Nikolaki? Oh, Nikolaki! Nikolaki!"

Had Mr. O'Classics been addressed in Latin he would have been at home, but he had not been long enough in the country to learn more than two words,—one was macky roony and the other was lazy roony. He looked a little puzzled at first, but at last the idea struck him.

"Faix, an' I hav' it now, gentlemen: the poor woman's a starvin', and she'd be afther 'atin' somethin', an' she thinks she'd like to hav' some Nikolaki. I say, Mr. Scantlin', is ther' ony in the mess? for may d'the cat fly away wid me if I know what she manes!"

"Oh, Nikolaki! Nikolaki! dov'e sta, Nikolaki!" shouted the old woman. "Mio figlio Nikolaki! Nikolaki! Nikolaki!"

"Oh, tunder and blazes, old woman! Divil a bit must ye make that noise here," said the kind-hearted Irishman; "for if Mr. Barnacles (that auld gintlemin, marm, wid a wart on his nose) should hear tell ye, he'd whap ye as sure as ye'r a lazy roony."

Nevertheless, the old hag continued to sing out, "Nikolaki! Nikolaki! oh, mio figlio Nikolaki!" and was joined by half a dozen others of her family, who sang Nikolaki in chorus.

At last it was discovered that Nikolaki was the old woman's son, who had been lost in the crowd, and after shouting for him in the hold and spar- and main-decks, she finally came to the conclusion that he had been boiled in the coppers by "gli infami Americani" and made soup of. She carried off the crowd with her, who, no doubt, deeply sympathized with her at the tragical end of her beloved Nikolaki, and one old fellow, who could not get near the table, was heard to affirm that "gli Americani sono Republicani infame, y gli Francese y gli Inglese sono bravo gente."

Thus it was, day after day, all the time we were anchored in the Bay of Naples, and at last, when it had ceased to amuse us, we determined to put a stop to it. We complained to "the auld gintlemin wid a wart on his nose," and asked for a sentry to keep our apartments clear; but that was out of the question, and we were told to bear it patiently, as it would only be for two or three weeks longer. Oh, heavens, thought we, all the Punchinellos and San Carloses in the world would not compensate us for what we underwent, so we determined to clear the termites out on our own hook.

It is astonishing how fertile midshipmen are in expedients when necessity or other circumstances call forth their powers of invention. Miserable is the fate of any poor wretch who comes within the circle of their displeasure, and even a captain or first lieutenant, with all their power to inflict punishment, can't do otherwise than quail before a well-arranged system of annoyance on the part of the midshipmen. How unenviable then must be the fate of a greenhorn or a spooney who falls into their clutches. Mr. O'Classics about hit it when he said, "Arrah, macky roony and lazy roony, if the divils of midshipmates 'av' got hauld av ye, ye'd better be afther saying yer prayers at onst. May the cat fly away wid ye, but ye'd betther kape in yer own climate!" But as the Italians did not understand Mr. O'Classics' brogue, they did not profit by the advice.

I recollect on one occasion the twenty-four worthies who comprised the different messes went to work deliberately and with one concerted will to annoy the captain, and well they succeeded, for the point in question was never raised again after that trial of midshipmen's skill in circumvention. It's a good story and worth telling, and if you will excuse the digression, my good fellow, I will relate it.

Captain Marvellous had taken it into his head, all at once, that the sun was not properly cared for by that amiable and distinguished luminary of science, Mr. Shacklebags, or else he wished to instruct the young gentlemen in the rudiments of navigation, which instruction the aforesaid young gentlemen had made up their minds not to receive. He

accordingly issued an order that they should repair to the quarter-deck every day at seven bells, and then and there proceed to bring down the sun's image to the horizon, whence the latitude would be ascertained at twelve o'clock, and the "Thunderboom's" position be accurately known.

Now just imagine twenty-four midshipmen going on deck at one time to take the sun. I wonder that Old Sol would venture to shine under such circumstances, and I think it likely that he would have declined doing so had the twenty-four midshipmen been obliged to comply with the captain's order, but, fortunately for the sun, they got off.

The first thing they did was to make out twenty-four requisitions on Mr. Shacklebags' department for twenty-four quadrants, to the great horror of that amiable person, who had never heard of such a thing in his life, and he had been in the service, man and boy, forty-four years. He had but three sextants in the ship altogether, and one of those was of no use. "Good heavens!" said Shacklebags (more excited than he had ever been known to be before), "I can't possibly supply you, gentlemen, with twenty-four quadrants, 'cause I ain't got none 'cept what I'm a usin'." We showed him the captain's order, "that we should all go up at seven bells and take the sun." "Sure enough," said Shacklebags; "how kin you take the sun without nary thing to do it with?" And he, poor soul, sent in for the captain's approval the requisition for twenty-four quadrants, to be bought at the first port. What he got in consequence of that rash act you may be sure he kept to himself, but some one did hear the captain tell him that he should not go on shore until the mainmast went, and poor Shacklebags knew that such an event would not take place until the ship went home, and he had made arrangements already to have a glorious time at the first port. The captain not only refused to approve our requisitions, which we considered an arbitrary display of despotism, but he ordered that we should be roused up every day at seven bells, quadrants or no quadrants, to look at the master take the sun, if we could not do it ourselves. "I'll work 'em up," said the aforesaid captain, in the hearing of old black Konkshell, his steward; but that old nigger shook his head very mysteriously, and said to himself, "Betta leff 'em be, Massa Capen, betta leff 'em alone, 'cause dey're a werry wexin' set, and no mistake, leastwise de midshipen wos in de mos' ob de ships I done sail in. Betta lef 'em alone, sar; dey is werry aggrawatin', sir, werry." Unfortunately for the captain's peace of mind, he did not hear his old steward's remark, or he might have saved himself some trouble.

There were among the twenty-four midshipmen only two old quadrants, supposed to have belonged to the "Bonhomme Richard," of Paul Jones's time, and they had for many years been laid upon the shelf as useless.

That worthy gentleman, Mr. Shacklebags, had no sooner fixed him-

self on the horse-block when these two old quadrants were industriously brought to bear upon him in such a manner that the reflection of the sun from the horizon-glass was continually playing on the retina of his eye, and so annoyed him that he saw nothing but little spots on the sun's image. He thought there must be something wrong about the sun. He rubbed his eye, and then his glasses, and squared himself off to give the sun "fits"; but just as he congratulated himself on getting the reflected luminary in a proper position, those two old quadrants of the "Bonhomme Richard" were brought on his top-lights, and he was all adrift again.

Poor old Shacklebags! How he rubbed his eyes and burnished his glasses again; but it was of no use, the enemy was too strong for him, and the "Serapis" was not worse riddled by the "Bonhomme Richard's" shot than he was by the "Bonhomme Richard's" quadrants. He was blinded completely, without having the least idea that there were two quadrants on each side of him, illuminating his face until it looked like sunrise. That fertile mind of his was so busily at work inventing a new kind of glass that would defy the sun's rays altogether that he never thought of looking to see what the midshipmen were doing. He immediately built up a theory of his own, and he wondered that Sir Isaac Newton (of whom he was a great admirer) had never thought of it before him. He concluded that portions of the sun's surface were becoming fused, and that the vitrified parts acted as heliotropes and threw a stronger light on the retina of the eye than it could bear. He entered into a long calculation, by which he proved satisfactorily (to himself) that such a reflector must be ten million six hundred thousand miles in area, and that the light must travel six hundred thousand miles per second. Electricity was a mere circumstance compared with it.

Thinking perhaps that his sextant might have been deranged, he ran below to get another; but the twenty-four were as hard-hearted as a thirty-two-pounder: they went below also, and reappeared with innumerable small pieces of looking-glass, with which they opened such a fire on old Shacklebags that the two old quadrants of the "Bonhomme Richard" sank into insignificance, and the vitrified spots seemed to the master to have increased very much since he left the deck, so much so that he was heard to exclaim, "God bless me, but the sun is melting up!" That day (and do I live to chronicle it?) Shacklebags sent in his reckoning with a remark, "No observation at noon, sun in a state of fusion."

How different was it with the two old quadrants of the "Bonhomme Richard." They sent in the latitude "observed," and the rest of the twenty-four copied after them. That day twenty-four neat little *billet-doux* were laid on the captain's table, folded up in various shapes, cocked-hat fashion, squares, stars, and octagonal; and it would have

puzzled the great magician Blitz himself to have opened them without damage to the envelope.

The captain was really furious with the master for not getting the sun at twelve o'clock, and had the heartlessness to ridicule his theory to his face, and insinuated that Mr. Shacklebags had something else in his eye besides vitrified spots. Picking up the twenty-four *billet-doux*, "Look here, sir," he said, "all the midshipmen even have caught the sun, and you, a master, could not get it. Get out of my cabin, sir, you are not worth your salt!" And with that poor old Shacklebags went below and sadly contemplated the initials (of a certain young woman) that were arranged with hooks and thimbles over his looking-glass.

The captain being more out of humor than usual, was disposed to find fault with everything; he suddenly cast his eye over the twenty-four *billet-doux*, and calling to "Konk," bade that respectable colored "pusson" to go below and inform the midshipmen that he wanted no more colored paper sent in to him, and that hereafter they must send in their day's work on cartridge-paper, which was quite good enough for midshipmen; moreover, they were to send in their reports done up in official form, and he wanted no more cocked hats, squares, stars, or octagonals.

That was nuts for the twenty-four. Down sat they all and made out separate requisitions for ten quires of cartridge-paper, one bottle of ink, one bunch of quills, one penknife, one slate, and one pencil. "Oh, heavens!" said Shacklebags, when he found the requisitions lying on the table, "who ever heard of such a thing as serving out two hundred and fifty quires of cartridge-paper, unless they were going into action?" But he sent it in to the captain, as in duty bound, for his approval, and that gentleman cut it down to one sheet apiece, and one bottle of ink for all, and nothing more. There was no mistake, he exhibited a great deal of meanness on the occasion, and was severely talked about when the twenty-four were in caucus.

The next day, when seven bells struck, the twenty-four were on deck, backing the two old quadrants of the "Bonhomme Richard," and poor old Shacklebags was more bothered than ever with the vitrified spots on the sun,—he was fairly blinded, and tears ran down over the end of his nose like water over the Falls of Niagara. It was no go, he could not get an observation, and again, with the sun shining out fair, he sent in his dead reckoning with the additional remark, "No observation at noon, spots on the sun densely vitrified."

At 12.30 twenty-four official documents (two feet long and one foot wide) were laid on the captain's table, each one announcing the latitude observed, and differing considerably from the dead reckoning; but the captain was in a great rage at finding that each one had expended his entire sheet of cartridge-paper, and there was another requisition for a bottle of ink, the first one having rolled off the table; the master was

sent for, and received such a "blowing up" that even old Konk pronounced it "mizzable hard doin's," and poor old Shacklebags went down into the cable tier, and was not seen until next morning.

The midshipmen were all sent for into the cabin, and after a severe lecture about their wasteful extravagance, were told that they might go to the devil their own way, and that he, Captain Marvellous, washed his hands of us. "As to your day's work, gentlemen," he said, "don't send me any more of 'em; and get out of my cabin, I never want to lay eyes on any one of you again. Konk," he said, "see that my cook don't ever make anything for the midshipmen again when they have visitors, and don't lend 'em my two decanters and the tin dish-covers, which they are in the habit of borrowing. I wish they were all overboard, they will worry my life out of me."

"Yes, sar," said Konk. "I tought you find 'em a werry aggrawatin' set, sar; dey is alwis so, sar, at leastwise dey alwis is on dem ship on which I done hab sail in. I ain't done lent 'em de dish-cobers, sar, for dis long time, 'cause dey ax me to lend 'em two pound of sugar, and I tought dey wos gittin' too big for dar briches, sar."

"Shut your mouth, you old nigger!" said the captain, "and don't offer any of your observations until they are called for."

"Yes, sar," said Konk, and thus the affair ended; but after that the masthead was frequently adorned with the young gentlemen's persons; but with a novel or two, however, and a lunch in their pockets, they found it preferable to learning navigation, which they looked upon as a useless branch of their profession.

(To be continued.)

NASAL GLEET (OZÆNA) AND GLANDERS (EQUINA) IN ARMY ANIMALS—ARMY VETERINARY MATTERS GENERALLY.

OZÆNA, or nasal gleet, vulgarly termed "running from the nose," arises from at least thirty different causes, to be hereafter alluded to. In army animals, the cast-iron rule of tying them on the line for so many hours daily, irrespective of atmospheric conditions, is its most fruitful source, producing catarrh, inflammation, and other respiratory troubles in winter, and sunstroke, brain and eye diseases in summer. For its other bad results I will refer my readers to the popular and common-sense work entitled "Stable Management and Hygiene," by that gifted cavalry commander and scientific veterinarian, Colonel Sir Francis Fitzwygram, Baronet, M.R.C.V.S., and late commanding officer of the Fifteenth Hussars.

Equitation, equine conformation; stable management and hygiene; dietary, the analysis and relative nutritive value of the various foods; the anatomy of the horse, more particularly of his foot; the principles of veterinary medicine, surgery, and shoeing, form very important items in the education of the European military cadet. In these highly necessary and important subjects the United States army officer is simply in the hands of his more practical subordinates, and very frequently indeed to his dismay, disadvantage, chagrin, and confusion, and often inadvertently hearing that well-known, inelegant, but very expressive army phrase, "He is only a shavetail; what can he know about such things?" and there are few things more calculated to lower a superior in the estimation of an inferior than the issue of orders relative to matters of every-day occurrence which will not stand practical test. Fire-arms and artillery are studied minutely, their relative weights, range, diameter, length, breadth, elevation; in fact, their thorough mechanism. Now artillery are utterly dependent upon, and useless without, their motive-power, viz.: horses to transport them from place to place in advance, retreat, marching, counter-marching, etc. Again, the cavalryman is dependent on his horse, and more or less helpless and utterly useless for cavalry purposes unless mounted; infantry, engineers, transport corps, in fact, every integral part of an army is

dependent on animals. Is it in keeping with common sense, public economy, the maintenance of discipline and respect for superiors, to place over all those forces gentlemen who are ignorant of the management or even the simplest knowledge of animals, their value or suitability for certain purposes, their necessities, comforts, surroundings, purchase of forage and animals, good or bad grain, hay, water, causes of diseases, and who don't know when an animal is properly and comfortably bitted, saddled, or harnessed, groomed, fed, or whether a fore shoe is on a hind foot, or *vice versa?* Again, a quartermaster is frequently in charge of thousands of cattle and mules; he is dependent, like his brother-officers, on the practical knowlege of his employés for their feeding and healthy maintenance; in fact, in all subjects relative to the lower animal the United States army officer is helpless, and from time to time this alone must have cost the government millions of dollars directly and indirectly. The school of experience in veterinary matters has indeed been a costly one for the United States War Department.

Nasal gleet is defined as an abnormal discharge from one or both nostrils, accompanied, in the great majority of cases, by symptoms traceable to a given cause, and in this case, where cause and effect are traceable, no great fears need be entertained, as it yields to simple treatment. Fresh air, cold water, clothing, nursing, and attention to hygienic surroundings for a short time removes the cause, and the effect, or nasal discharge, ceases. In the army, "running from the nose" from any cause seems regarded with feelings of absolute dismay, traceable to the absence of trained veterinarians in the service, and the consequent ignorant and empirical ideas emanating from farriers, quacks, and blacksmiths. Let me detail a typical case. An animal in the ordinary course of the many diseases to be hereafter alluded to develops a nasal discharge; the cry "mad dog" is raised; Sergeant Terry O'Flyn, Farrier Mickey Rooney, and Horseshoer Tim Murphy, men of "reputed skill and long experience," now become authorities, and, nothing loath to distinguish themselves, "come to the front, fighting their battles o'er and o'er," give long personal histories, detailing their varied experiences as "horse doctors," and invariably "without losing a single case, sir" (this class of individuals are always ready to cry "glanders" in any animal affected with nasal discharge). A board of officers "sit on the case," and the animal is condemned to be destroyed, a victim to ignorance, empiricism, and superstition, in many cases suffering from a simple disease, easily remedied, the whole proceeding being highly suggestive of that well-known farce "the cat teaching algebra." Army farriers are lamentably ignorant of even the simplest details of their duties. I never met one who could administer a draught or pill without spilling or wasting two-thirds of its contents, or apply a bandage to a limb or poultice a foot that would remain *in situ* two hours; their superfluous energies seem mainly directed to

cursing and abusing their charges, and inventing instruments of torture for their mouths. What is the cause of this sad condition of affairs? The recruit on enlisting volunteered the information that "he drove a cart or worked in a stable;" he is immediately dubbed farrier (ready made), and without the slightest instruction in his duties, of even the simplest or crudest kind, is detailed to a regiment, and assumes the charge and medical treatment of a troop or battery of horses representing the pecuniary value of from ten to twenty thousand dollars' worth of public property. This man, however, will, in a short time, unblushingly declare an animal suffering from simple catarrh to be affected with glanders. To issue such medicines as alcohol, morphia, atropia, quinine, ether, or in fact any drugs except harmless ones, to such men, is simply "throwing pearls to swine," and a waste of public property and endangering the lives of valuable animals. In fact, a recent report on the waste of army veterinary medicines states "that animals were just as efficient when the only drugs issued were bluestone, soft soap, and aloes, and each troop commander acted as his own veterinarian." Comments are needless, I hope. Army horseshoers are recruited similarly to the farrier. He said "he worked in a forge;" in what capacity he is never asked; the more he cuts, mutilates, and destroys the natural foot-structures the better workman he is considered. In fact, the United States army tactics on horseshoeing must have been copied from those of the Roman cavalry at the English invasion; the destructive mutilations of the natural and useful foot-structures and other absurd instructions it teaches are certainly more in keeping with the ancient times just referred to than the ideas of the present enlightened era. He gets two dollars per month extra pay; this amount scarcely repays him for the extra wear and tear of his clothing. His monthly stipend and board is equivalent to about one week's earnings of a horseshoer in the civic capacity. The class of horseshoers in the service may therefore be better imagined than described. Farriers and horseshoers as such are debarred from promotion; I am of opinion, however, that an intelligent farrier or horseshoer requires as much brains, if not more, than the average non-commissioned officer. A few months' rational instructions to those men at the cavalry depot, and before they are assigned to duty with regiments, would repay the trouble and expense ten-thousandfold in their increased efficiency and readiness to adapt themselves to surrounding circumstances, and in the increased efficiency and comfort of the animals they now attempt to assume charge of.

Foundered horses and a few days' campaigning are looked upon as natural coincidences in the United States army. Let us do what a veterinary department would have done years since. There is no such thing as effect without a cause. We will do what the poor foundered victim to ignorance is unable to do, viz., go to the forge. A horse is

brought there to be shod, his foot is seized by that expert in mutilating and destroying that important organ; the clinches are raised or, practically speaking, roughly hammered upwards, and with the pincers that clumsy mass of iron with eight nails, yclept the army shoe, is forcibly and violently wrenched from the foot, generally detaching and bringing with it portions of the hoof; if the poor quadruped tries to protect himself by withdrawing the injured member, he is pounded over the ribs or head with the hammer by the biped; that unnecessary and cruel forge appendage, the knife, is now laid hold of, and with it the horny sole is cut away until it yields to pressure, and frequently bleeds, either result showing clearly that its sensitive structures are exposed (somewhat equivalent to cutting into the quick of the human finger-nail, except the latter has no weight to sustain afterwards); he next removes the bars, and then the buttresses or strongest part of the heels, a process called "opening the heels"; in fact, he removes "the keystone of an archway" by this highly intellectual operation. Having rendered the sole sensitive and tender, the shoe must not lean upon it, but merely on the wall or rim of the hoof, and it is so broad at its branches or heels that it presses against each side of the frog, so that the lateral expansion of the latter is thus prevented. This mass of iron requires eight nails to attach it to the foot, and even then it is not retained in heavy ground, and if the poor animal steps on a stone, what agony he suffers! He starts on his journey; his enormous weight is supported by the rim or wall alone, the mutilated and weakened sole yields under his weight, thus throwing the latter on to the sensitive laminæ within the foot. Converting those highly vascular, sensitive, and tender tissues into weight-bearers, they become elongated, strained, torn, congested, and inflamed, and here we have the true cause of laminitis, or inflammation of the sensitive laminæ, vulgarly dubbed founder. Of course Blacksmith Muldoon attributes the attack to drinking cold water or some other far-fetched, ridiculous reason he had probably learned from his grandsire or dame. Some of my readers will probably be somewhat incredulous when I inform them that the United States cavalry horse is compelled in one hour's trotting or cantering to raise the enormous weight of over twenty-one thousand pounds of iron attached to his feet, known as shoes and nails. Now you will very naturally exclaim, "But the veterinarian should instruct the artisan in the proper principles of shoeing the horse!" If the regiment has that unfortunate appendage, the veterinarian, and he is a wise man and anxious to maintain his self-respect, he will give the shoeing forge and its inmates the widest possible berth; if he must go there according to regulations to instruct the horseshoers and suggests any improvement on the present primitive and destructive method, he is treated as an intruder, probably insulted, and at once referred to that ancient code before alluded to, viz., the United States army tactics on horseshoeing,

and he retires amidst the grins and jeers of derision all around, a sadder and a wiser man. I speak from actual personal experience. A short time since I was ordered to duty with Troop I, Seventh Cavalry, and found the horses' feet in the usual wretched condition. The troop commander, Captain Nowlan (a thorough horseman in every sense of the word), having seen my article "Practical Horseshoeing" in THE UNITED SERVICE, gave me complete control of that department. The troop horseshoer is an intelligent tradesman and willing to learn. I first abolished the drawing-knife, merely using the rasp to lower the shoe surface (the wall and the rim of the sole adjoining it), allowing all the remaining foot-structures to remain perfectly natural, intact, strong, and uninterfered with in the slightest degree, fitted the shoe flat against the sole and wall, and concave on the ground surface, narrowed the shoe from the quarters backwards, thus decreasing its weight by half and allowing plenty of space for lateral frog expansion, and also leaving the bars uninterfered with, the shoe the same height at toe and heel, and fitting to the full circumference of the hoof with a clip and five nails only. Practical results, cracks, brittle hoofs, and contraction, etc., disappeared; less time, labor, and material lost; the men pleased, for their horses move now with ease and confidence; the troop commander highly approves of the change, the horseshoer wishes he had intelligent instructions ten years ago, and the horses' feet speak volumes; what were miserable, wretched, ill-developed members, showing all the "ills the equine foot is heir to," are now solid blocks of horn capable of traveling over any country barefooted, if a shoe should happen to be lost, and all this improvement without the use of the knife or one cent's additional outlay. So much for common sense and allowing the foot-structures to perform their necessary, various, and useful functions, for it must not be forgotten that old Dame Nature is conservative and will endeavor to withdraw any organ or organs whose functions are removed by artificial means, and *vice versa*. The abolition of the farrier's drawing-knife alone would quickly and effectually remove the cause of foundering horses on or off the march. The frog, outer rim of the sole, and the wall are the natural weight-bearers in the barefooted horse. I see no reason that they cannot perform the same functions with proper shoes on. The adoption of the Dunbar and Goodenough systems of horseshoeing and their failure on practical test is familiar to most cavalry officers (Mr. Dunbar borrowed the teachings of an old French quack who lived in the sixteenth century, and styled it "The Dunbar Discovery"). Those systems cost the government at least one hundred thousand dollars and an incalculable amount of money in ruined horseflesh. Nevertheless the present hoof mutilations considered, the necessary preliminaries to the application of the shoe are the remains of those absurd theories which a short practical test proved to be ruinous to the horse's foot.

Let me here present my readers with a verbatim copy of the present ancient and destructive code so frequently alluded to,—viz., "United States Army Tactics on Horseshoeing." "Horses should be at least shod once per month; the length of the hoof indicates the horse needs shoeing rather than the wear of the shoe. In removing raise the clinches first, lest the crust be torn and stubs left in the horn. Pare the sole until it yields under pressure of the thumb. Cut the walls down until they are but little higher than the contiguous sole, taking care to shorten the toe if necessary, it being frequently left too long. Cut away the bars so as to make a gradual slope from the wall to the bottom of the commissures, which must be deepened. Lower and open the heels, taking the bearing off them for at least an inch on each side of the frog, so that the walls at those parts will not be in immediate contact with the shoe when first put on. Pay special attention to the removal of the pegs (the hard horny substance which grows down at the heel at each side of the frog and contiguous to it). These pegs are apt to contract the foot, or make it thrushy, by pinching and narrowing the frog. The frog may be pared to stimulate its growth, and the cleft opened; otherwise, it is left untouched," etc. Such barbarous and ruinous instructions are the results of ignorance, superstition, and empiricism, and must have emanated from some persons ignorant of the anatomical and physiological structures and uses of each organ supplied by nature for certain useful, specific, and necessary purposes to the horse's foot, and not to be ruthlessly butchered and trimmed by that unnecessary and cruel weapon, "the horseshoer's drawing-knife."

Any intelligent bystander, on seeing the operation of shoeing a horse "*à la* Dunbar or Goodenough," will exclaim, "It is cruel, unnatural, and barbarous, and cannot be a success." But my reader remarks, "Surely the government consulted the proper authority on horseshoeing, the veterinarian, before undergoing such a great outlay or adopting such cruel methods and absurd theories?" The government had not a responsible veterinarian in their employment, and, if they had, he was not consulted. But surely a board of officers inquired into the merits of those systems before adoption? Of course they did, and that was just what Messrs. Dunbar and Goodenough were anxious for. "The cat teaching algebra" again.

The Honorable Fernando Wood, chairman of the Military Committee, in opposing the Dunbar claim of twenty-five thousand dollars, stated "that he believed this man's system of horseshoeing, instead of improving the horse's foot, ruined it." Mr. Dunbar got the money by a majority on the vote, and retired, "grinning in his sleeve" at his (pecuniary) success, and nothing has since been heard of himself or his *discovery*.

Let me now allude to that unfortunate hybrid yclept "The Army

Veterinarian." He is honored by the distinctive relative rank of sergeant-major, his pay is less than the post blacksmith, quartermaster's clerks, stable boss, corral-master, or mule-packer, he gets quarters with the rank and file, and boards wherever he can get the necessary subsistence (often a difficult matter at a frontier post), and the less said of his social status the better. Our leading universities, including Harvard, are now graduating veterinarians. This comprises a three-years' course of difficult study in the same subjects and requiring as minute and exact knowledge as in the sister profession, and, also, a pecuniary outlay of at least three thousand dollars. A graduate has a tendency to military glory and applies to the War Office for information, and in reply gets a printed form stating the pay to be seventy-five and one hundred dollars respectively per month for junior and senior, and that the appointment is vested in the regimental commanding officer. Not one word is mentioned in this form as to the relative rank of sergeant-major. He applies to the regimental commanding officer and forwards his sheepskin, *which may be bogus.* Commanding officer cannot be expected to be a judge of veterinary qualifications; he is appointed without the slightest test as to his moral character or professional ability. He joins his regiment, naturally expecting, as a professional man, to be treated as a gentleman. Alas for his military ambition! Now, indeed, his cup of misery and degradation is full to overflowing. He is very probably ordered to room with a non-commissioned officer, must of necessity board with the men. His instructions are disregarded or half performed, his professional suggestions treated with contempt, his treatment countermanded; he simply finds himself a nonentity. He applies for reimbursement of his outlay in joining the regiment, and is informed "that citizens must join at their own expense." Before long he is referred to his position as sergeant-major. Of course he resigns in disgust and disappointment unless detained in the service by some moral weakness, mental aberration, or professional incapacity. From this statement the measure of the army veterinarian may be taken. If he is disabled from service, sickness, violence, or injuries, —to which the nature of his professional duties renders him very liable, —he is simply kicked out of the service to starve or die: he cannot claim even that *dernier ressort,* the Soldiers' Home. The European army veterinarians are commissioned officers, and are treated equally, as to rank, pay, pension, and promotion, as those of the sister profession. Note the result: the average inefficient animals in the English army is less than five per centum. There being no veterinary information of any kind in the United States army, one regiment may use up ten times the number of horses, have a double death-rate, or an extra high number of inefficients without calling for the slightest inquiry into the cause and removing it. I think, however, I am below

the mark when I state the average number of inefficients to be at least twenty per centum, those useless brutes being kept on the returns year after year. This item alone, if remedied, with the waste of veterinary medicine, would ten times over equip a first-class veterinary department. The average veterinarian is a gentleman, and must not be judged by the army specimen, as no graduate with one atom of professional or self-respect will remain in the army unless for reasons before mentioned, the army being merely a *refugium peccatorium* for all the "ne'er-do-wells" and disreputable members to be found in the ranks of the veterinary as well as every other profession, and to all veterinary aspirants to military employment I will quote those well-known words of Dante, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

Let us inquire into this military veterinary question. The English war authorities control about forty thousand animals and employ one hundred and sixty-seven veterinarians, ranking from first lieutenant upwards. Those appointments are eagerly sought after, and only secured by competitive examination; hence the best professional talent is secured for the service. The United States War Department controls about thirty thousand animals, representing the aggregate pecuniary value of about four million dollars' worth of public property. The legal number of veterinarians is fourteen, viz., one to each of the first six and two each to the last four regiments. Artillery animals are not provided with veterinary attendance, neither are quartermasters' stock, with one honorable exception, Veterinarian Halcombe, D.V.S., at Leavenworth, a thorough scientist. This gentleman has not any relative rank or other regimental degradation, being employed by the quartermaster-general. He gets double the regimental pay, otherwise he would not remain one hour in the service. Of the fourteen appointments about fifty per cent. are usually vacant, of the remainder at least four are promoted soldiers, servants, and quacks, and over the remainder (graduates) I will draw that voluminous garment, "the mantle of charity." If they understand their profession and have not the personal drawbacks before alluded to, they quit the service in disgust as soon as possible, as they are simply losing their time and lowering themselves in the estimation of the profession by remaining in the army. But my readers exclaim, "Surely a soldier or servant or quack, without any technical education or training, was not placed in charge of a regiment consisting of about seven hundred valuable animals, or at least without undergoing some test or examination as to his fitness or capability." Of course he underwent an "examination" before being appointed. A board of officers "sat on him." He was never found wanting, and in due course received his appointment. "The cat teaching algebra" again.

Artillery animals are purchased without veterinary examination. My practical experience in this branch of the service is simply *nil*. A

veterinary surgeon sometimes accompanies the cavalry horse-purchase board. My reader will at once see how far his professional skill is likely to be relied upon, United States cavalry remounts reminding me of that juvenile rhyme,

> The long, the short, the great, the small,
> The thick, the thin, the dwarfed, the tall,

and frequently with appendages not included in the term "sound of wind and limb" (see Fernly on "Soundness, Unsoundness, and Equine Conformation"). There are individuals in the army known as horse inspectors and mule inspectors respectively. Their official duties are similar to the contents of a sausage, "a mystery." Their pay is greater than the veterinarian. They are some of the "reputed skill and long experience" class, the latter usually more of a bovine than an equine character, they being frequently recruited from the ranks of Mark Twain's well-known character, "the great American Bullwhacker and Muleskinner."

The darkest cloud precedes the dawn. How soon may the poor, ill-used, under-paid, badly-treated United States army veterinarian expect a bright sunrise on the present black horizon? At the risk of repetition I will again say, directly and indirectly the government suffers a yearly loss in drugs and animals that would ten times told equip a veterinary department. The ill results are daily, ay, hourly, visible, my own experience showing me that among officers their treatment of the veterinary graduate is in direct ratio with their personal knowledge of the horse and his surroundings generally. My intelligent readers, if not already convinced, will perceive by the perusal of the few subsequent pages how much reliance can be placed on the diagnosis, medical treatment, and veterinary examination, etc., of these men of "reputed skill and long experience," more particularly of those affections that are accompanied in their normal course by nasal discharge; for it must not be forgotten that, as a matter of public safety and economy, all such cases should be isolated, and have proper sanitary and hygienic surroundings and skillful medical treatment. But the serious consideration stares us in the face that there is little if any provision for isolating sick animals, which, as a rule, remain in their usual places whilst on the sick report and under treatment. This fact alone, with the difficulty of retaining the services of veterinarians of even average skill, may at any moment cost the government fabulous sums, for cavalry regiments are at present, for long intervals, without that necessary and useful appendage. For example: when Veterinarian Going joined the First Cavalry, in 186–, then in California, he found chronic glanders to have existed among the horses for some time, and it cost the government nearly forty thousand dollars in destroying horses, equipments, buildings, etc., and some

human lives were sacrificed, before this horrible plague was eradicated; and in 1881 the public animals at Leavenworth were saved from a similar outbreak (said to have been introduced there by some horses of the Seventh Cavalry joining the school of application) by its instant diagnosis and the prompt measures adopted by Dr. Halcombe, D.V.S.

Nasal gleet is found generally in all the following diseases, which, as a rule, have each some specific symptom or symptoms peculiar to the disease, and distinct from those of glanders, although glanders can exist without nasal gleet, and *vice versa*. In detailing their symptoms I do not propose to enter into their minute semiology, but to briefly and plainly state their specific and, as a rule, easily observable and distinct symptoms, from those which are the normal characteristics of glanders and farcy. In speaking of the latter disease I allude to a form of glanders, and not to the œdematous effusions seen so frequently in neglected, non-exercised, and starved animals at the lower surface of the abdomen and extremities, and dubbed water-farcy, or farcy, by ignorant farriers, blacksmiths, and empirics. They are as follows: influenza, colds, nasal catarrh, relaxed or inflamed nasal mucous membranes, diseased turbinated and ethmoidal bones, external injuries and fractures, diseases of the facial sinuses, coughs, laryngitis, pharyngitis, diseased, overgrown, and decayed teeth, dental tumors, diphtheria, abscess of the guttural pouches, post-pharyngeal abscess, nasal polypi, strangle, stricture of the œsophagus, impaction of the œsophagus, choking, tracheitis, bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, heaves, epizooty, and other septic diseases in nearly all their various forms, and glanders. It must also be remembered that many septic or zymotic diseases degenerate into glanders owing to improper treatment, neglect, bad hygiene, poor sanitary surroundings, and medical treatment, and this is more particularly the case where the diseased animal is surrounded by a large number of others, thus reducing the cubic space of each individual much below the normal and proper standard, producing all the well-understood bad results (see "Stable Management and Hygiene," alluded to on the first page). The horse, in his wild and natural state, is a cleanly animal, and, on becoming diseased, will immediately and instinctively isolate himself from his companions. Treating a sick horse in the midst of his usual surroundings is dangerous in the highest degree, retards his recovery for many reasons, some of which I have just alluded to, interferes with the necessary rest and repose, the movements of his companions worry and annoy him, would-be horse doctors plague him by their inquisitive attentions, and what he chiefly requires he cannot get while in his usual stall, viz., perfect rest, repose, and quiet, freedom from all annoyances, careful nursing, dieting, and medicinal treatment, good surrounding sanitation, and strict attention to hygiene. Neglect those precautions and you can make a drug-store of

his stomach (and this is what the "reputed skill and long experience" men invariably do) without any beneficial results. How often on first examining a sick horse have I heard the farriers (those gentlemen have a weakness for first trying their own skill before acquainting the veterinarian; frequently the latter is called too late, and of course "he killed the horse," "don't know anything," etc.) say, "I am giving him so and so" (enough medicine for an elephant, mammoth, or mastodon; no wonder the poor overdrugged creature did not improve), "and such and such, and he don't seem to improve," while the poor animal was actually sinking from overdoses of nauseous drugs, want of fresh air, cold water, some clothing, mild feeding, good nursing, etc., and other surroundings so necessary to every sick animal, biped and quadruped.

Influenza, epizooty in all its forms, pink eye, catarrhal fever, scarlatina, typhus fever, and all other zymotic diseases are characterized by the great debility and prostration, sensibility to cold, coughs, congested mucous membrane, increased pulse, and high temperature. The character of the nasal flux is somewhat irregular. Generally, however, it is at first clear, becoming opaque, pale yellow or green. The specific virus is absorbed into the system, and after a latent period locates in some organ or organs, generally the great mucous tract (mucous membrane lines all the internal parts having external communication), increasing their action; hence the nasal discharge, etc. It affects the great nervous centres; hence the great debility, exhaustion, prostration, and remittent fevers; the bowels, liver, lungs, and air-passages are frequently implicated. In scarlatina we find the spotted mucous membrane and skin. Those petechiæ are purple or scarlet color, of various sizes, from that of a pin-head upwards, and differ very much from a glanderous chancre, which is umbilicated in shape, with ragged high edges.

These various diseases are often accompanied by a low type of inflammation involving more or less extensively the organs of circulation and respiration, and occasionally those of digestion and locomotion. Although by no means confined to certain seasons, they are most plentiful in spring and autumn, most prevalent among young and middle-aged horses; old ones, however, are most susceptible to their fatal results. Among its predisposing causes are poor feeding, undue exposure to heat and cold, picketing on the line irrespective of atmospheric conditions, bad ventilation, overcrowding, bad sanitation, hygiene, etc., sudden exposure to draughts, more especially while heated. I have seen for weeks, in hot weather, troops returning from the riding-ring or drill, the latter including three or four charges at full speed, the horses heated and perspiring freely, breathing hurried, etc., the saddles and bridles removed hurriedly, those instruments of torture to the horse, hobbles, attached, and the animals turned loose, heated, sweat-

ing freely, and frequently paying a passing visit to the water-trough while in this highly excited condition.

Pardon my digression while on the subject, Hobbles. Of all the instruments of torture, pain, and injury to the cavalry horse, I believe hobbles "take the cake," to use a homely phrase (alone excepting the present bit. See Dwyer on "Bits and Bridles, Seats and Saddles"). They ruin the gait of any horse, more particularly the animal specially retained for saddle purposes. If he scares or stampedes, they cannot control him; they simply break his neck or limbs by tripping. They chafe and injure the extremely tender, sensitive, and extra thin skin at the back sides of the heels, are an everlasting source of scratches, frequently develop "ring-bone" and ossified lateral cartilages by pinching and inflaming those structures, and a troop is rarely without several lame and crippled animals resulting from their use. If a hobble-chain catches in a snag or stump, the animal is frequently rendered useless. I cannot understand how any person of average intelligence and ordinary observation will continue their use. If a horse must be confined in the use of his limbs (of which I am doubtful, inasmuch as I have been at posts where they were never used), then a soft leather strap with small buckles should be applied to each forefoot and connected. The present abomination, with its metal snaps, cuts into the flesh like a razor, and its size cannot be altered to suit different horses. Under any circumstances, except of course when actually in a hostile country, the leaders only need having their limbs confined, and I question if it is good judgment or practice to hobble even those.

We will resume the original subject. At exercise the skin becomes raised in temperature and perspiration is excited, and there is a rapid passage of blood through the lungs and system in order to maintain animal and organic activity. Now, while in this condition, if the horse be tied to the line, stands heated in a cold, draughty stable, or loiters around, the balance of circulation is disturbed, the cold producing a contracted state of the skin and its vessels. Blood is repelled from the outer surfaces and driven into the internal organs, causing their congestion, a condition but one stage removed from inflammation. Many of us can date an attack of illness from similar causes. We are heated by exercise, and cool off by standing in a draught; then comes a shudder without and a chill within, and in a few hours we have a sore throat and oppressed chest.

Horses, for instance, are changing or preparing to change their coats. The skin has commenced an activity which is arrested or destroyed by the action of the cold or starvation. The horse, with his immense circulatory apparatus, requires at least eight times more cubic space than men. Troop-stables, with their fifty or sixty inmates, with little or no provision for light and proper ingress of fresh air; full of chink-holes, which act as so many flues in forcing draughts directly on the bodies

of the unfortunate inmates; no escape from the dampness and emanations from their natural evacuations; stable-doors frequently open, both ends and side; windows without glass and not one-tenth their proper size; with these surroundings, small indeed is the spark required to kindle disease when influenza or any epidemic or endemic disease prevails. Then, indeed, ill-used nature becomes retributive in the large number of fatalities. Persons frequently imagine that recovery from disease must be insured by medicinal aid. In those septic diseases the whole system is depressed, and the functions of the skin, mucous membranes, and secreting organs impaired or suspended. The first and most important duty here is to get the sick animal into a roomy stall with plenty of straw, without draughts, with clothing and bandages, and plenty of fresh air to allow the circulatory apparatus to work with the least labor. A sick horse repays these attentions by a more rapid and complete convalescence; just as you, my reader, if sick, would appreciate and convalesce quicker in a snug, well-ventilated, comfortable room, with all its usual surroundings, than in a tenement-house, with its overcrowded rooms, noise, bad air, and its one thousand and one disadvantages. To sum up, the general symptoms of those diseases are as follows: they generally are sudden in attack and attended with great weakness, prostration, and stupor, pendent head, half-closed, lustreless eyes, great disinclination to move, inappetance, hot mouth, constipation, scanty urine (high-colored), pulse over sixty beats per minute, and internal temperature by the thermometer 103–7° F.; cough deep and painful; on auscultation, crepitation and hard sounds are heard in the chest; nasal mucous membrane bright-pink, leaden hue, or yellow tinge; extremities hot and cold alternately, or some hot, others cold; the skin tender and sensitive to touch and cold; nasal discharge at first watery and scanty, gradually becomes white, opaque, yellow, or green colored; heavy breathing and painful cough, and sometimes complicated with bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, hydrothorax, pericarditis, and hydropericardium. There may be colicky pains, abdominal tenderness, thirst, coated tongue, yellow mucous membrane, and constipation or diarrhœa if the poison should locate itself in the abdominal organs. The sequelæ to all those diseases in old animals, or those who were not properly treated during the first stages, and had not the proper sanitary surroundings, with hygienic attentions, or whose vitality had been lowered by starvation or overwork previous to the attack, are rheumatism, paralysis, delirium, brain disease, purpura hæmorrhagica, pyæmia, etc., and glanders.

A Few Words on Military Equine Dietary.—Cavalry horses in summer, when they are undergoing hard work at daily drill, are reduced to seven pounds of grain daily, no hay or bedding, with, I presume, the calculation that herding on the prairie for several hours is sufficient to maintain their vitality and strength, as they are supposed to be always

in a state of the highest efficiency for active service. My readers must not imagine a horse and a locomotive are alike, although some people, who ought to know better, treat him as if they thought so, viz., neglect and starve him, and when he is required, pack him with fuel and water, get his steam up, and start full speed. Those theorists ought to test this matter personally in the next Indian campaign. The results are simply a violent death or voluntary suicide in an Indian hostile country for the riders of animals so treated. Let me point out with all due respect where the above calculation proved a total failure practically. I will not allude to names or localities for obvious reasons. As early as July last the prairie surrounding a certain cavalry station was as bare of grass as Fifth Avenue, New York, is. This statement is not exaggerated in the slightest degree. During August and September the poor horses there dragged out a miserable existence on seven pounds of grain daily and the wood-work of their stalls, which was replaced frequently. Their feed-troughs were renewed one evening, and by next morning the poor, starved creatures had eaten them all up. They were again replaced and tinned over to protect them. . These animals were literally skin and bone only, incapable of much exertion, with prominent ribs and bones, staring coats, shallow abdomens, voracious appetites, and lowered vitality. Now here were all the favorable surroundings for the development of glanders or other diseases, and if such took place the fatalities would not be less than fifty per cent. This winter may tell a tale. Certainly they have not sufficient stamina to resist cold, which requires a considerable amount of fatty deposition in order to protect the skin and superficially placed organs from the cold, and thus save the internal vital ones from congestion, inflammation, etc.

The summer ration should be proportioned to the amount of work an animal undergoes, and be increased before winter approaches, for the above-mentioned reasons. In cold weather it consumes the full dietary to maintain the animal heat in our cold, ill-provided troop stables, and therefore the animal ought to be fat before the winter actually sets in. Remember, the horse is not a locomotive. But, says the reader, "Surely the veterinarian, from his special training, is the correct referee, or at least the proper judge of equine dietary, and therefore should have reported this barbarous condition of affairs." Pause, reader, let me state some hard facts, which are proverbially stubborn things. A short time previously the veterinarian in question had under his treatment two lame horses, with the usual instruction to the troop farrier, viz., perfect rest and repose, in order to allow the diseased tissues to recuperate. At the post-prandial whim of an officer, those horses were set loose and to their injury. The veterinarian reported those circumstances in respectful language, and after proper official form. Next day the officer in question indorsed the report as

follows: "I do not know or recognize this man, he being only a citizen." After due course there came this following official reply, verbatim: "The veterinary surgeon is evidently but recently appointed, and must be instructed that it is not within his province to invade the stables and issue orders there." Invade, to enter in a hostile manner; to attack (see Webster). Now the facts are, he did not invade the stable practically or literally. He sauntered there quietly, with his hands in his pockets. Neither did he issue orders, as he had quietly imparted his instructions to the troop farrier. So much for the veterinarian who tries to perform his duties conscientiously. It taught the one in question a lesson he won't forget in a hurry. But, said one highly-intelligent biped, "We can't help reducing the daily ration, the appropriations have been so cut down." Now this reduction of appropriation could never have been intended to lower animals always supposed to be in the highest state of efficiency and good health, ready at a moment's notice to undergo every hardship, hard work, and violent exertion, to a state of starvation, disease, and inability to perform a few hours' light work. I should like to ask President Bergh, S. P. C. A., New York, how long an animal can exist on two daily rations of three and a half pounds of grain each and a limited amount of wood-work slowly and painfully gnawed from off the stall partition and manger, and covered with a coating of lime, filth, iron, tin, etc.

A few words about army horse-stalls. If those contracted contrivances had been suggested by some person wishing to gratify some spiteful feeling against the equine race generally, he could not have limited them more as to size. Surely timber is not so expensive or scarce that two unfortunate quadrupeds must be tied into a space of about seven feet in breadth by eight feet in length, and here is the prison our troop horses spend at least half their lives in. The average troop horse is sixty-four inches in height; now by what numerical or mechanical process can two animals measuring in height combined ten feet and eight inches be crammed into a compartment of about seven feet, and sleep there in comfort and ease, as they ought in a proper stall, for at least eleven hours out of every twenty-four. The present wooden manger is placed in the most tempting and irresistible position for "crib-biting," and to this clumsy contrivance alone this destructive vice is due. The horse eats naturally from the ground, and when his head is lowered, it is then in the most favorable position for the action of the muscles of deglutition. A horse cannot "crib-bite" without catching hold of some object higher than his knees.

The floor surface of the stall is the soil, this acting as a sponge, absorbing and retaining all the fluid animal excretions. The animal lies on his bedding, presses the latter into "the sponge" (the ground); results, dirt, discomfort, uncleanliness, and rheumatism. The animal's feet dig great holes into this floor surface, which requires daily filling

up, so that it is in a soft, moist condition constantly, and the animal lies on a rough, uneven, bad smelling, wet surface. This surface is sloped from before backwards, thus converting the hinder limbs into weight-bearers, an office nature never intended them to perform, except to a very slight degree; results, weakness of the hind legs and quarter, liability to strains, and kidney disease. My reader, did you ever "rough it"? If so, you have slept in a hard, lumpy bed, and stepped on to a hard clay floor in the morning barefooted. Now imagine your discomfort and uneasiness if your bed was of straw only, pressed into uneven, saturated, cold, damp, filthy clay, and sleeping in such a limited space that your companion's extremities, armed with iron shoes, kept moving and kicking you above, below, laterally, in fact, all over the surface of your body, and that you were tied there for twelve hours at a stretch. Do you think you would arise in the morning fresh and feeling good? No; I think you would be more likely to send for the nurse and doctor, and be treated for lung fever, broken bones or ribs, or rheumatism. Oh, but you don't compare a horse to a human being? He is furnished with the same apparatus physically and mentally, and appreciates kindness and comfort quite as much, and has a keener sense of discomfort and filth than many human beings. Now, a floor surface of wood, with a gentle slope from before backwards to carry away fluids, and above this movable slats thicker behind than before, so as to raise the horse's hindquarters slightly, whilst the permanent floor, being sloped backwards, by carrying away the fluids, keeps the stall and bed dry, and the horse stands naturally from behind downwards and forwards, would remedy all these drawbacks at little expense, and repay ten times the expense and trouble in increased comfort and consequent utility of the horse. The animal in pasture and when resting always stands down-hill. "But," says Horseshoer Mulligan, "standing continually on wood will contract his feet." No, Mr. Mulligan, it won't. Abolish your drawing-knife and shoe him naturally and properly, and he can not only stand anywhere and everywhere, but contraction and all other foot-troubles will soon be "gone where the woodbine twineth" (in those never-to-be-forgotten words of the late Colonel Jim Fisk).

Imperfect ventilation and defective drainage are fertile sources of disease. The latter is a greater source of loss to horse-owners than all other causes of disease combined. A deficiency of oxygen, excess of carbonic acid, and a scanty supply of fresh air stint the vital processes, and the gradual accumulation of the ammoniacal products of decomposition of excrementitious matters by which animals are surrounded are almost certain excitants to disease, particularly those of the respiratory organs, and when disease is once excited by such causes a recovery is almost an impossibility until the sufferer is removed from their influence.

Exercise is beneficial and necessary to all animals, but when in

degree or continuance it exceeds what the strength can bear or rest can recruit, the animal functions are exhausted and lose their balance, muscular tone is impaired, nervous excitability takes the place of strength, circulation fails, congestion ensues, the blood is not properly purified, and various organs are on the brink of disease. Hence those animals which do not become thus diseased are prone to succumb and more susceptible to the attacks of any prevailing enzootic or epizootic.

Want of exercise is a frequent cause of disease. The muscular system and circulation of the blood first suffer. The movements become sluggish, sweating is easily induced, swollen legs, sheath, and extremities ensue. The respiration being but little called upon, the decarbonization of the blood is thrown on the liver; hence the accumulation of fat and derangement of that organ, etc. Army animals are frequently for long intervals confined to their stables owing to bad weather, scarcity of men, etc. Horses, to be kept healthy, should be exercised slowly (not run violently and brought back to the stable heated, sweating, panting, and exhausted, as is usually the case) for at least one hour daily. This is actually necessary for healthy maintenance. A corral should be insisted upon where they could be turned loose when unshod in winter, or they should be walked in a cleared space if the snow is deep.

We will again resume the original subject. Laryngitis, pharyngitis, and acute throat affections are characterized by the nose being poked forward (protruded), the head carried stiffly and on a line with the neck. The region of the throat below and somewhat behind the ears is hot, swollen, and painful, cough hard and painful, and the discharge issues from both nostrils and is mixed with masticated food. As the nasal discharge increases, the soreness of the throat and inability to swallow decrease.

Strangles, although usually confined to the young horse, is sometimes seen in the army. It is characterized by the formation of laudable pus in the intermaxillary space. Discharge from both nostrils.

Nasal catarrh is accompanied by sneezing, watery eyes, discharge generally from both nostrils, first clear and watery, gradually becoming opaque, white, and yellowish, and, as a rule, not adhering to the nostril.

In nasal polypi there is a discharge from the affected nostril often tinged with blood during exercise and work, snuffling or distressed breathing when excited, and the tumor can be seen on examination.

Diseased and overgrown teeth and dental tumors: imperfect mastication, quidding the food, oral examination finds foreign bodies in the teeth, fetid breath arising from diseased bone or teeth. This fetor is very repulsive and characteristic.

Diseased facial bones or sinuses: irregular discharges from the affected side, tumefied maxillary glands but loosely attached to the

surrounding tissues, breath generally offensive from diseased bone, face over the affected parts swollen, and the use of the trephine solves all doubt.

Abscess of the guttural pouches: the throat at its junction with the neck is swollen either side or both, nasal discharge thick, creamy, and intermittent, and particularly great in quantity when the animal's head is depressed.

Post-pharyngeal abscess: difficulty of deglutition, oral breathing, food and water returning by the mouth only.

Stricture of the œsophagus, impaction of œsophagus and choking from foreign bodies: attempts to swallow, gulping action of the larynx, spasms of the muscles of the throat and neck, fluids, saliva, etc., returning by the mouth and nose, coughing, shrieking on attempting to swallow, great anxiety of countenance, tremors, violent sweating, and swelling over the seat of impaction.

Bronchitis, pneumonia, and other thoracic diseases: discharge not constantly present and generally rusty color, changing as the disease advances, dependent head, cold extremities, elevation of pulse and temperature, great prostration; the discharge disappears during convalescence.

Heaves, or broken wind: the peculiar inspiratory and peculiar double expiratory action of the abdominal muscles, generally voracious appetite, discharge from both nostrils, which is white and frothy and does not stick to the nostril; abdomen distended.

Glanders and Farcy (*Equina Contagions and Infections*).—A contagious disease may be defined to be a morbid condition of the animal body, induced generally by the operation of a specific virus termed a poison derived from an animal similarly diseased, and communicated either by contact, inoculation, or atmospheric medium. Sometimes, however, contagious diseases originate spontaneously. Some diseases, as rabies in the dog, except in the dog alone, are communicated by inoculation only, but as a general rule contagious diseases are communicated by contact, inoculation, and infection,—that is, by diffusion of the specific material through the air. The contagion or morbific material once developed in the animal organism possesses the property of the formation of an identical material in the body of another animal, whether implanted there by direct inoculation or contact or indirectly through various channels, such as drinking-water or atmospheric medium-infection, and is termed a contagion, morbid poison, materies morbi, specific disease poison, virus, etc., and it is supposed to consist of germs, protoplasm, albuminoid substances in various molecular but undefined conditions, and noxious emanations or gases.

Glanders and farcy are essentially the same disease with somewhat different manifestations. It is defined as a malignant, contagious disease, due to the introduction into the animal economy or of generation

within it of an animal poison which infects the whole system, and shows its specific effects more especially on the Schneiderian or nasal mucous membrane, the lungs, respiratory passages, and upon the lymphatic glands and ducts. Glanders and its variety farcy originate spontaneously in the horse, ass, and mule, and are transmissible to man (in whom the virus seems to increase in malignancy), sheep, goats, dogs, feline species, mice, rats, rabbits. Modern experiments have upset the old theory, and now show that bovines can be successfully inoculated, but so far pigs and fowls resist successfully the action of this contagion even when inoculated.

Glanders is described by Aristotle and Vegetius and in the time of Hippocrates of Cos, and other very early writers, thus showing it to be known in early history under the terms "Morbus humidus, cymoira, captus morbus," etc., and its variety farcy as "Morbus farcimosus, vermis equi, vermis volaticus, farcina equi," etc.

Glanders is a disease of temperate climates, rare in hot and very cold countries. Its contagious nature was for a long time a disputed point. It is now determined beyond question, the only difference of opinion being its capability of originating spontaneously or not, some maintaining that it originates by contagion only, while others (and modern experiments and experience prove them to be right) contend that it originates spontaneously and propagates by contagion and infection. It occurs under at least four forms,—acute glanders, chronic glanders, acute farcy (called vulgarly bud farcy), and chronic farcy (called button farcy).

Causes, though not clearly understood, are often found to arise from many debilitating influences, such as old age, bad food, overwork, exhausting diseases, and general bad management; from specific, miasmatic, or animal poisons, such as are generated in localities where large numbers of horses are congregated together in camps, barracks, large cab and other establishments; even where the stables are well ventilated, lighted, and drained, and where animals are well attended to in every way, but more particularly where stables are ill ventilated, badly drained, dark and foul. Animals when crowded, especially on board ship, are very susceptible to this affection, and Arabs in transporting their horses to India always choose that time of the year when the passage is shortest, lest bad weather might oblige the hatches to be closed, and want of ventilation promote the development of glanders.

Improper stable management is a prolific source of glanders; the air which is necessary to respiration is changed and empoisoned in its passage through the lungs, and a continual fresh supply is necessary for the purifying of the blood and support of life. That supply may be barely sufficient to support life, but not to prevent the vitiated air passing again and again through the lungs and producing irritation, blood-poisoning, and disease. In the expedition to Quiberon horses had not

been long on board when it became necessary to shut down the hatchways for a few hours; the consequences were that some of them were suffocated, and the remainder were all, without exception, when disembarked, either glandered or farcied. In a close stable the air is not only vitiated by being repeatedly breathed, but there are other sources of mischief, viz.: the excrementitious products suffered to remain fermenting and producing noxious and poisonous gases and other emanations. This is more particularly the case in army stables, where animals stand on the soil without drainage; this acts as a sponge for the retention and subsequent release of all the fluid portion of the excreta, the urine lying frequently at the bottom of the holes formed by the animal's feet, and with the bedding forming a seething, filthy, poisonous, acrid gas-producing mass (see preceding pages on army stalls.)

Want of exercise is a cause of glanders; the connection, though not evident at first glance, is too certain. In fact, any and every cause that debilitates the system or lowers the vitality predisposes the animal to its attack. At the termination of the Peninsular war cavalry regiments were decimated by the plague. In our civil war, although the veterinaries employed in the army (every one or any one who got the job and styled themselves veterinaries) stated that glanders did not exist, we have an eminent authority, viz., Dr. Myers, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who proves conclusively that large numbers of animals affected with the disease were auctioned off and dispersed over wide ranges of country to the ruin of thousands of animals who contacted them. New stables, whose walls are said to sweat, are fruitful sources. New stables were inhabited at Hythe, England, and before the walls were dry developed glanders, but when the walls dried it disappeared. It occurs as a sequence to exhaustive and debilitating diseases; more especially if the animal be old or of bad constitution. These causes and a general vitiated condition of the animal may produce glanders: 1st, by causing the introduction into the blood of vitiated or decomposed material generated in the external surroundings of the animal; 2d, by inducing the formation of degenerative material within the animal system; 3d, by preventing the excretion of degraded constituents normally generated within it by various disordered functions, or introduced with it from without. A common forerunner of glanders is the disease known as "diabetes insipidus," or "polyurea." It cannot be said in this disease there is any obstruction to the excretion of degraded tissue; indeed, the case is reversed, it being enormously increased. Now, polyurea is but the result of rapid tissue changes, rapid emaciation being a prominent symptom, with great debility arising from degradation of tissue, and the presence of degraded material within the circulatory fluid. It has been truly said that diabetes, when arising from no assignable cause, is indicative of a general constitutional break-up. Although glanders and farcy are one disease with different manifestations, farcy is more

frequently spontaneously developed than glanders. This circumstance has led some to think that they are different diseases, but direct experiment proves that the virus in either case is identical. Glanderous virus, when inoculated, may produce either glanders or farcy, while pus from a farcy ulcer, when inoculated, may also produce either glanders or farcy, and the common termination of farcy, if the animal survives long enough, is glanders, and of glanders, farcy.

Glanders and its variety, farcy, spontaneously developed, are highly infectious and contagious, and when once introduced into a stable are certain to spread among the horses there located. The specific poison has been introduced into the system both by the skin and mucous membranes. By inserting the virus under the skin with the point of the lancet, by rubbing the excoriated skin of the horse, and by inoculating the mucous membranes, the disease has been produced. With regard to the transmission of the contagium of glanders otherwise than by actual contact opinion seems divided, some writers maintaining that it is impossible to communicate in any one of its forms by compelling healthy animals to inhale the expired air of those suffering from the disease, while others maintain that it is both contagious and infectious. The first opinion, if acted upon in practice, would lead to disastrous results and must not be entertained; for even if we grant that the virus is contained in the discharges from the ulcers, numerous experiments have proved that pus and other organized cells float in the atmosphere, and the specific virus contained in these cells may thus be easily conveyed from one animal to the other. Again, it must not be forgotten that glanders may exist without any external manifestations; that is, without nasal discharge, or farcy ulcers, or chancres; but even in this form it is capable of propagation. Farcied matter introduced into the stomach of the horse has caused glanders, and whatever way the virus may be introduced, once absorbed, it infects the whole blood, as has been proved by the late Professor Coleman, at the Royal Veterinary College, who says, "I have produced the disease by first removing the healthy blood from an ass until the animal was nearly exhausted, and then transferring from a glandered horse blood from his carotid artery into the jugular vein of the ass.. The disease in the ass was rapid and violent in degree, and from this animal I produced by inoculation both glanders and farcy." Professor Coleman also inoculated asses with virus obtained from man; he inoculated two asses with matter taken from the arm of a man laboring under this malady, which resulted from a puncture received while skinning a glandered horse; both asses died of glanders. These experiments have been frequently repeated, and with similar results, by Girard, Hering, and Lablanc. Glanders does not commit one thousandth part of the ravages which it did fifty years ago, and, generally speaking, it is now found where neglect, filth, and want of ventilation exist. This happy change is due to the advance of

veterinary science and its teachings, commencing with those celebrated authors, Tout and Percival. If some persons underrate the danger, it is because the disease may remain unrecognized in the affected horse for months, or even years, and therefore when it does appear it is attributed to other causes, or to after-inoculation. No glandered horse should be allowed to exist, and the public interests demand the instant destruction of animals so affected. It is easy to understand how, accustomed as horses are to be crowded together "like sardines in a box," eating from the same manger and using the same bucket, one diseased animal may communicate it to a crowd. One horse has passed another while snorting and become affected. Some have received the virus from across a road, when a glandered horse in the opposite field has claimed acquaintance by neighing and snorting, and it is almost impossible for an affected horse to remain long in a stable without irreparable mischief.

Hereditary Tendency.—This has not been sufficiently estimated, as there is scarcely a disease which cannot become hereditary. Mr. Dupuy relates some instructive cases. A mare, on dissection, showed the post-mortem appearance of glanders; her filly died of the same disease at six years old. A second and a third mare and their offspring presented the same fatal proof that glanders may be hereditary, although up to this time this matter has not been sufficiently proved, so that it still remains more or less doubtful.

The period of latency or incubation is doubtful, and may extend into a lengthened period under certain circumstances, or, again, the animal may be attacked within three or four days.

Acute Glanders.—Symptoms: the disease, preceded by increased temperature of body, appears suddenly, ushered in by rigors, sometimes of a most persistent character. More commonly the rigors are not so persistent, but they are always more or less observable. Thermometric temperature 105–9° F., breathing accelerated, pulse feeble, rapid, and even dicrotonous, the heart's action palpitating and accompanied by a metallic tinkling. The appetite fails, the pituitary membrane at first dark copper color, with ecchymosed patches of a dark-red hue, becoming purple. The patches are converted into pit-like ulcers, from which issues a sanious discharge. The submaxillary lymphatics enlarge. Other lymphatic glands inflame, enlarge, suppurate, and burst, exposing raw, unhealthy-looking sores, from which issues a more or less ichorous, irritating, purulent material. The eyes are weak; a discharge issues from them. The nostrils are swollen, which impedes their motion in breathing. The respiration is hurried and irregular. The nasal discharge is glutinous, sticking to the nostril, and thus narrowing its orifice. The facial lymphatics form abscesses. The urine is pale, watery, and increased in quality and specific gravity. The emaciation is rapid, and death soon ends the animal's suffering, if not destroyed.

Acute glanders is rapidly fatal, and the post-mortem examination reveals the following lesions: the mucous membrane lining the nasal passages and facial sinuses is violently inflamed and closely covered with numerous crops of pustules and ulcers, from which a purulent or sanious fluid is discharged. In many instances where the disease has been very rapid the inflammation is diffused over the whole surface of the mucous membrane, which then presents one uniform purple or purplish-black hue, its structure being exceedingly soft and friable from degeneration, and it is easily detached from the bone. Now and then it will be found that the nasal bones, the septum nasi, the turbinated and ethmoidal bones are in a state of necrosis, their surfaces bathed with purulent discharge, and separated from the mucous membrane. The intermaxillary glands are congested and surrounded by a yellowish exudate, and their lymphatic ducts are thickened and congested. The lungs in almost every case of glanders, acute or chronic, are more or less inflamed. Now and then the inflammation is diffuse, embracing the whole of one or part of both lungs, while in others it is limited to some of the lobes, and presenting the appearance of a series of tumors and patches of congestion of different sizes and in various stages of development scattered through the lung-tissue. Many of those inflamed spots will be found to contain pus, hence they have been termed tubercles, and the nature of the disease, for this reason, has been laid down as tubercular, and so close is the relationship betwixt tubercle and glanders that the editor of the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* says, "It is in glanders that Villeman thinks he has found the closest marks of analogy with tubercle, not only in its anatomy, but its symptoms and causation. He seems to have been conducted from the study of glanders direct to the inoculation of tubercle. The characteristic lesion of glanders is a small tubercle, which is strewn either in the mucous membranes of the nasal passages or in the lungs, liver, and spleen. At first a grayish-white firm granulation, composed of cells and nuclei apparently developed by hyperplasma of connective tissue, it soon tends to soften centrally and form ulcers on the mucous membranes and cavities of the lungs. Like miliary tubercle, it occurs isolated and in clusters together with this granulation. Streaks and bands of fibrous tissue, as well as patches of cheesy infiltration, are not infrequently met with in the lungs of glandered horses. It is interesting, too, that the same doubts have been raised concerning the real nature of those infiltrations in glanders as well as tubercle. They are regarded by Villeman as one form of glanders, just as in man they are one form of tubercle. As to which is the part primarily affected in glanders, the nasal membrane or the lungs, there is some difference of opinion. Virchow maintains that the deposits in the lungs are always secondary, and by metastasis from the nasal membrane, Phillips and Bouley being convinced by repeated post-mortem examinations that the primary lesions are always in the

viscera, more particularly in the lungs, and the formations in the nasal membrane are invariably secondary. 'If,' say they, 'a horse has "jetage" (nasal discharge) it is already glandered.' It really matters little which part of the body is primarily affected: in either case the analogy with tubercle remains as strong as can be. The intestinal ulceration of tuberculosis—in which we see the counterpart of nasal ulceration of glanders—is more often secondary to the pulmonary disease, but occasionally shows itself before any mischief can be detected in the lungs. Again, glandular enlargement of a severe and persistent kind constitutes an important part of glanders, as it does of tubercle. The mode of invasion is identical in the two diseases,—now acute, foudroyant, destroying life in a few days as by an overwhelming blood-poison; now chronic, so as to last for years. Further, in the chronic form the same recurrence of acute attacks, complicating and adding to chronic mischief, is observed in glanders and tuberculosis. To read a description of chronic glanders is, *mutatis mutandis*, to read an account of chronic phthisis. It is, therefore, not surprising that Dupuy goes so far as to say that glanders is equine tuberculosis. In speaking of the supposed causes of tubercle we propose presently to follow out still further this remarkable thread of resemblance, but for the present it will suffice to say that glanders is transmissible by inoculation and contagious from horse to horse, and that it is unmistakably communicable from horse to man. 'Can we hesitate to believe,' says Villeman, 'that the parallel between tubercle and glanders must here find its completion?' To conclude, glanders and tuberculosis are so closely akin that they must be looked upon as nearly related species of the same genus."—(From *Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine*, vol. lviii.)

The form of pneumonia as seen in glanders is very characteristic. The inflamed part resembles an infiltration, with thrombi in the blood-vessels, gangrenous and emphysematous, of a greenish-black color, and rapidly decomposing after death. The line of termination or demarcation between the healthy and inflamed lung-tissue is very distinct. The tracheal and bronchial mucous membrane is more or less highly inflamed, in some instances covered with petechial spots, or deeply ulcerated and thickly covered with an unhealthy discharge which exhales a gangrenous odor. The changes which occur in lymphatic glands in glanders are characteristic. Those glands, irritated by the specific poison, become congested and enlarged, their cellular elements proliferate more or less rapidly, and are mixed with a citron-colored exudate, which also invades the surrounding connective tissue. In a few days the glands become dense and hard to the touch, more or less lumpy on their surface, and those in the submaxillary space become fixed to the jaw-bone by the inflamed and indurated vessels, which enter their deeper-seated parts.

Chronic Glanders.—In some instances the disease presents itself in

such a mild form that the general health is scarcely affected. There will be a discharge from one or both nostrils, but more frequently from the near or left nostril. The submaxillary lymphatics are swollen and hard. This hardness and swelling are of a remitting nature, very often varying in size in a short period. A horse at night may have a scarcely discoverable swelling, and be found in the morning with a lump under the jaw easily felt and seen, which may again disappear and reappear. This condition may exist previous to nasal discharge. If the nostril be examined it will be found of a paler color than natural, or perhaps copper color, tawny, or dull leaden hue. The discharge from glanders presents a sticky or glue-like appearance, adhering to the nostril, where it dries and accumulates, causing the nostril affected to appear smaller and more contracted than in health. These symptoms, in addition to a weak or debilitated condition of the eye of the affected side, may be all the symptoms present in a chronic case of glanders. In some instances there is nothing but the nasal discharge to lead the veterinarian to suspect anything wrong with the animal, and the diagnosis is consequently very difficult, more particularly if the case is a solitary one; but where glanders is found to exist in a stud, any suspicious symptom becomes at once significant. In many cases of chronic glanders the ulcers or chancres described by some authors are undiscoverable; indeed, in some rare cases chancres are never found before or after death. Another form of glanders is where there is neither nasal discharge, ulceration, nor enlarged glands, but in which all may become present if the animal survives long enough. It is usually known as

Pulmonary Glanders.—The animal is languid, unthrifty, loses flesh, sweats easily, mucous membranes pale, diarrhœa and diabetes is easily induced, there is a dull, dry cough, capricious appetite, hair of mane and tail easily pulled out, legs sometimes very firm, again suddenly œdematous. This state of things may continue for weeks and months, and the animal may die from marasmus and debility without any further symptoms, or suddenly glanders and farcy supervene, and carry the animal off in a few days. If this state of things occurs in a stud already affected, no hesitation need be felt in pronouncing the true character of the disease. Glanders, as more commonly met with, presents the following symptoms: off-feed, rigors, rough coat, may cough, capricious appetite, easily sweats, gluey or starch-like sticky nasal discharge, sometimes blood-tinged, nasal mucous membrane pale and unhealthy, and that from which the discharge proceeds containing one or more pit-like ulcers. Those ulcers are characteristic, being umbilicated, with ragged edges, and enlarged in all directions and confluent; the interspaces are covered with hard, yellowish pimples, which soon ulcerate. The eye of the affected side is weak, and looks smaller than its fellow. The submaxillary lymphatics of the same side enlarge and form a tumor, sometimes single, sometimes lobulated, which is more

or less adherent to the surrounding tissues and which rarely suppurates. These symptoms may remit, but eventually the animal becomes a loathsome object, although he may work for a long time without these symptoms increasing. Mr. Turner, V.S., of London, relates a case which is instructive: his opinion was consulted relative to a mare in good condition, sleek, fat, and in full work, with a slight nasal discharge which had existed some time. Mr. Turner expressed his suspicions, but "a reputed skill and long experience man" bought her. Some months afterwards Mr. T., while examining some horses, discovered two of them glandered and two more farcied, while in their midst was his old acquaintance, the sleek, fat mare with the nasal discharge, who undoubtedly had caused all the mischief. It is strange and unaccountable that where the discharge is in one nostril it almost invariably shows itself in the near or left side. Mr. Dupuy, the principal of the Toulouse Royal Veterinary University, says, "Out of eighty cases of glanders but one had discharge from the right or off nostril." In examining the nostril small shreds of dried mucus must not be mistaken for ulcers, neither must the opening of the nasal orifice of the lachrymal duct, which opens low down in the nostrils.

In all cases of doubt there is one resource, which wears the appearance of cruelty, but which may save a valuable life and many valuable animals at the expense of a worthless one, viz., inoculation. Procure a healthy ass, horse, or mule, reduce the animal's vitality by bleeding largely and purging, then inoculate it with the nasal discharge from the suspected animal. A few days will decide the matter finally, remembering the fact, though the inoculated animal may show symptoms of blood-poisoning from a virus other than glanders or farcy, the specific symptoms of those diseases must be present before the result may be considered conclusive.

Farcy.—Another manifestation of glanders is of two kinds, acute and chronic. Its peculiar symptoms require some explanation to the readers unacquainted with anatomy. The absorbents, or lymphatics, are a set of vessels accompanying in many cases the arteries and veins. Their office is the collection and conveying away the useless and worn-out tissues, as well as some of the food from the stomach and bowels, and conveying it to the blood for renovation, or removal from the system by the organs of excretion. They are very numerous, and have duplicatures of their lining membrane termed valves, so that their contents cannot retrograde, but must continue a forward direction owing to those valves. In discharge of their duty they not only convey away what is useless, but also what would, if allowed to accumulate, become poisonous and destructive. They absorb the virus of glanders, which irritates and inflames them, hence "the corded veins," as they are vulgarly termed. It will be seen that the valves act as collectors of the virus from their shape, which inflames; also, they

become hard and prominent, and are called "button, or bud farcy"; connected by the corded and inflamed lymphatic vessels, "the corded veins." The buttons (inflamed valves) are true chancres, and possess all their characteristics. Sometimes, however, they do not ulcerate. Farcy assumes many forms: a leg suddenly swells, another time it attacks the head, muscles of the neck, withers, thus resembling rheumatism (which frequently precedes equina). Farcy does not long prevail without glanders, which may be looked for at any time during the attack or subsequently to it.

Farcy must not be confounded with what quacks and farriers call water-farcy, which is simply an œdematous condition of the extremities and pendulous parts arising from anæmia, want of exercise, debility, weakness of heart action, want of arterial tenacity, stoppage of the portal circulation, and all debilitating diseases, which, as a rule, is easily remedied.

Acute Farcy occurs from inoculation, infection, as a sequela to exhausting diseases, particularly diabetes, old age, and other debilitating influences. Symptoms: fever, temperature 104–8° F., rigors, inappetence, and swelling of one or more extremities, which manifest themselves by engorgements of a whole limb, presenting an uneven surface, and are remittent, with pain and lameness. When the swelling diminishes, the inflamed lymphatic vessels can be detected forming "buds and cords," which sometimes burst, discharging a thin, purulent, yellowish material, which forms a yellow crust on the ulcer. Those buds are grouped and distant from the articulation. Sometimes farcy manifests as a simple swelling, which suppurates, with "buds and cords." Those ulcers may become numerous on the flexor aspect of the limb.

Again, the attack is preceded by acute rheumatism, swelling of the neck muscles, which may disappear or are metastatic, and this may occur repeatedly before diagnostic farcy signs show themselves, or the seat of pain may be in the chest, simulating pleurodynia or pleurisy, the animal groaning when turned sharply and with a catching inspiration. During their remission and in their intervals the animal's health seems scarcely affected. At length the disease becomes marked; in some instances extreme lameness may continue for some time, and without a traceable cause. Generally, however, farcinous engorgements succeed; but it may be safely stated that equina is so variously manifested as to sometimes mislead the most experienced.

Chronic Farcy.—The local symptoms precede the febrile ones, the thermometric test alone being reliable. The local symptoms are circumscribed inflammatory swellings running along the course of the vessels, which suppurate and burst; "the buds" are connected by "the veins." These "buds" are collected in groups in the thigh, forearm, flank, head, and neck. As the lymphatics run with the veins, it was formerly

believed the latter were the seat of disease. Farcy may be confined to any set of local lymphatics; suppuration rarely occurs, but glanderous symptoms soon appear. Chronic differs from the acute farcy only in its intensity and duration.

Treatment of glandered or farcied animals must be destruction (immediate).

Antiseptic Preventive Treatment.—Where equina appears, in addition to the instant removal and destruction of the affected animals, it is essential to attend to sanitation, hygiene, ventilation, drainage, food, water, cleansing, and disinfection of stables, fittings, harness, and other appurtenances, the destruction of wood-work, buckets, brushes, curry-combs, sponges, sweating-cloths, clothing, bandages, painting of all fixtures and walls with limewashing, and scraping all contaminated surfaces. The whitewash to contain at least one pint of crude carbolic acid to each gallon, and to be plentifully used. Prevent over-crowding, exhaustive work, and all debilitating influences; carefully inspect the food, administering mineral and vegetable tonics, combined with chlorate of potash or hyposulphite of soda. If underground drains run through the stable, stop them several feet outside the building walls, and let the stable drains be on the ground surface, so that the latter can be kept clean, and the former cannot convey any noxious vapors or exhalation into the stable, which they invariably do when so placed. If there are not drains, as in the present cavalry sheds, which allow the urine to gravitate or become a seething, filthy mass, remedy the matter at once, otherwise the disease will not be eradicated without great difficulty, if at all. And, in conclusion, let me add, with regard to army veterinary matters, that wise old saw, "What is everybody's business is no person's business." I trust my intelligent readers will absolve me from any intention of offering the slightest disrespect, either individually or collectively, as I have confined myself strictly to my legitimate professional sphere, although diverging somewhat from the original subject, hoping, by so doing, that it may be the means of alleviating some of the many discomforts, hardships, and diseases of man's most faithful, noble, useful, but, by many degrees, worst-treated servant,—the horse.

M. I. Treacy, M.R.C.V.S.,
Veterinarian Seventh Cavalry.

Fort Totten, Dakota.

TEDDIE TUBBS WITH THE INDIANS.

SOME years ago, while serving with my regiment in the Indian Territory, I was detailed with my company to proceed with a party of Arapahoe Indians on their winter hunt. I say my company, because I was then commanding it, the captain and first lieutenant being absent on leave and detached service, respectively. The Indian party consisted of men, women, and children, numbering nearly two thousand, and with their numerous ponies, innumerable dogs, and multitudinous donkeys,—the latter burdened with camp equipage, lodge-poles, etc.,—they formed a grotesque procession.

My orders directed me to make my camps adjacent to those of the Indians, to see that they were not molested or interfered with, and that liquor was not sold or traded to them by the white traders. I was to move when they moved, and camp where they camped, but if the distance between camps was so great as to be impracticable for cavalry, I was authorized to direct them to halt at my discretion, and complete the journey the following day. Dr. G., A. A. Surgeon U.S.A., and Harry Hawk, interpreter and guide, were assigned to my command; consequently I was not without companionship, as otherwise I should have been, for the line drawn between commissioned officers and enlisted men is distinct and impassable, and without these two really good fellows my trip, as to conversation and sociability, would have been equivalent to solitary confinement.

The first day's march did not exceed eighteen miles, and camp was made on the cottonwood-shaded banks of Wolf Creek, whose waters, for purity and sapphire tint, would compare favorably with the best of our Eastern streams. That evening the principal Indians met in the lodge of one of the sub-chiefs, and a consultation was held regarding the whereabouts of the buffalo. It was finally decided to send three parties, each consisting of two young warriors, in different directions, to explore the country and to rejoin the main party on Elk Creek, where we were to encamp on the third day.

The Indian Territory has been termed "God's own country," and the name is not inappropriate, at least to that portion of it through which we passed. The short buffalo-grass, almost as nutritious as grain, felt like velvet under our feet when we would dismount to gather the delicious

wild plums and grapes of mammoth size that formed a natural hedge to the banks of the winding streams. The country seemed alive with game of every description. Antelope, wild turkey, rabbits, California quail, etc., would simply pause to gaze at us as we passed. Alas! their curiosity often cost them—as it has many who belong to a higher order of animal—their life. The towering cottonwoods marking the course of the different streams and creeks diversified the scenery and lent an air of comfort to the boundless, rolling country stretching far as the eye could reach. I had heard many tales of the severity of winter in this section, but the weather during my whole tour with these Indians, beginning in November and ending in April, was, with the exception of two days, like one long, lovely August day, and during my whole service in that Territory, extending through two years, I failed to see any trace of ice.

On the third day we reached Elk Creek, and found the three exploring-parties awaiting us. They were jubilant over their success. They had discovered several large herds of buffalo within a radius of ten miles, and no white hunters—the *bête noir* of these Indians—had been seen. Through Harry Hawk I learned the chiefs wished to remain on Elk Creek for the present, making there a permanent camp, and sending out hunting-parties therefrom. The situation was delightful, with an abundance of wood, water, and grass, and the wishes of the Indians coincided with mine.

Learning that a hunting-party was to leave camp early next morning, I determined to avail myself of the opportunity to see a real buffalo hunt by real Indians, and as the doctor and Hawk expressed a similar desire, I looked forward to the morrow with much pleasure.

Night was just whispering those beautiful words of Swinburne's and bidding so fruitlessly the morning to "Lie still, O love, lie still," when I was awakened from my slumber by one of the guard, who informed me the Indians were getting ready to start. In fifteen minutes more the party, with the doctor, Hawk, and myself, were on the move. The order of procession was as follows: first, the young warriors who had located the herd; second, several of the sub-chiefs; third, Dr. G., Hawk, and myself; fourth, fifty or sixty warriors of all ages; fifth, squaws leading their husbands' hunting ponies; sixth, squaws leading pack-animals for conveying the meat and robes back to camp.

The dress of these Indians, excepting upon state occasions, is very plain and simple. The men wear a buffalo-robe or a blanket, with a belt fastening it in the centre at the waist, so it can be drawn over the shoulders or allowed to fall down, forming what appears not unlike a double skirt. A bandage of white cloth is worn around the waist, from which falls a piece of the same material, about half a yard wide, both behind and before. This is the inevitable breech-clout. Moccasins, made of buckskin ornamented with beads, and often attached to

leggins, complete the wardrobe of the Arapahoe warrior. Hats are rarely seen. A bandage made of some bright material encircles the head; their long, coarse, black hair is parted in the centre and allowed to fall at will. Their ears are weighed down with different worthless baubles, supplying the place of ear-rings, and in infancy their ears have a large piece cut from them (instead of being pierced) to permit of this additional adornment. Beads are worn around the neck, and a leather bracelet (to prevent the bowstring from hurting them in its recoil) is worn on the wrist. Add to this a rifle, a revolver, a butcher-knife, a bow and a quiver of arrows, and you behold the Arapahoe warrior as he daily appears. The squaws wear a garment honored by the name of gown, which is made of calico, and reaches to the knee, being belted in at the waist. Moccasins, with leggins attached, cover their really small feet, extending to the knee, where the gown is met. The neck, arms, and ears are adorned like the bucks, only more so, and their hair is worn in the same fashion. When wearing a robe or a blanket, it is fastened around the waist and drawn over the head and shoulders at will. As a tribe, these Indians would not receive the prize-medal for either good looks or fine figures, although there were individual exceptions, particularly among the women, that would have compared favorably with any on the continent. The never-failing Roman nose of Fenimore Cooper has been replaced by a proboscis not unlike that stamping the African race, and a majority of the bucks favored this race as regards color. Though muscular, their limbs betrayed no symmetry, and while witnessing some of their athletic sports one would be led to wonder where they kept their biceps. The women are of much lighter color, and as a rule better looking, and, notwithstanding all the manual labor is performed by them, their hands and feet are still small and delicate.

While I have been endeavoring, vainly perhaps, to convey to you some idea of the appearance of the Arapahoes, the hunting-party has made rapid progress, and one of the young warriors, now far in the lead, waving his blanket in a peculiar manner, makes known to the hunters that the herd is near by, and that taking a certain course will bring us to windward of it. As the distance between the hunters and the herd grows less, the bucks divest themselves of all their clothing save the breech-clout, and the superfluous garments are handed to their squaws for safe-keeping, together with the ponies they have been riding, as they now mount the fresh animals their better halves bring up to them.

The old buffalo bull acting as outmost guard has heard a sound he cannot explain; he turns to warn the unsuspecting herd of his not altogether groundless fears, when the whole party of Indians, like one man, give their ponies their head, and sweep down upon the grazing herd. But not grazing now! for, as if by magic, the whole herd be-

comes aware of the danger, and with heads low and tails erect they are bounding over the level plain before them at a much faster rate than their lumbering bodies would lead one to suppose possible. The Indians, dashing up on the flanks of the moving column, pour in their deadly fire. Not waiting to see the result, they urge their ponies on, still firing (sometimes so near that the barrel of the rifle almost rests on the buffalo) as fast as they can load, till their ponies pause from exhaustion, and the skeleton herd is beyond reach of their weapons.

While pursuers and pursued have been thus actively engaged, the squaws have not been idle, for, as the hunt ceases, you find them with their pack-animals already on the field where the dead buffaloes lie. The bucks, returning, ride down along the dead and dying, and point out to their squaws those they have slain, and when the squaw has put her own individual mark upon them, then she begins her part of the hunt, which is skinning, cutting up, and packing. I have seen five hundred buffaloes killed in the above manner, and I have never yet heard a dispute arise owing to a buck having mistaken an animal he had killed. It would seem as if the dead carcass had "a tongue in every wound" that cried, "Pass me not by; you killed me."

The squaws are natural butchers. There is not a miss-cut made in removing the hide, nor is one particle of the animal left for the coyotes that can be in any way utilized by these people. From the sinews lying along the back bone (from which the bowstrings are made) to the horny hoofs (from which is dissolved a kind of gluten for the preparation of the robes), nothing is wasted. No wonder it exasperates these provident people to come upon the carcasses of hundreds of thousands of buffalo, killed yearly by the white hunters for the hides alone. Not even a tongue gone, or a slice from the favorite hump taken. There they lie and rot, the food God provided for them, feeding only the vultures and the wolves; the bones standing as a monument to progressive civilization, and as a reminder that white men are not allowed in the Territory.

It probably seldom occurs to one stepping into a sleigh well furnished with buffalo-robes that much manual labor, real hard work, is required before it reaches the state which entitles it to the name of robe. But had it ever been one's fate to witness the operation in its various stages one would never look upon a robe without recalling the process and feeling tired. Of course, being labor, it falls to the share of the squaws. No warrior must ever disgrace himself by stooping so low. When the animal is killed his work is done, and the remainder is done by the women. The hide—it is not yet a robe—is first carefully removed from the animal, folded as small as its bulkiness will permit, and packed to camp. On arriving it is unfolded, and slits about an inch long, and at intervals of about four inches, are cut as near to the edge as possible.

It is then spread on the ground, hair side down, and a stake driven into each slit. This stretches it to its full capacity while green, and it remains in this position until dry. The following day it is "fleshed"; that is, the squaw goes over it with a knife and cuts off all particles of meat that may have adhered to it. By the next day it is as hard as a board, and then commences the scraping process,—the hide, which is about a quarter of an inch thick, must be reduced to one-twelfth of an inch. This is a very tiresome and difficult task, for the squaw maintains a stooping posture constantly, and great care is necessary to avoid cutting through to the hair. The instrument used is a cow's horn trimmed down, and a small blade, resembling the end of a gouge, is inserted at the base of the horn; this is held in both hands and little chips taken off until the whole surface is of equal thickness. This being completed the squaw gets upon her knees, and with her hands rubs a preparation of brains over the surface thus scraped. She rubs this in until the hair side is thoroughly saturated; when this is dry, a rope or lariat is made fast to the limb of a neighboring tree or to a lodge-pole, with the other end driven into the ground so as to make it perfectly taut, and at an angle of about forty-five degrees; the stakes are then taken out and the hide thrown over the rope, the hair side out, and is there drawn from one side to the other over this rope until it is as soft and pliable as a kid glove, and as it feels not unlike a piece of sheet-iron just prior to this operation, one may imagine the task is a formidable one. After this the hair side is beaten with a stout stick, to raise and separate the hair, and the robe is finished. A squaw usually receives from one dollar to one dollar and a half, in trade, from the traders for one of these robes, which is about equal to fifty and seventy-five cents East. The bucks do not consider it beneath their dignity to trade, so they often condescend to act as disposers of the robes and receivers of the profits. During the five months I spent with these Indians the squaws tanned and sold eighteen thousand buffalo-robes to the traders, and as a fair robe cannot be bought for less than fifteen dollars East, it is evident that some one other than the poor squaw made a handsome percentage.

An army officer, who has had long experience on the plains, has recently published an interesting volume, thoroughly and faithfully describing the Western country, giving much valuable information concerning game and the art of capturing it, and also treating of the characteristics of the various Indian tribes. This officer's experience far exceeds mine, and although his opinion is doubtless most valuable, I question if he has had a better opportunity for judging of the moral character of any tribe of Indians than I had during my tour of duty with the Arapahoes. I was with them continually for five months. I was almost compelled to learn their language, and although one of the most difficult of the Indian dialects to comprehend, I was able

before I left them to understand them and make myself understood. My camp was always close to theirs, and much of my time was spent in their lodges; and while not possessing much rank myself, I was commanding my company and them, and this gave me in their eyes a position of great eminence, and they often appealed to me to settle their grievances.

The author referred to selects this tribe to brand as utterly degraded, and ignorant of every law governing virtue and morality. I have been closely connected with many other tribes of Indians, but I would select the Arapahoe above all other tribes as having more self-respect and clearer ideas of right and wrong. They are (what other tribes are not) governed to some extent by conscience, and their own laws are rigorously enforced and the penalties for disobedience strictly paid. So jealous are they of the reputation of the women of the tribe, that if there be one among them who has been unfortunate enough to acquire the reputation of being what we would call "fast," she is immediately directed to remove her lodge from their village and pitch it at a certain distance from the camp limits. She is not cast off and left unprotected, neither is she debarred from traveling with the main party when they should move, but she is socially ostracized. She has no associates, and the situation of her lodge shows at a glance the difference in her standing. When I joined these Indians but two lodges were situated as above described, nor had the number increased to three when I left them, and as they are quick and merciless in the enforcement of this law, it certainly redounds to the credit of the Arapahoe women, whom this author indiscriminately brands. I can more fully illustrate the watchfulness of the warriors over every movement made by the squaws by relating an incident which tended very considerably to disturb my equanimity for a time.

Among others who used my tent as a kind of half-way house, or loafing-place, was a young squaw, who, from respect to her complexion, I will call Olive. She was a daughter of the sub-chief, who acted as secretary of state to the head chief's president. Olive was nineteen years of age, and the finest-looking squaw it has been my fortune to meet. Her perfectly symmetrical figure might have served as a model for the Venus of Milo; her features, although of Indian cast, were unlike any of the tribe; her nose was Grecian, but rather too broad at the base to be quite classic; her mouth was small and unprotruding, and her teeth were composed of that peculiar substance, so white and glossy, seen nowhere but in the mouth of an Indian; her eyes were uncommonly long, dark, and dreamy, and the lashes were so long that the shadow they cast added to this dreamy expression; her complexion, as I said before, was olive, and as smooth as the unfolded petals of a tea-rose. Such was Olive as she appeared to me daily for about two months. I soon contracted the fever, which seems to be infectious in the Indian

country,—that for collecting a lot of curiosities, Indian ornaments, weapons, etc.,—and I explained to Olive the nature of the malady, requesting her to alleviate it by bringing me bows, arrows, pipes, etc. She readily accepted the agency, and hardly a day passed without my giving her flour, sugar, and coffee in exchange for the trophies she brought me.

When she had finally procured a duplicate of almost every article in the tribe, she informed me that if I would get her some beads she would make me some moccasins and tobacco-bags. I have sometimes wondered if it ever occurred to the post-trader at the fort, to which I sent weekly for my mail, that I had gone into the bead and Indian trading business! For more than one of my bills showed beads and red paint to the amount of twenty-five dollars, but they were all given to Olive for the manufacture of the aforesaid articles. When I first became aware of the amount of expenditure I may have been guilty of harboring the thought that perhaps some of her near relatives profited by the transaction, but longer acquaintance convinced me I did her injustice.

For two months she worked uninterruptedly on my various articles, and I still seem to see her sitting at the opening of my tent, using with great dexterity her long, slim awl, in lieu of needle. Once while she was thus engaged I tempted her, by an extra allowance of sugar and coffee, to give me the definition of some Arapahoe words and expressions which I was constantly hearing. She did not seem disposed to undertake the contract at first, but she finally consented, and I then and there commenced a dictionary of the Arapahoe language, which might have been handed down to posterity had I not lost it in a prairie fire before it was completed.

By mutual agreement between the head chief and myself, the Indians were not allowed in my camp after sundown, nor were the soldiers allowed in his, and never was an Indian seen within my lines after this time, unless he came as bearer of dispatches, or on other important business; consequently I was somewhat surprised one evening at about nine o'clock to see my tent parted, and to behold Navock (the head chief), Olive's father, and two other sub-chiefs enter and seat themselves. Navock intimated that he desired a "talk," and naturally supposing that some important move was on the tapis, I called for Hawk, who speedily appeared upon the scene. He sat as motionless and with a face as grave and devoid of expression as the three Indians, while Navock in his deep guttural tones made himself understood. At length he ceased, and Hawk, turning to me without moving a muscle of his face, said, "He wants to know if you are going to marry Olive?" I gave Hawk a somewhat sharp glance, to see if he had been partaking too freely of that liquid which steals away our brains, but I was satisfied he had not. I then clothed myself with dignity becoming my

station, and demanded an explanation, but I will here admit that I was simply *dumfounded!*

After a prolonged confabulation between Hawk and the chief, and a few side remarks from the other Indians present, I learned that her constant attendance at my tent, her devotion to my service, and my remittances of coffee and sugar, had led the young warriors to conclude that I contemplated marrying her; that if such was the case, her father would receive me willingly as a son-in-law; but if this was not my purpose, I better direct her to cease her attentions, for she was injuring her standing in the tribe.

I felt in a measure relieved when this was all explained, but I saw I must forfeit my uncompleted articles, and, alas! my uncompleted dictionary, besides losing her whom I had come to look upon as part of my tent furniture. I stated in as few words as possible that I would speak to Olive in the morning, and forbid her coming to my tent. I then expatiated at some length upon her perfectly good and irreproachable conduct, and the deputation withdrew satisfied. The remainder of the night was spent in studying my dictionary, and selecting and memorizing words which I deemed would be applicable in the dismissal I was to give Olive on the following day.

As the doctor and I strolled out of the mess-tent the next morning, I saw Olive seated at the opening of my tent, busily engaged as usual, and I thought it was indeed hard to rob this girl of her principal amusement, and myself of the pleasure and instruction she afforded me, simply for "appearances," for so it was. Society's laws must not be violated, even on the plains of the Indian Territory.

Omitting all reference to marriage, I told her as gently as possible the desire of the chief and her father, and then, drawing largely on my study of the night before, I proceeded to explain how deeply I regretted the necessity, etc. She immediately put up her work, refused the proffered gift I tendered her at parting, and, without exhibiting the slightest feeling, sped swiftly towards her own camp.

That same afternoon I was waited upon by Olive's father, her sister, her brother, and brother-in-law, who came in a body to explain to me the great grief of Olive and her absolute refusal to be comforted. Through Hawk I stated to them that it was their own act, and that I regretted they should have considered such a step necessary. After much conversation between the relatives and Hawk, I learned that, although not authorized by Olive, they were ready to admit that she really loved me, and they thought a marriage with me the only means of pacifying her. The poet tells us that

> "A woman should not scorn one soul that loves her,
> Howe'er lowly it may be."

Then certainly a man should not. And what was I to do? The posi-

tion was decidedly embarrassing: four relatives of the woman who loved me pouring forth her love and enlarging upon her devotion and despair in presence of two spectators,—Hawk and the doctor. Fancy my feelings! It was simply useless to tell them I was not a marrying man, or that I could not marry until I had attained a certain rank; they thought Olive's deep affection should overcome all obstacles. Her father expatiated at some length, extolling her many accomplishments and tracing her spotless pedigree. He assured me the line was unbroken, and that her ancestors had all been kings and queens. While admitting the truth of all that he said, and even going so far as to confess my own progenitors to have been only deuces and treys, I could not look upon a union with Olive as aught save a *mésalliance*, so I motioned to Hawk to bring the interview to an end.

I must acknowledge I felt great sympathy for my dismissed companion,—not so much on account of her wounded affections, observation having taught me that a brief period of time would suffice to efface that memory, but on account of her occupation being gone, her work having been amusing and lucrative to her. I thought of many ways in which I might befriend her, but felt myself deprived of the privilege of doing so lest I might transgress the rules of propriety. I was sitting in my tent, occupied with these thoughts, when an officer, whose camp was situated about thirty miles from mine, rode up on a dashing little pony he had purchased from the Cheyennes. As soon as I saw the pony I remembered Olive had greatly admired it on the occasion of a previous visit, and I determined at once that Olive should have the pony if the officer could be prevailed upon to part with him. I thought it would prove "a balm for every wound." I was delighted to learn that my friend had come with the intention of passing the night; for, besides giving me the pleasure of his really enjoyable company, it afforded me more time to effect my bargain. He was surprised at my large collection of Indian trophies, and stated his inability to procure any articles from the Cheyennes, with whom he was camped. He went into ecstasies over a red clay pipe, inlaid with silver, which Olive had given me, and himself suggested that we "must trade for it." I acquiesced, and demanded his pony in exchange (this is the price paid for one of these pipes by the Southern tribes of Indians). He demurred at first, but when I agreed to a small boot he assented, closed the bargain at once, took possession of the pipe, and the pony passed to me.

About one o'clock in the morning, when all was hushed in slumber save the guard and myself, and while my young friend was dreaming of the stars that are eventually to adorn his shoulders, I slipped quietly from my tent and approached my new pony, that was picketed near by. I drew the picket-pin from the ground, and making the lariat shorter, I started for the lodge of the unhappy Olive. My intention was good. I thought it would please her in the morning to find the

animal she had admired picketed at her lodge. She, of course, would remember the pony as readily as she would recognize the donor. But, as Hawk ever afterward maintained, "I went in on nothing and caught an ace full." Having firmly secured my treasure, I returned to my tent, and succeeded in getting between the blankets without disturbing my still slumbering friend. As it was necessary for him to return to his camp on the following morning, I was obliged to loan him my own horse, and I was also compelled to resort to a slight subterfuge; for when he expressed a desire to see the pony before leaving, I informed him that he was with the herd.

Had I known when I arose that morning the trials and tortures I was destined to pass through before I again sought my couch, I should have hoisted the smallpox signal above my tent and posted a double guard of sentries around it; but, alas! my mind was at rest, my conscience was quiet. I felt satisfied Olive would be gratified with her present, and that her own good sense would lead her to look upon her disappointment with the eyes of an optimist.

Early in the afternoon they began coming! First Navock, then Olive's father, then other sub-chiefs, then warriors of less consequence, then squaws, and finally children, until my tent was fully packed with them. I made every endeavor to ascertain if a "talk" was desired, but my efforts elicited nothing save a fraternal shake of the hand and the reiterated remark that I was "a good Arapahoe." In despair I called Hawk, and never will I forget the expression of his face when, after a prolonged confab with the inmates of my tent, he turned to me and said, for the first time, "Well, lieutenant, you went in on nothing and caught an ace full." This expression, so intelligible in poker and so unintelligible in my position at the time, required interpretation, and when translated it conveyed to me the mild intelligence that I had *married* Olive,—actually *married* her according to the laws and customs of her tribe since their earliest traditions. It was of no avail to assert that it was done ignorantly, done accidentally, done without "malice aforethought." It was, nevertheless, to all intents and purposes, *done*. It was in vain the doctor and Hawk tried to console me with the reminder that I was now connected with kings and queens, and that I might eventually be a knave in the tribe myself,—jokes seemed to me but the manifestation of idiocy, and I saw no escape from my dilemma. Olive's father—I ask his pardon, my father-in-law—then addressed Hawk earnestly, and I knew his remarks concerned me; so, when he had finished, I turned to Hawk for information. His reply was, "He says the lieutenant put up rather a small ante, considering he knew he was going to win." This, translated into Eastern English, signifies that the father thought I might have given more than one pony when I knew she would accept me. And here I should explain that when a warrior wishes to marry a maiden, he takes

his pony, or several ponies (according to the length of his purse), and pickets them before her lodge. If they remain uncared for three days he will know his suit is rejected, and he removes his animals at his pleasure. If, on the contrary, their tails are braided and they are turned into her father's or brother's herd, he knows he is no longer a bachelor,—that he has been accepted. Such, alas! was my fate. My poor pony, bargained for with my pet pipe and presented with the best intentions, had quietly submitted to having his narrative braided, and was at once loosed in her father's herd; and so, having formally proposed, I was formally and, as it then seemed, inextricably accepted.

Events which would have required years for fulfillment flashed through my mind in the space of a moment. In fancy I saw shame and horror depicted on the venerable faces of my honored parents when the news of this union should reach them. I seemed to hear myself dubbed by the officers of my regiment "Arapahoe Charlie," "Olive Oil," "Young Man Who Lost His Pony," etc., and to see myself borne upon the rolls at the adjutant-general's office as a "squaw man." I fancied myself inscribing my name on the register of the Brevoort, Parker's, the Continental, Mount Vernon, and Wormley's, where it often had appeared, but never with that now necessary appendage, *and wife.* I seemed to feel the electric shock that would thrill the frame of my fair friends who, learning by the "arrivals" that we were in the city, would call on my wife in compliment to me and would behold an Arapahoe squaw. I seemed to see myself, banished from the army, dwelling in some rude tenement in the most uninviting quarter of a Western city, dreading every moment that my luckless children might be kidnapped from the gutter and traded to a descendant of Abraham to be stuffed and placed upon a pedestal before the door of his tobacco emporium. Hundreds of these horrors flitted through my mind till, driven to the verge of insanity, I turned to Hawk and said, "Harry, is there *no* way out of it?" "You must make your ante good, but you needn't stay in," was the interpreter's laconic and expressive reply; which was equivalent to saying that by giving about as much more as the value of the pony I would not be obliged to retain her as my wife. This information caused me to feel as if the load of Atlas had been lifted from my shoulders. Hawk then proceeded to explain the method by which I could escape from my bonds. I learned from him that the law governing divorce in the tribe was simply this: if either of the married parties desire separation no form is required further than the will of one of them. The consent of the other is unnecessary. Nor does it demand that there should have been a quarrel or misconduct in either of the parties. But another clause in the law makes it obligatory on both to remain single until the death of one of them. Thus being debarred from marrying again, divorce is of rare occurrence.

Their standing in the tribe is not at all affected by this separation.

The squaw returns to the lodge of her parents, and is subjected to the same surveillance as if she had not married. A long-continued custom had come to be a law among these Indians, that when the maiden indicated her acceptance of the favored groom by removing the pony, he should further publish his devotion by bestowing upon her other gifts for the benefit of her family. Belles of the civilized Anglo-Saxon race are satisfied with brownstone fronts, diamonds, etc., given to themselves, but the poor squaw remembereth her remotest cousin in the distribution of gifts. It is needless to say that I at once determined to avail myself of this law, and I immediately commissioned Hawk to proceed to the nearest post, giving him *carte-blanche* to procure everything the sutler's store contained if it would suffice to pacify the relatives of my accidental wife. He then acquainted the inmates of my tent with the errand upon which he was about to start, and each individual having again grasped my hand and assured me that I was a good Arapahoe, they one and all withdrew, satisfied that I would follow Hawk's "pointer" and make my ante good. Four days I knew must elapse before I again beheld Hawk and the wagon I had dispatched with him for the purpose of transporting the plunder that was to aid in extricating me. I will not bore the reader by attempting with my pen to describe my feelings during this interval, and while admitting that "the pen is mightier than the sword," I am satisfied the latter would be more effectual in this case; so imagine me with a cavalry blade seized firmly in my right hand, and a portion of every hour devoted to considering which was the surest spot to plunge it and end my mental torture.

By daylight of the fourth day my tent began to fill. Olive, whom I had not seen since she honored me by her acceptance, with all her relatives and connections, crowded beneath my canvas and seated themselves, with the intention of remaining until Hawk's return. It was nearly sundown when Hawk appeared at my tent, reporting the wagon only a few miles behind, and informing me that he had "done the square thing." I made a detail from my relatives to unload the wagon, and in a few minutes boxes, bundles, and bales were being borne and rolled into my tent. Olive permitted no one to touch a single package until the last had been placed before her; then, with a dexterity which would have surprised a jobber's clerk, she proceeded to unfold her treasures. The pen and the sword both fail here! Words are inadequate to convey the slightest impression of the scene my tent exhibited as Olive took account of stock. A combination of a dollar-store and a pawnbroker's shop comes as near as anything I can now liken it to.

Calicoes by the piece, blankets by the dozen, cotton by the bale, sugar and coffee by the bag, red paint by the *ton*, and beads of every description by the bushel, with an invoice of sham-jewelry, butcher-knives, jew's-harps, and innumerable other articles, completed her outfit.

It occurred to me at a glance that Hawk had indeed done the square thing,—if not for me, certainly for Olive and the sutler. As Olive began to divide these things, I was reminded of a remark Hawk had made on a former occasion,—to wit: "There is nothing small about Olive but her feet." It was indeed so; nearly everything was given away on the spot, and so impartial was she in her distribution that she attempted to break a jew's-harp into three pieces in order to equalize things. Finally, when the allotment was completed, each individual departed with his or her portion for their different lodges, leaving no one in my tent but Olive, her father, and Hawk. I immediately directed the latter to acquaint Olive as mildly as possible with my determination to avail myself of their law and separate from her, and begged him to explain to her how absolutely impossible it was for me to adopt any other course. The translation of my decision consumed an hour, but, at length, terminated happily, and I had the pleasure of seeing my divorced wife and my father-in-law withdraw, apparently satisfied. Olive returned to her lodge as if no such occurrence had taken place, and the only evidence remaining to show that it had were the goods in possession of the relatives and the ledger of the sutler showing me to be his debtor to the tune of two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

At last the order came recalling the Indians to their agency and me to my post. As I was breaking camp the last morning a squaw, mounted on a spirited pony, dashed up to the spot where I was standing. Imagine a squaw clothed in a gown made of a navy-blue mission-blanket, literally covered with fringe made of polished elks' teeth (each one worth a pony), with moccasins a solid mass of beadwork, and adorned on the sides with circles of German silver, these extending to the knee; a belt ornamented with German silver encircling her waist, through which were thrust two revolvers; her face and neck covered with yellow paint, the monotony of which was relieved by two patches of carmine on either cheek; her hair plaited down her back, tied with yellow ribbon, and her ears loaded with trinkets. Now, throw across the pommel of her saddle a Sharp's rifle, and then place her on the back of a pony requiring undivided attention, and you will see my divorced wife as I last beheld her when she came to bid me a final adieu.

Years have passed since that day, and though I have never again married, I will not pretend that respect for the Arapahoe law has withheld me. During the expedition to the Black Hills known as the "Sitting Bull campaign," also as the "mud march" and "horse-meat expedition," a false report of my death reached Hawk, who acquainted Olive with the statement; so let us hope she has now a more appreciative husband.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

FOSTERING THE MERCHANT MARINE OF THE UNITED STATES IS NOT ROBBERY, BUT A NATIONAL NECESSITY.

THE condition of the foreign commerce of the United States is exciting much attention at present, and as Congress is now in session, we most earnestly hope that this discussion may result in prompt legislation more favorable to our interests as a nation in this respect.

During the last quarter of a century the growth of our country in wealth and population has been marvelous; but as great as our increase in population has been, the growth of our foreign commerce has exceeded it.

While our population has increased (in round numbers) from thirty to fifty-four millions, the value of our foreign commerce has increased from about seven hundred to over fifteen hundred million dollars.

Twenty-five years ago we carried about seventy-four per cent. of this valuable commerce in our own built ships, now we carry less than sixteen per cent. The most valuable part is still slipping from our grasp. So much for statistics,—and when we come to examine the facts of the case a little more closely than these statistics seem to tell us, we find that the United States has been almost driven from the seas as far as *first-class* steamships are concerned. This is our particularly weak point, and this alone is worthy of our closest attention.

Large *first-class steel steamships* are now the special agents by which the commerce of the world must be sought, and, when found, must be held. It is a self-evident fact that we can now neither afford to build or sail this class of vessels. However, it should be a self-evident proposition that in self-defense we should be able to build and sail such vessels; but, unfortunately, many who are ranked among our public leaders, and who control legislation, cannot see this necessity. Being one of the issues that is so intimately connected with the disputed questions of "protection" and "free trade," our people are very apt to take a partisan view of it. We think that although a person might have ultra free-trade ideas in many other respects, yet it would be logical on this issue, as a loyal citizen of the United States, on the broad principle of self-defense, to defend the policy of fostering an industry of

such great national importance just as earnestly as a decided protectionist. Whatever may be thought in regard to fostering our ordinary shipping industry, this is another issue not necessarily bearing on this question of building first-class steamers.

When we consider what a wonderful combination of labor and skill a first-class modern steamship is, and by what means it is constructed, one cannot fail to notice the difference between it and sailing-vessels or ordinary steamers. An establishment fitted for the construction of this class of work means that there must be an enormous expenditure of time, labor, and capital before it is ready to do the work required quickly and economically. The time will be measured by years and the capital by millions of dollars. As marine engines are so much heavier than any other class of machinery, the appliances used to construct them must be much larger, stronger, and more expensive than is necessary for any other class of work, excepting for heavy guns and armor-plates. At present we are almost devoid of such appliances.

First-class steamers and big guns are new articles of manufacture in this progressive age. We have not yet caught up in the world's progress in this direction. We had to send to England only a few months ago for some steel plates for our monitors' turrets, and for steel tubes for some of our new guns. We could buy them there for less money than we could make them ourselves. While gold and silver constitute the common measure of the intrinsic value of all exchangeable commodities in the commercial world, gold and silver will not measure nor buy national honor and independence. Our inability to do this sort of work for ourselves at home may be the price that we are now paying in addition to our dollars, and in times of trouble this very inability that we are now so blindly fostering may cause us untold mortification and disgrace. Can you not see it?

We must be prepared with our own establishments, and with our own skilled operatives, to do any work that the world's progress demands. Building first-class steel ships from keel to truck in our own establishments, by our own people, and out of our own materials, is imperatively demanded by the force of circumstances.

Will any one deny the probable utility of a fleet of such merchant vessels if in our possession, manned by our own skillful seamen, although they may not be earning more than four-fifths of their entire expense in commerce?

These sixteen-knot merchant steamers, armed with but one or two long-range rifled guns, scouring the sea in times of trouble or being used as transports, in a few months will well repay the few million dollars expended by the government in peaceful times in their assistance.

It is for this possible service that we feel justified in demanding proper legislation and government assistance. It will simply be the pay in advance for the services that they will be ready at any time to

offer,—a service, too, that may be of inestimable advantage to us, and which we can obtain in no other way.

We are all willing to pay the expenses of the army and navy in peaceful times, not alone for the good work they are doing for us, but for their ability and readiness to serve us more usefully in troublesome times. We do not stultify ourselves by calling this expenditure a subsidy, meaning giving them our money for nothing, nor should we call the national aid proposed to be given to this steamship industry a subsidy and libel the gift with this unstatesmanlike meaning.

Happily, we are at peace with all the world, and no reasonable effort should be spared to keep us in this most desirable condition. But are we so wise that we will never give offense to other nations? Are we so strong that other nations will always respect our rights? Such is the unhappy fate of nations, that in times of peace we must prepare for war. Building up a fleet of first-class merchant steamers, and enabling them to be kept in good condition, is one of the necessary preparations for war, and need not come in conflict with the permanent increase of our regular navy. They will be our militia of the sea. One of these fast but frail steamers will resemble a hornet in a fighting mood; and although this insect is so lightly built that he cannot stand much of a blow and carries but one gun, yet when an enemy gets within his range some wonderfully effective work is done.

Every adverse navigation law, every species of unwise taxation should be removed at once from our shipping industry, and whatever deficiency yet may be found in fully carrying out this triple industry of building, owning, and sailing first-class American steamships should be gladly supplied from the common fund of the nation. This triple industrial alliance must by no means be broken if we wish to see substantial progress.

To buy our large ships where we can buy them the cheapest—that is, from our great commercial and mechanical rival, Great Britain—would break this alliance, and we would still remain in our old rut, as a nation unable to do first-class work in this line. This is no reflection on our mechanical ability, as we have native skill at least equal to any other, and have the pick of the mechanical world in addition. It simply does not pay in dollars and cents for us to utilize our materials and abilities in building and sailing first-class steamships under the present circumstances.

The times imperatively demand that by better legislation we should make it pay. Will it be robbery to take from "all of us" the money necessary to accomplish this grand result? That is the live question. "I speak as unto wise men." We rest our case alone on wise legislation by Congress.

JOHN A. GRIER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A WRITER in a recent number of the *Army and Navy Gazette* (London) advocates the abolition of the bayonet for a reason that we do not remember to have seen hitherto advanced, viz.: that the possession of such a weapon induces a waste of ammunition; the soldier feeling that with it as a *dernier ressort* he can be more lavish of his cartridges than he would be if his last round was also his last chance for offensive or defensive action. The ease and rapidity with which modern arms are loaded and discharged, while immensely advantageous in many respects, have this drawback, that they are apt to beget, especially in young soldiers, great carelessness in firing and a consequent waste of cartridges; whatever tends, even in a slight degree, to correct this fault will, to that extent, contribute to a larger measure of success in battle. Any suggestion, therefore, having this end in view is entitled to respectful consideration. But to us it is by no means apparent that the possession of a bayonet by the soldier causes, to any appreciable extent, the fault for the correction of which the abolition of this time-honored weapon is advocated. The true corrective of unsteady and inefficient firing in battle is greater attention to the estimation of distances and target-practice on the drill-ground. By incessant drilling, in season and out of season, the soldier should be taught to calmly and correctly judge of the space which intervenes between him and the object at which he fires, and then to adjust the sights of his piece so as accurately to cover that object. In battle, a certain flurry and excitement for the first round or two, causing while it lasts undue precipitation in firing, is perhaps not wholly to be avoided, but if the soldier has been thoroughly drilled in the matters mentioned he will soon recover sufficient equanimity to apply the principles, and draw upon the skill, which he has acquired in his target-practice, and so will give his weapon its maximum of effect without wasting his ammunition.

THE latest advices from Egypt report El Mahdi as marching for Khartoum with a force variously estimated at from seventy thousand to ninety thousand men, and that the evacuation of Khartoum both by the Christian portion of its population and by the troops forming its garrison has been ordered. These troops are represented as being much disaffected towards the government and ripe for revolt. If this be the case not much is to be expected of them in the way of protecting the fugitives from Khartoum, who will be exposed to the fury of Arab mobs in

their flight to Berber, and it is not unlikely that the next intelligence that reaches us from the Soudan will be of a wholesale massacre of the helpless men, women, and children who, for the sake of their religion, have been compelled to abandon their homes and flee before the victorious approach of the merciless hordes who have ranged themselves beneath the flag of the false prophet. And where these hapless fugitives are to find safety is hard to say. On every side they are beset by the adherents of El Mahdi, whose emissaries have penetrated as far north as Siout, and are actively engaged in fomenting the fanatical ardor of the Moslem tribes against the government and the Christian inhabitants, whether native or European. The indications now are that the abandonment of Khartoum is but the prelude to the entire surrender of Eastern Soudan to the false prophet, the ports of Massowah and Suakim possibly excepted. Captain Richard Burton, who is a recognized authority on all Mohammedan movements, advises the recall of Arabi Pasha, who is now in exile at Colombo, Ceylon, and the use of his services to suppress the Mahdi revolt. Captain Burton writes: "The Soudan once thoroughly aroused, the light of the fire will inflame the whole Moslem world. Arabi Pasha has already proclaimed El Mahdi, of the Soudan, an impostor, urging that the Saviour of Islam must come from the Arab tribe Koreish, to which Arabi Pasha belongs. Arabi Pasha would proclaim a religious war against the impostor, causing all the Bedouin tribes to forsake El Mahdi."

Doubtless the only way to incite the fellahin to effective resistance against El Mahdi is a counter-religious movement, and that Arabi is the best attainable agent for starting such a movement is probably true; but from the point of view of the Egyptian government, might not such a cure be at least as bad as the disease?

THE hopes which have been cherished that the Franco-Chinese imbroglio would find a solution by other means than war seem, at the present, destined to disappointment. No European power has come forward to mediate between the two nations, and warlike preparations are being busily prosecuted by both. The capture of Sontay by the French has stimulated the war feeling in Paris, and excited expectations of future successes which we apprehend are not entirely well founded. At Sontay the French had the advantage of the co-operation of their gunboats and water transportation, and besides were not opposed by Chinese regular troops. Even then excellent generalship and a careful husbanding of resources were necessary to achieve success. We shall await with much interest the first collision between the French forces and the regular troops of China at some point removed from a water-way, in which there shall be opportunity for a fair and square field fight between them.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

"ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM, AND ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHY. A Practical Guide and Hand-Book of General Information for Electrical Students, Operators, and Importers." By Thomas D. Lockwood. New York, D. Van Nostrand. Price, $2.50.

The author of this important contribution to the literature of electricity and its applications is well known as a frequent contributor to technical publications, and also by his valuable work on the "Telephone," which has had a wide sale. The work of his now before us is essentially original, not only as to its contents, but also in the mode of presentation of the subject. The text is in the form of question and answer, and in this way each portion of the matter is addressed to the reader and student so as to render it more readily understood, and less confusing, than as ordinarily presented. In fact, the work appears to be just what its title indicates,—"a practical guide and hand-book for general information." The author has covered the extensive field of the subject of electricity in the present day in a most admirable manner. There is an avoidance of too much conciseness on the one hand, and of too great elaboration in details on the other; a fault into which many writers on technical subjects are apt to drift. The first portion of the book gives all the necessary elementary explanations of frictional, voltaic, and thermo-electricity, and of the phenomena of earth currents; thence the author passes to a consideration of magnetism, electro-magnetism, and magneto-electricity, and finally to the theory and construction of magneto- and dynamo-electro-generators. One of the most valuable and important chapters in the book is that upon electrical properties. The data in it are very late, and the units given are those adopted by the International Conference of 1882, at Paris. The chapter on electrical measurement is most excellent, and original. The subject has been written down to the understanding of the ordinary learner and operator, and algebraic formulæ have been studiously avoided. The chapters on circuits, aerial, subterranean, and submarine construction, as also on the fitting up of offices, are all plain, simple, and straightforward. The final portion of the work is devoted to different applications,—*i.e.*, electric illumination, electro-metallurgy, electro-therapeutics, alarms, signals, clocks, time-bells, transmission of power, storage, telephones, etc., thus forming a complete summary of electrical engineering. The work is illustrated with numerous fine wood-cuts, is printed in the best manner and on excellent paper, and the appendix contains many valuable tables on the weight and resistance of wires, and metals, liquids, etc., on motive forces, and the decimal system of weights and measures. We are glad to welcome this original and complete work at the present time, because so much that has appeared during the past three or four years, upon the general subject of electricity and its applications, is nothing but restatements of old matter, and much of this by persons of no practical knowledge or experience, so that when a really good book like the present one, by an expert in the science, comes before the public, it becomes a pleasure to speak of it with the highest praise.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM P. CLARK, of the Second Cavalry, is engaged upon the special duty of compiling a report, which is really an exhaustive history of the northern tribes of Indians. The government realizes how rapidly the Indians are passing away, and that in a comparatively few years nothing will be known of them except tradition, unless steps are taken to preserve authentic records of their languages, customs, manners, and various other characteristics. Captain Clark has been in active service on the plains since he was graduated, being thrown into contact constantly with the Indians, and he has made a study of them. He is not only well versed in the languages of different tribes, but is considered the best interpreter of the sign language in the country. Captain John G. Bourke, Third Cavalry, is engaged upon a similar report of the southern tribes of Indians, and he has the authority of the War Department to publish the history in book form when completed.

WE have received from Messrs. Porter & Coates a monograph entitled "A True History of the Charge of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Chancellorsville." Its author is Brevet Brigadier-General Pennock Huey, U.S. Vols., who was formerly colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and whose purpose seems to be to claim for himself the glory of having ordered and led the celebrated charge made by his regiment on Stonewall Jackson's column at Chancellorsville, the ordering of which has heretofore been generally credited to General Alfred Pleasonton, and its leadership to Major Keenan, whose life was part of the sacrifice involved in its execution. The publication promises, we fancy, to open up a rather warm discussion of the incidents of the event to which it is devoted, and we may have occasion to refer to it again.

FROM Commodore J. G. Walker, U.S.N., Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, we have received Lieutenant John T. Sullivan's "Report of Historical and Technical Information relating to the Problem of Inter-Oceanic Communication by Way of the American Isthmus." Lieutenant Sullivan has ably performed the duty assigned him by the Navy Department, of collecting and editing the information attainable respecting Isthmian transit, and has brought together in this volume a most interesting and instructive mass of data, well digested and systematically arranged. It will prove a most acceptable contribution to the literature of inter-oceanic communication.

TO MESSRS. WILLIAM S. KIMBALL & Co., proprietors of the Peerless Tobacco Works, of Rochester, New York, our thanks are due for a bountiful supply of

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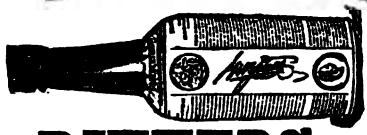

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MARCH 1884.

THIRTY YEARS OF SANITARY PROGRESS IN THE NAVY: ITS PRESENT NEEDS.[1]

NAMES have been responsible for much of the error in human thought and understanding. In the progress of knowledge, a name often retains its early significance, and conveys a false impression of that of which it should be an accurate index, the misrepresentation becoming the nucleus of false ideas and unsound theories.

Of all misnomers, none is more responsible for a long train of fallacious deductions than that of *surgeon* as the generic designation of medical officers of the navy. In the popular mind, the term surgeon denotes a man (never a woman) who effects the mutilation of the body by knife or other instrument of torture, and incidentally, *assistant surgeon* is the one who assists him in his cutting, tearing, burning, twisting, or other mechanical maiming procedure. The intelligent American has come to credit the professional surgeon with the ability to treat his patients medicinally as well as mechanically, but conservative Englishmen, who still cherish their "Ushers of the Black Rod" and "Gentlemen of the Bed-Chamber," and the fiction of living, moving, and having their being by Her Majesty's gracious will and pleasure, divide the practitioners of the healing art into surgeons, physicians, and apothecaries or general practitioners, between whom the lines are as defined and impassable as between the barber-chirurgeon,

[1] Annual Address before the Naval Medical Society at the Museum of Hygiene, Washington, D. C., 4th January, 1884, by the President, Albert L. Gihon, A.M., M.D., Medical Director United States Navy, President of the American Public Health Association, Vice-President of the American Academy of Medicine, Vice-President of the American Medical Association, etc.

who was the operator's prototype, and the leech who dispensed salts and castor oil. In this country subdivision of another kind has run riot, based not on admitted grades of position and precedence, but on the special regions of the body to which the curer devotes himself. The oculist and the aurist, the laryngologist and the gynecologist, are specialists in practice, but they are peers in the realm of medicine, which is even broad enough to include dentists, veterinary surgeons, chiropodists, manicures, and allopaths, but still frowns on the infinitesmal doser and he who cries "Allah il Allah! Similia similibus curantur."

Broad as is this realm, even to educated people it is a *terra incognita*. As the term medicine denotes something to be swallowed that will sweat or purge, or in some other way act upon the animal economy, so the medicine-man, the physician, the physicker, is regarded solely as the administrator of the pills and powders and potions in which the drug is compounded. Hence the prescription paper, like the surgeon's pocket-case, is the indispensable badge of his office, and the fee is not considered earned without the cabalistic-covered paper in the one case, or the lint and bandage and sticking-plaster, where the knife has not drawn blood, in the other. He is a bold man and not mindful of the dollars he risks who dares to say to his patient, "You suffer because you have sinned against the laws of health, and done the things you ought not to have done. Go, sin no more if you would be well."

The Greek μεδέω, like its Latin derivative *medeor*, meant *to care for*, but since the idea of cure has been substituted for it, it seems impossible to induce any wider comprehension of the true mission of the physician. Only those who have studied devoutly the great mystery of Life, and stood in the presence of that other mystery, Death, realize that the science of medicine is the grandest, the sublimest, and the most profound occupation of human intelligence. The intricate processes of life, whose harmonious workings constitute health, the source of happiness, whose disturbances bring disease and its attendants, suffering and sorrow and sin, unfold themselves to him, and his is the master-hand who so guides the wondrous mechanism that no part jars. It may be the same skill which relieves the peasant's aching joints, which interferes to save the life of one of the world's heroes, or counsels how whole peoples may be spared from decimation, or the duration of a generation may be prolonged. The potent drug which has worked the miracle upon the agonized sufferer and gains renown for the prescriber may be the most trivial application of that knowledge of man and his mysterious vital phenomena, and, unfortunately, the *vox populi* exalts the thaumaturgist, and depreciates or is deaf to the teacher.

Even more than in civil life has the naval surgeon's title been a clog to his proper office. Looked upon primarily and chiefly as a mender of broken bones and knight of the bloody scalpel, incidentally as a make-shift physician, supposed to know enough of this higher

art to dose with rude draughts of nauseous drugs the rough denizens of the sea, bnt all unskilled to minister to the ailments of gentle woman or tender child, he has had to perform his thankless office in the face of obstacles when he should have found assistance, misrepresented and maligned when he should have been encouraged and lauded. If he has only been tolerated as a technical doctor, he has been spurned as a sanitarian. His tirades about wet decks and mephitic atmospheres, his preaching of dryness and cleanliness and ventilation were (and understand that, while I am now speaking in the past tense, the time was present in my own generation) contemptuously ignored. His opinions were never solicited, and, when impelled by his own sense of duty to tender advice, it was more often rejected than followed.

At this day it may, therefore, be profitable as well as encouraging to those who are to succeed us in the arena to review what the medical corps of the navy has accomplished in the cause of naval hygiene, which is the most important and responsible of its charges. As, among enlightened people, the physician has now come to be regarded as the health-adviser of families and communities, the medical officer of the navy has successfully asserted his right and his duty to be the sanitary guide and authority in the naval establishment. To keep his fellow-beings well is admitted to be paramount to healing them after they have been allowed to get sick,—to exclude the feeble and invalid from the force of the service, to ward off the causes of disease, to maintain a strong, active, and effective *personnel*, are at last regarded as wiser and more desirable and creditable than to have hospitals full of men needlessly sick. A small percentage of mortality among a large sick-list is less evidence of professional success and skill than rows of untenanted beds in the hospital wards, an empty sick-bay, or a binnacle-list of two or three cases of broken bones or acute phlegmasiæ. So long as medical officers themselves tacitly acquiesced in the assumption that pills and suppositories were their potent weapons, which any corner apothecary could wield as effectually against constipated bowels and bloody fluxes, they had only themselves to blame if their office was looked upon as scarcely more dignified than that of the ship's tailor or the "jack of the dust." This was in Tom Bowling's day, when scurvy and the pox were as common as oaths, blackguardism, and despotism in both forecastle and gun-room; but I remember, during my own novitiate, when a doctor was apt to be sharply reminded that his legitimate office was over when he had seen his sick and signed his day's report.

If the medical officer of the present day has been criticised for forming too exalted an estimate of the responsibilities of his corps, it has only been by those who have themselves failed to properly appreciate the higher functions of their own offices. The line-officer, who

looks upon the manipulation of sails and spars, which any whaler can do as well, or who regards the manual exercise of great guns, which any quarter-gunner knows all about, as the chief requirements of his calling, is incapable of those higher efforts of the mind which make the intelligent commander, the scientific investigator, the brilliant strategist. The sailor, the gunner, the engine-driver, are the bone and sinew of the naval organism; the skilled architect and engineer who calls its frame and internal mechanism into being, the scientific ordnance officer and the enlightened navigator who control its motions and powers, the educated physician and sanitarian who carefully watches and guards from injury that intricate and delicate machinery, not made with hands, which animates and impels the whole,—these are its brains and nervous system.

Among these brain-workers I claim a pre-eminent place for the men whose lives are devoted to the pursuit of that profound science which involves the study of all that is grand and sublime in nature,—which concerns itself about man's place in the universe, his origin, his existence, and his destiny,—which aims to banish disease and suffering from the earth, prolong life, develop the race, and thus increase the total of human happiness and enjoyment. The relief of a sailor's crippled limb, the cure of a suffering officer, the defense of a ship's company from possible disease, the development of the physical efficiency of the naval force to its highest possible degree, and the consequent successful attainment of its undertakings,—these are all legitimate outcomes of the study of complex organisms through long stages of evolution and of mysterious vital phenomena requiring diligent application, profound research, and the highest efforts of the reasoning powers. These are high responsibilities, and it is but right I should show by a retrospect of my own experience that we have not been unfaithful to them.

In a sanitary point of view the navy of to-day is more widely separated from that of thirty years ago than was this from the service a hundred years before. Of the ignorance and brutality, the degradation and disease, of that time Surgeon's Mate Roderick Random has left us vivid pictures. The riffraff of sailors' slums were huddled together, ragged and besotted, on "guardos," whence they were driven like cattle on board a sea-going ship, where they were imprisoned with jealous care, filthily fed, wretchedly clad, crowded like beasts in a pen, and subjected to the harsh treatment of foul-mouthed masters, who scourged them at the will of coarse despots like Captain Trunnion, or brutal blackguards like Captain Oakum, or sickly aristocrats like Captain Whiffle. The traditions of our own service tell of Trunnions, who defied law, practiced cruelty, and outraged decency, but happily the refining influences of education have almost banished them from the naval literature which records our history.

That we may better understand the enormous progress of the last third of a century, and silence the repiners over the fading glories of the old navy, let an eye-witness review the sanitary condition of an American man-of-war in 1855, with its lesser vulgarity, obscenity, and profanity, and its then already great improvement in the conditions and associations of the officers.

The ship I have selected as typifying the navy of that era sailed from New York in the winter for a three years' cruise in the China Sea. She was manned by a motley crew, of whom Americans were a minority, and Englishmen, Irishmen, Northmen, and "Dagos" constituted the far greater part. Some had just returned from another cruise, having squandered or been robbed of their three years' pay by the landsharks, who cajoled them only half sober to the rendezvous to be re-shipped, and thence to be herded uncared for on the receiving-ship, still popularly termed the "guardo," until drafted on board the first sea-going vessel. All were in debt, most of them insufficiently clad and unable to properly outfit themselves. The vessel itself was one of the larger sailing sloops-of-war (there were not ten vessels in all then deserving the name of steamers), and she had a reputation for nautical beauty and sailing qualities. There was no pretense of ventilation, except by six-inch air-ports, which were closed with "all hands up anchor," wind-sails, which were of no use in calm weather and could not be set if it blew, and hatchways housed over when it rained. In the dim mephitic twilight of the berth-deck the crew huddled together in bad weather, and at night they swung, when both watches were below, in one seething, sweltering, fetid human mass. Only they who have gone upon an old-time berth-deck towards the close of the midwatch can realize the horrible filth-polluted atmosphere which was then breathed by human beings, fouled by human emanations, fouled by the bilge-vents, that poured the noxious vapors of the holds and limbers upon the deck, fouled by the damp, unwashed clothing in which men lived week after week, fouled by the heavy moisture of the decks daily deluged in the name of cleanliness.

The wretched herd, who were thus gathered from the purlieus of Water Street and North Street and South Street, who at night were kenneled worse than dogs, by day fed like them, crouching on their haunches around greasy mess-cloths, cutting with jack-knives or pulling to pieces with grimy fingers the chunks of "salt-horse" and "duff," which made their daily fare, and which later in the cruise were both spoiled and scanty. During long passages, when officers' messes were reduced to the navy ration,—canned and hermetically sealed supplies being then rare and expensive,—they shared with the crew the ship's bread, in which it was a pastime to wager the number of weevils and worms per square inch; salt beef, which was termed *horse* from its

fibre and *mahogany* from its density and color; pork, softer in texture and green from putrefaction; rice, which was mouldy; and beans, which either could not be boiled soft, or which had surrendered their starchy contents to feed and house the myriad insects which peopled them. If wood and water lasted these could be cooked, but often there was neither enough of the one nor of the other to allow more than one cooked meal a day. Understand, I am reading from leaves of my own experience,—an experience of an allowance of a quart of water a day for cooking, drinking, and washing, and that which sometimes had to be strained through closed teeth, with eyes shut and nose held,—an experience which made pickles and molasses luxuries, and "swanky" a very nectar.

Stint of good food was not, however, the chief of the old-time shell-back's ocean trials. Fed like a brute, housed worse than one, however faithfully his labors were performed, there was for him only a long, dreary season of imprisonment. For him there was no glad holiday on shore when the land broke the monotony of the waste of waters. The officers might rush pell-mell out of the ship, but Jack could only strain his longing eyes upon the green fields or busy seaports, or find companionship with the bumboat- and washer-women and petty traders who came alongside to fleece him. The license during the preceding generation for these Jills to come on board during the cover of the night and flit away with the dawn, with all its flagrant immorality, lacked the Tantalian cruelty of this sight of the cup that could not be tasted. Notwithstanding the hardships of the voyage, the wretched food, and the outbreaks of disease, the crew were confined *eight months* on board ship before "general liberty" was given, and then men and boys were sent on shore forty-eight hours to indulge in a mad revel, and to return crazed by rum, battered and bruised; or if unable to return, to be picked up by the pimps and policemen, who had detained and concealed them, waiting for the reward sure to be offered for their apprehension, and which was deducted from their scant wages, keeping them in debt for other months before the same vile rout, miscalled "liberty," could be repeated. The poor wretch, first made ravenously hungry for dissipation by his enforced confinement, was then expected to be temperate in the feast of indulgence offered him, and punished with vindictiveness if he sought to gorge himself with the poor semblance of pleasure. The cat had been abolished, but half a dozen boys strung upon the poop "bucked and gagged;" half a dozen men triced up by their thumbs in the rigging; each of the upright coffin-like "sweat-boxes," with its semi-asphyxiated inmate; the "brig" with its bruised and bloated crew in irons; the main hold with its contingent under hatches; the sick-list swollen out of all proportion by inebriates, injured men, and venereal cases,—these were the fruits of the general liberty which, within my professional life, represented the

sum of sanitary interest in the man before the mast. The retrospect is saddening. In the light of the present day the dirt, disease, and degradation of thirty years ago are incredible. The comfortably quartered steerage officer cannot realize that there were men older in years and longer in service, bearded and stalwart fathers, who passed years in the dim, dismal, roach-ridden recesses of a frigate's orlop, where air only entered by a wind-sail, and besides the glimmer of day through the one small hatch down past three or four decks, there was no other light than that from a dull yellow tallow candle gasping for oxygen. Occasionally a yeoman's store-room in the fore-peak, with air now believed too foul for its one occasional occupant, gives an idea of what it was when six or more lived in as small a hole and nurtured the seeds of diseases to take them away from the sight of man. There were drunkards in those days among officers, as there were pederasts among the crew, because nature's normal needs were denied, and found vent in distorted appetites.

As though the stint of light and air due to the defective architecture of the ship were not enemies enough to human health, a third was added more potent for evil than all the others together,—water; not the broad water on whose bosom they floated with comparatively little risk, but the invisible ocean of moisture with which man in heedless ignorance saturated the air by deluging the decks, in the vain effort to make them clean by adding the one essential of filth.

Bad food, foul air, and moisture were the trinity of evil spirits which wrought more havoc to the efficiency of the navy, by honeycombing and undermining the bone and sinew of its *personnel*, than all other causes combined. Under these influences I became in the first year of my first cruise a sanitarian. To seek to ameliorate these evils I then determined to make the effort of my life. From that day I have preached a crusade, with all the strength given me, against a system that would deliberately mar and impair that most intricate, most wonderful, most beautiful of all the mechanisms which operate a navy, —that one which of all others must be perfect in its parts that its work may be well done. If to-day there are dry decks, and ventilated decks, and decks flooded with light, what has brought about the change but a deference to those sanitary laws that are as immutable as the laws of attraction and repulsion?

I have pictured one vessel I saw nearly thirty years ago, which, through the total disregard of every sanitary precaution during a cruise of thirty months, seldom had less than twenty of her two hundred officers and men upon the sick-list (averaging during whole quarters of the year, thirty-two, thirty-three, and thirty-five a day); twenty-eight deaths, and Heaven only knows how many irreparably wrecked among the invalided and deserted and discharged, who left the service to be heard of no more. As an example of bad sanitation, which occurred

in 1855–56, but which is impossible at this day, permit me to quote from a little volume of my own.[2]

"After a long and stormy passage through the Indian Ocean, the 'Levant' arrived at Anjer Roads in Java on the 25th of March, 1856, when the heat was intense. Her crew were enfeebled, and many of them exhibited evidences of the scorbutic cachexia, in consequence of the deteriorated and unsuitable character of their food, which the insufficient daily issue of wood did not allow to be properly cooked; of their short allowance of water which was impure; of their confinement on board ship since the previous October, when she went into commission; and of their unusually arduous labors in the high southern latitudes, where they were exposed for several weeks to a continuance of cold, damp, and rainy weather. Notwithstanding their condition they were laboriously employed, working from daylight until dark for two days, getting on board wood which was wet and green, and water white from organic impurities, and which had run through a series of dirty wooden troughs into an equally dirty reservoir. The vessel sailed on the evening of the third day, and within a few hours that night twenty-four cases of *cholera communis* were reported, two of the lieutenants among the number. Few of these men were ever able afterwards to do their duty properly. As events proved, this was their preparation for a tedious passage of *forty-six days* across the China Sea to Hong-Kong, a distance of only twelve hundred miles, but entirely within the tropics (latitude 8° south to 20° north), at the season of the change of monsoons, when the high temperature is not moderated by any breeze nor the scorching heat of the tropical sun scarcely ever shielded by a clouded sky, and when the glassy surface of the sea reflects and concentrates the heat upon the ship, whose black sides greedily absorb it. The deck-load of freshly cut green wood added an unwholesome moisture to the atmosphere, and the unfiltered water with which the tanks had been filled, preferred for cheapness, soon decomposed and became offensive and unpalatable. The men had gorged themselves with oranges, mangosteens, and other fruit during their short stay at Anjer; but the supply of chickens, vegetables, and fruit which they brought away with them was soon exhausted, and they were again fed with the mahogany-like 'salt-horse,' green fat pork, worm-eaten bread, weeviled beans, and musty rice, which they had had to eat in the chilly regions of the Southern Ocean. The paltry interval of three days in ninety-seven had brought no relief to their jaded and debilitated bodies; but they were occupied with the still severer labor of working ship for every 'cat's paw' under the additional morbific influence of a vertical tropical sun. Most of the intractable cases of diarrhœa and dysentery, and the large majority of deaths during the cruise,

[2] "Practical Suggestions in Naval Hygiene," by Albert L. Gihon, A.M., M.D., Medical Inspector U.S.N. Washington, 1873 (third edition), pp. 110–112.

can be directly traced to this period. The asthenic habit of constitution which rendered these complaints fatal was evidently fixed upon them by the various concurrent circumstances in operation thus early in the cruise. After her arrival on the station, this vessel did not like the rest of the squadron employ a Chinese 'fast-boat,' and the results of this and other violations of hygienic mandates were plainly shown in a sick-list of *thirteen hundred and forty-five* cases during the thirty months of her commission. Nor was the sickness and inefficiency of the crew the only consequence of this utter disregard of sanitary laws. One of the officers who inspected her at the end of her cruise told me that she was the most unclean and ill-conditioned vessel he had ever seen."

As a companion picture, I shall briefly call your attention to a man-of-war I have just officially visited, as a member of the Board of Inspection, on her return from a three years' cruise, part of the time on the coast of Africa, there having been during the thirty-six months among her two hundred and twenty men and officers but a single death from disease, an average daily sick-list of only 4.22, including trivialities that formerly were not reported, and only twelve men invalided, five of these having been sent out of the ship before she left the United States. Her berth-deck, bright with light from large rectangular ports, was clean and dry, having been covered with shellac, and easily and speedily cleansed. Her comfortably-clothed men were well fed with substantial and abundant food, which they ate decently, sitting on benches at clean tables. Her prison-brig was clean from mere disuse, though its very cleanliness were enough to tempt a skulker.

Satisfactory as was the "Galena's" condition, another vessel, the "Trenton," which I inspected a few weeks later, at the beginning of her cruise, represents still further progress in sanitary prevision. Here ventilation by aspiration has been provided for, tubes communicating with every apartment and store-room and *cul-de-sac*, from which vitiated air is drawn to be discharged in the open air of the spar-deck, with the successful practical result that, notwithstanding the necessarily crowded condition of the berth-deck at the close of the first watch, all but a quarter-watch being below, not a trace of animal odor was perceptible to the senses. Illumination was obtained by day by large unobstructed ports, and by night by electric lights, which were placed in every apartment, store-room, and passage-way. Where there are light and fresh air and dryness at the outset of a cruise, there will be neither dirt nor vermin nor disease at its close, and the effort to exclude moisture on board this ship is not confined to shellacking the berth-deck, but a capital steam drying-room has been placed at the heel of the bowsprit, where men's clothing, damp towels, and other wet fabrics are at once dried.

Latrines and bath- and wash-rooms under the top-gallant forecastle, mess-tables and benches, mess-lockers and clothes-lockers, a place where and opportunities when men can read and write, and frequent daily liberty to go on shore, if not already common to every vessel, are yet now so generally the concomitants of the well-officered and well-disciplined and efficient ship, that ere long their absence will be accounted a fault.

The naval sanitarian to-day has a comparatively easy task. He has no longer to preach to unwilling ears, but rather to see that he is not outstripped by his shipmates of other corps. The bulky volume of naval hygiene, with its chapters of horrors, is shrinking to a little pocket memorandum-book. Executive officers themselves point with pride to the shellacked decks. It was a line colleague on the Board of Inspection, Admiral Rhind, who strenuously insisted upon a wash-room for the crew, and Captain Harmony has devised a most admirable, removable canvas-bath for them. A practical seaman, Commander Howison, has been the most persistent advocate of benches and tables at which the man before the mast can sit and eat, without danger of becoming less a sailor; and another commanding officer, Greer, whose nautical reputation is beyond question, demonstrated the practicability of daily liberty-lists. If I began my career, always in arms, contending for the right, and grudgingly gaining a little of it, I have just ended my duty on the Board of Inspection with colleagues who never once, during all the years of our association, antagonized a suggestion having a sanitary object, but more than once themselves advanced them, and I gladly take this occasion to bear testimony to their zealous co-operation. It is true there are still men who profess to believe in holy-stoning a deck rather than in shellacking it; there are some who would send the mess-tables and benches on shore and restore the greasy mess-cloth; as there are some whose daily list of punishments has more names upon it than the daily list of liberty men, if indeed there be any such.

Only a few days since, coming from the clean, bright, beautiful berth-deck of the "Trenton," we happened to go on board another vessel on which clumsy mess-chests encumbered the berth-deck, where the crew were squatting on their haunches around black mess-cloths, in the dim light which came through the old-fashioned six-inch air-port. The contrast was marked, and Commodore De Krafft, the president of the board, turned to me and said, "This carries me back thirty years." And still later we saw on board another vessel, fortunately soon to be abandoned, the abominable perforated iron plates, which used to be placed the whole length of the berth-deck, opening into the frame-spaces, and permitting the emanations of the hold and bilges to find vent under the hammocks of the men and beneath the bunks in the state-rooms of the officers.

Sanitary defects look us in the face at every corner even on shore; therefore it is not strange that we still encounter them on board ship, where sanitary perfection is necessarily unattainable. It is at best an unnatural existence for several hundred individuals of one sex to be cooped within the confined limits of a vessel, which, to float safely, must have every aperture by which water can enter tightly sealed—restricted in their movements like caged animals—for weeks, where the eye is not solaced by the sight of green trees or brown earth, and dull monotony paralyzes the brain, which has no stimulus of variety to enliven and divert.

But there are things which are possible. The fourth-rate has the same need for a ventilating apparatus as the first, and it is as irrational to deny the one and grant the other as it was to supply a brig with one chronometer, a sloop with two or three, and a frigate with four, or to detail a chaplain to save the souls on board a flag-ship and leave all the rest of the fleet to their unobstructed eternal damnation. Every vessel in the navy, large and small, can have its aspirating apparatus and its twenty-inch Wilson air-ports, its latrines and wash-rooms under the forecastle, and its canvas bathing-box on the spar-deck for all the crew, its shellacked berth-deck and its steam drying-room, its mess-tables and benches, with enameled pots and mugs and plates and dishes, and knives and forks and spoons for table furniture, its removable mess-lockers suspended between the knees overhead with open wire fronts exhibiting their contents, its portable clothes-lockers neatly arranged, accessible and securely locked, its reading and writing place and facilities at designated times for the men, and its daily liberty-list in port.

It can have its limitless supply of pure condensed water, cooled and aerated before it goes into the tanks. It can have ice for the sick, of whom it ought to have but few, and good wholesome food, and that food well and properly cooked; and this leads me to the one point in naval hygiene that now demands our earnest attention. The naval ration is varied, nutritious, and sufficient, provided advantage is taken of the frequent stays in port for the substitution of fresh bread, vegetables, and meat, and improved galleys have been devised which leave little to be desired; but the method of cooking and the system of messing remain unchanged from the fashion of the past. The ship's cook seeks the office for its emoluments, and is selected without any special examination as to his culinary skill, and the men themselves, however inexperienced, careless, or untidy, perform in rotation the duties of mess-cook, or more correctly attendants of the messes, into which the ship's company is divided. The system is crude, clumsy, and objectionable. Those men who become best suited for the duty are unfitted for their legitimate military work. On board a vessel of war everything should contribute to its greatest efficiency as a military machine. Simplicity should

characterize its organization, all parts of which should work without friction. Hence the multiplicity of messes, of officers as well as of men, adds unnecessarily to the servant class, whose mere presence encroaches upon the air-space and sleeping accommodations, and whose want of military skill makes them encumbrances instead of aids. Thus, there are the commander-in-chief's mess, the commanding officer's mess, the wardroom mess, and once there were two independent wardroom messes, the starboard steerage mess, the port steerage mess, and the warrant officers' mess, each with a cook, a steward, and servants, each occupying the galley at different hours or requiring extra galleys, each with its unnecessary and absurd multiplication of store-rooms and pantries and mess paraphernalia, which, however well arranged and cared for, are from their very nature foci of uncleanness. As the man-of-war's man is but a soldier afloat, and the naval establishment is built upon the military model, ranks, grades, and duties differing in name but assimilated in character, it is advisable when defects are recognized in the former to inquire whether they exist in the military prototype, and if not, to ascertain whether there is any reason why they should be unlike. The ship is the analogue of the regiment, and the captain of the former the parallel of the colonel of the latter in dignity, duty, and responsibility. Hence, as the colonel presides at the regimental mess and admirals are entertained there without abasement of their personal and official consequence, though meeting the cornets and subalterns, who are that colonel's messmates, the argument fails that on board ship the dignity which doth hedge in a king requires the commander to eat and drink in worse than regal solitude. As one whose sea-going days are past, and who can therefore speak disinterestedly, I beg to urge the necessity for a reform in this matter, confident that another thirty years will not have passed before there will be established one general mess, at which all officers will assemble, and at which it would be derogatory to the navy to assume there would be improper license of speech or act, but where, on the contrary, the younger officers would ever have before them in their seniors the example of the demeanor which characterizes him who is both officer and gentleman. The gain in military efficiency will compensate the government for contributing its share for official entertaining, which, after all, is legitimately its charge, while the cabin outfits now supplied will need little if any increase, thus removing the objection that the cost of such a mess will be beyond the juniors' means. In fact, steerage messes under the improvident management of young and inexperienced caterers are but little less expensive than a well-regulated wardroom mess. The other objection, that only the commanding officer entertains official guests, is less tenable, since it is the custom for wardroom officers to contribute to all extensive entertainments, and one or more of these officers are usually invited to be present at smaller affairs, while the

example of the foreign officials who are ordinarily those to be entertained is directly to the contrary. Furthermore, no sacrifice of the privacy of the commanding officer is contemplated, and at other than meal hours he can isolate himself within his own apartments. One competent steward, one cook, and a smaller number of trained servants will suffice for such a mess, and the military force of the vessel be more than proportionally increased, since there will be not only a direct gain of the fighting element, but the additional indirect gain from the absence of an equal number of non-militants.

The consolidation of the officers' messes naturally involves the discontinuance of the assignment of warrant officers to sea-going vessels. Practically the propriety of this step has already been recognized by the Department. The gunner's functions properly pertain to a commissioned ordnance officer, and the superintendence of the strictly nautical duties of the boatswain belongs of right to any educated line-officer, while the mechanical work of the carpenter and sailmaker is more often, even now, discharged by a chief mate than by the warranted officer, who occupies at best but an anomalous position on board ship. The very able and worthy men who now bear warrants can serve the government effectively at the navy-yards, while the sanitary gain of space now required for the state-rooms, mess-rooms, pantry, and store-room assigned them on board ship will more than counterbalance the inconvenience from the occasional loss of their services. Commensurate with the increased responsibilities of the mates, who will supply their places, greater official consideration should be shown them and the other artisans who are required to possess like mechanical skill and proficiency, until a recognized class before the mast is established similar to the non-commissioned staff of the army and marine corps.

At the same time there should be a radical reform in the system of messing the ship's company, who should be subsisted as are the passengers and crews of merchant steamers,—a steward, a cook, and a limited number of attendants employed on this exclusive duty, a single pantry adjoining the galley, and a gratuitous outfit of porcelain or enameled ware supplanting the twenty or more mess-cooks, and clearing the berth-deck of its panoply of mess-chests or mess-lockers with their clattering tin pots and pans.

To insure a competent class of cooks, all such employés should undergo, after enlistment and before assignment to duty, a preliminary training or drill in culinary art, receiving instruction at some central station to qualify them to meet the exceptional conditions of naval life, and to secure as great a variety as possible in the wholesome preparation of the necessarily limited number of articles of food. At present the palling monotony of the boil is seldom relieved by an occasional roast, and then only at the price of a largess to both the berth-deck cook and the power at the galley.

The reform which has already been brought about in the *personnel* of the navy has received its strongest impetus in the development of the apprentice system, which has aimed to supply the service with cleanly, orderly, respectable, and intelligent native-born youths, instead of the begrimed, besotted, illiterate, obscene *habitués* of sailor boarding-houses, among which, it was once argued, the naval rendezvous must display its flag in order to gain recruits, and these the overflow of the unclean beasts of the foreign merchant ship's forecastle. To the distinguished officers who have developed that system against antagonism and discouragement, where they should have met with co-operation and assistance, sanitary science gratefully acknowledges its obligations. If any one would know how men as well as boys can be decently, economically, and satisfactorily fed and clothed, let him go on board the "New Hampshire," where the system has ceased to be experimental. Questions of taste affect so largely the determination of articles of clothing, that so long as this is serviceable, durable, and supplied as a gratuitous outfit, that the recruit may not begin his career as a debtor, the sanitarian may keep silent, though I cannot but think that the substitution of an outer blouse like the white jumper will have a *morale* if not a hygienic value.

When every deck and every state-room are lighted by large, unobstructed ports by day, and every store-room, *cul-de-sac*, and passage besides are flooded with electric light by night; when every one of these and every frame-space and every pocket in the limbers has a ventilating-pipe opening into it; when the holds are so stowed that passage-ways surround and separate them, and the bilges so constructed that they can be traversed from bow to stern; when every deck below the water-line is shellacked and kept dry as a kitchen floor, and every locker and bulkhead is made to be taken down, preferably of metal, with latticed sides and perforated panels and wire doors that the air may have full sweep through them, the seaman's dwelling will have had about all done that is possible to make it habitable and healthful.

But what of the sick? Will you, physician and surgeon, as well as sanitarian, forget them? Where is your sick-bay, your hospital? When all is done I have suggested there will be few sick, but these few I would neither crowd into the noisy, necessarily sombre, apartment in the bows, where the din of the steam capstan adds a new discomfort, but put them where they can be best cared for, and this with the least interference with the necessary routine of the vessel and the least annoyance to the well,—on the berth-deck, on the gun-deck, as near amidships as may be,—and as it is impossible to provide a permanent bulkheaded apartment that will not be too large when there are but one or two sick, and too small when there are more, my own preference is to have a locality indicated by brass eye-bolts in the deck and by hooks in the carlings above, at intervals of eight or ten feet, to which canvas panels can be attached, isolating a space varying in size

according to the need of the moment, marked on the plan of the ship as intended for the accommodation of the sick, and called the "hospital space." When there may be no sick, room will here exist for the overflow of crowded quarters elsewhere by night, enlarging by day the breathing and working capacity of the deck. Trivial cases should remain on deck in the open air, designated by a distinguishing badge on the arm, as a white canvas band bearing a Geneva cross, that they may be known as on the sick-list, and neither be called upon for work nor allowed to interfere with the workers, while a convenient office for examining, prescribing, operating, and clerical duty, communicating with the dispensary, will meet all other necessities of the medical department.

Standing on the eminence we have attained to-day, as we pause and look back and down upon the darkness out of which we have ascended,—the only thirty years ago when ironclads, torpedoes, ventilating apparatus, electric lights, and speaking-wires were not,—let us not flatter ourselves that the goal is really won. There are heights beyond us, and three decades hence those who have reached them may have even greater cause for exultation. Just as the Alpine climber finds the view broader, the sunshine brighter, the little things of the world shrinking into nothingness and losing themselves in the grander features of the prospect, so as we mount in the scale of progress, under the brighter light of intellectual development, the farther recede the figures of the old salt and the despot of the quarter-deck. A catholic spirit of emulation and fraternal rivalry to contribute to the general good, the higher scholastic character given to the Naval Academy, and a consequent nobler *esprit du corps* among officers, the elimination of all ideas of caste and personal consequence, the elevation of the common sailor in the rank of humanity through the influences of the apprentice system,—these are the real elements of future promise. Thirty years ago the fit and the unfit were chained hand to hand and survived alike. Thirty years hence, let us hope that *palmam qui meruit ferat*, and only they survive who exhibit the greatest intelligence, the greatest industry, and the greatest skill.

KITTY'S CONQUEST.

(Concluded from page 154.)

XIX.

LATER that lovely afternoon an open carriage whirled up St. Charles Street towards old Tivoli Circle. Its occupants were Miss Summers and Kitty Carrington, Colonel Summers and myself. At the Circle we were joined by another, in which were seated Mrs. Amory, Madame R——, and Major Vinton. We were late, it seems, and the review had already begun, so there was no time for conversation between the carriage-loads; but smiles and nods and waving hands conveyed cheery greeting, and Kitty's cheeks flamed; her eyes, half veiled as though in shy emotion, followed Mrs. Amory's kindly face until their carriage fell behind; then, detecting me as usual in my occupation of watching her, she colored still more vividly, and looking bravely, saucily up into my face, remarked,—

"Well, Mr. Brandon, have you nothing to say to me? Are you aware that you have not even remarked upon the beauty of the weather this afternoon?"

And this was from the girl whom, hardly two hours before, I had seen plunged in the depths of woe and dejection. Verily, there was nothing I could say. Such alternations of smiles and tears, storm and sunshine, exceeded my comprehension; but it was not a tax upon even my poor powers of discernment to see that my little heroine was now blissfully, radiantly, joyously happy.

Suddenly our carriage slackened speed. Crowds began to appear on the sidewalks of the broad, dusty thoroughfare. We were off the pavement now, and driving along the "dirtroad" of upper St. Charles Street. I could hear a burst of martial music somewhere ahead, and presently Pauline exclaimed, "Here are the cavalry!"

Kitty, sitting on the indicated side, had said never a word. The next moment we rode past the line of troopers sitting stolidly on their horses and looking blankly into space ahead of them. Then, riding backwards as I was, I saw Kitty's soft cheek flushing redder, and happening to extend my left arm outwards at that instant, my hand

almost came in contact with the nose of a tall chestnut sorrel, much to that sorrel's disgust, for he set back his ears and glanced savagely at me; but by that time, I had lost all interest in him and was gazing in amaze at his rider. For something absolutely incomprehensible, commend me to military love-making! Less than two hours ago I had bolted out of a room down town leaving that deliciously pretty young girl opposite me sobbing in the arms of Frank Amory, who, with all a devoted lover's tenderness, was striving to comfort her. Yet here she sat, apparently indifferent; yet there he sat on that very horse whose feelings I had outraged, and though we—no she—was right under his eyes,—so close that she could stroke his charger's mane with her little hand,—he never so much as glanced at her. Mr. Frank Amory, as commanding officer of his troop on review, actually disdained to look at his lady-love.

"*Now* if at any time," thought I, "this little imp of coquetry will flash into flame and wither him when they meet,—perhaps flirt with me, *faute de mieux*, meantime," but to my utter amaze Miss Kitty took it as admirably as did Pauline. Each gave him one quick, demure, satisfied little look, as much as to say, "All right, Frank, I understand." They had learned their tactics already, I suppose, and I—was an inferior being, unable to appreciate the situation in the least.

The review went off all right, I also suppose. It was all a blank to me. The general and his aides rode down the line and our carriages had to get out of the way in a hurry. Then the troops marched over to Camp Street and down that thoroughfare, giving a marching salute as they passed headquarters. We sat in our vehicles on the opposite side of the street, and I simply stared when Amory lowered his sabre in sweeping, graceful salute and positively looked away from us, and at his chief. Why! up to this time I had been ready to take his part, and upbraid Kitty whenever there had been the faintest difference between them. Now, *now*, I actually wanted her to resent his conduct; and, with the unerring inconsistency of feminine nature, she did nothing of the kind. The instant the march was over, Frank Amory came trotting up beside us,—a glad, glorious light in his brave young eyes,—sprang from his saddle and to her side. The others he did not appear to see at all. His eyes were for her alone, for her in all their boyish adoration, in all their glowing pride and tenderness. Tearing off his gauntlet, he clasped her hand before a word was said, and she looked shyly, yet steadfastly, down into his transfigured face.

"I shall be down right after stables; mother will come sooner," was all he said. Then he condescended to notice the rest of us.

Right after stables indeed! Could you not even resent *that*, Kitty Carrington? Were you already so abject that a newly-won lover dare tell you that after his horses were seen to he would look after you?

Are you already falling into the cavalry groove? learning that unwritten creed that puts the care of his mount as the corner-stone of a trooper's temple?

In a state of daze I drove homeward with the ladies. Nobody talked much. Everybody was happy except my perturbed self. Pauline and Kitty sat hand in hand. We reached the lodgings, and were but a few moments in the parlor when Vinton appeared at the door ushering Mrs. Amory. Kitty was at the window arranging some flowers, but turned instantly, and, blushing like one of her own rosebuds, walked rapidly across the room, looking shyly up into the elder lady's face. How could I help seeing the moistened eye, the slightly quivering lip, when Mrs. Amory bent and, with one softly spoken word, "dear," kissed the bonny face?

We masculines took ourselves off for a while. It was plain the women had much to talk about, and when they have, the sooner husbands, brothers, and lovers leave, the better for all concerned.

"Mr. Brandon," said the major, as we settled ourselves on the back veranda, "it looks as though your prognostication had come true. Our Sandbrook Ku-Klux affair has brought its romance with it."

"Two of them, major! Two of them! We might call them, in view of your modest estimate of army attractions, 'Miss Summers's Sacrifice' and, and——"

"Kitty's Conquest," said Harrod.

Swiftly through a tawny waste of whirling waters a great steamer plows its way. From towering smoke-stacks volumes of smoke stream back along the tumbling wake and settle on the low-lying shores. Breasting the torrent, we have rushed past crowded levee, past sloop, and ship, and shallop, past steamers of every class and build, ocean cruisers, river monarchs, bayou traders, swamp prowlers. Lordly up-stream packets lead or follow; churches, domes, chimneys, cotton-presses, elevators, warehouses, give way to low, one-storied white-washed cottages, or deep veranda'd frame homesteads on the one side, to flat and open plantations on the other. Eastward there is naught to span the horizon but one far-reaching level of swamp or trembling prairie. Westward, two miles back from the river-bank, bold barriers of forest, dense, dark, and impenetrable, shut off the view. In front lies the eddying, swirling, boiling bosom of the Mississippi—the winding highway to the North,—sweeping in majestic curve through shores of shining green. Behind us, nestling along the grand arcs of its doubling bend, New Orleans and Algiers, close clinging to the mighty stream that at once threatens and cajoles. The river is master here, yet dreams not of his power.

Precious freight our steamer bears this bright and balmy eve. Proud of its strength and grace, it surges ahead, rumbling in the vast

caverns of its seething furnaces, panting in the depths of its powerful lungs, straining with muscles that glory in their task, hurling aside from iron-shod beak the burdened billows of the opposing river. Black as Erebus the clouds of smoke from towering chimneys, white as snow the screaming steam-jets, deep and mellow the note of signal-bell, clear, ringing, rollicking the farewell chorus of our swarthy crew. Boom! goes the roar of saucy little field-piece in parting salutation to the sun, redly sinking through the forest to our left, and then, from the lower deck, what unaccustomed sound is that? A trumpet, a cavalry trumpet sounds the final tribute to departing day, and a moment later a young officer comes springing from below and joins our group upon the hurricane-deck.

Here enjoying the scene, the gliding rush of our gallant craft, the balmy softness of the Southern air, we are seated, an almost silent party of seven. We are Mrs. Amory, Miss Summers, and Kitty; Major Vinton, Mr. Amory, Harrod, and myself. We are fellow-passengers for the evening only. The troop, men and horses both, is billeted below, and under command of its young lieutenant goes through to St. Louis, thence up the Missouri to its new sphere of duties in the far Northwest. Vinton is a passenger as far as Memphis, where escorting Mrs. Amory, he takes the train to Washington. The rest of us, Pauline, Kitty, Harrod, and I, go only up to Donaldsonville, where we arrive late at night, and take the local packet back to the city. In all the excitement and perturbation consequent upon the sudden departure of the troop; in all the hurry of preparation, requiring as it did the attention of both officers, there was no time for the interviews, the fond partings, the "sweet sorrows" incident to such occasions. An unusual thing occurred,—a bright idea struck Mr. Brandon. He proposed that the quartette should accompany the troop a short way up the river and there drink with them the stirrup-cup; and at last a proposition of Mr. Brandon's was regarded worthy of acceptance. So it happens that we are here together.

Evening comes on apace, and while Harrod is smoking somewhere forward, and our cavalrymen are paired off and slowly promenading the deck with the ladies of their love, Mrs. Amory and I are chatting quietly in the brilliant saloon, and we are talking of Mars. Her voice is soft and tremulous; her face is full of trust and peace; her eyes fondly follow him and the sweet, girlish form that hangs upon his arm as they stroll forward again after a few loving words with her.

"You have been a good friend to my boy, Mr. Brandon, and you will not forget him now on the distant frontier. It will be late in the fall before he can come East."

"So long as that! I had cherished some wild notion that we might have a double ceremony, when the major and Miss Summers are married."

"No. That would be too precipitate. She is very young yet; so is Frank for that matter, but he is thoroughly in earnest. It is not that I anticipate any change of feeling, but it is best for her sake there should be no undue haste. She will spend the time with Miss Summers until that wedding comes off, then visit relations in the North during the summer. Then 'Aunt Mary' will doubtless claim her. You know that as yet 'Aunt Mary' has had no intimation of what has been going on. Indeed, but for their sudden orders for the field, I doubt very much if the young people would have settled their outstanding differences. She is a lovely child at heart, and Frank has been a truthful and a devoted son,"—the dimmed eyes are filling now, and a tear starts slowly down the warm cheek,—"but he is impulsive, impetuous, quick, and sensitive, and, sweet as Kitty is, she has no little coquetry. It will not all be smiles and sunshine, 'bread and butter and kisses,' Mr. Brandon."

"Perhaps not, dear lady, perhaps not, yet I have no fear. He is true and brave and stanch as steel, and she is loving. God bless them!"

"Amen."

Late at night. The lights of Donaldsonville lie over our larboard bow. The broad river glistens in the glorious sheen of silvery light from the moon aloft. We are gathered in the captain's cabin on the texas and our glasses are filled. Moët & Chandon sparkles over the brim.

> "My charger is jangling his bridle and chain,
> The moment is nearing, dear love, we must sever,
> But pour out the wine, that thy lover may drain
> A last stirrup-cup to his true maiden ever."

Mr. Brandon has the floor, and eloquence, forensic, judicial, social, is fled. His idea is to say something stirring and appropriate, but his heart fails him. He can only stammer, "*Bon voyage*, boys, and safe and speedy return!" Then he slinks out into the shadow of the huge paddle-box, a vanquished man.

What a thundering uproar is made by the signal-whistle of these Mississippi steamers! The boat fairly quivers from stem to stern in response to the atmospheric disturbance created by the long-drawn blasts. For two minutes at least, in protracted, resounding, deep bellowing roar, that immense clarion heralds our approach to drowsy Donaldsonville. Three long-drawn blasts of equal length, and while they din upon the drum of the sensitive ear, not another sound can be heard. I clasp my hands to my head and shudderingly cling to the guards. All other sensations are deadened. Quick light footsteps approach, but I hear them not. Two young hearts are painfully beating close behind me, but I know it not. Clasping arms and quivering

lips are bidding fond farewell so near that, could I but put one hand around the corner of the narrow passage-way, it would light on a cavalry shoulder-strap (the right shoulder, for the other is pre-empted), but I see it not. Not until the deafening uproar ceases with sudden jerk, am I aware of what is going on almost at my invisible elbow. I hear a long-drawn sibilant something that is not a whistle, is not a hiss, yet something like; I hear a plaintive sob; I hear a deep, manly voice, tremulous in its tenderness. And again the miserable conviction flashes over me that I'm just where I ought not to be,—am not supposed to be,—and yet cannot get out without ruining the impressive climax. Forgive me, Kitty! Forgive me, Frank! For years I've kept your secret. For years you never suspected that you were overheard. Nearly all your story was jotted down that very spring, but not this part, not this; and now that the brief chronicle is well-nigh closed,—now that "this part" is as old a story as the rest, and as the rest would be utterly incomplete without just such a finale, can you not find it in your hearts to forgive me for hearing your sweet and sad and sacred farewell? It was hard, it was bitter trial; it was so sudden, so brief. Yet my heart went out to you, gallant and faithful young soldier, when I heard these words, "Five long months at least, my darling. You *will* be true to me, as, God knows, I will be to you?"

And you, Kitty, rampant little rebel Kit, you whom I had seen all coquetry, all mischief, all tormenting, *was* it your voice, low, tremulous, fond as his own, that I heard murmur, "Yes, even if it were years?"

A few moments more and four of us are standing on the wharf-boat, while the steamer, a brilliant illumination, plows and churns her way out into the broad moonlit stream. Pauline is waving her handkerchief to the group of three standing by the flag-staff over the stern. Kitty, leaning on my arm, trembles, but says no word. Tears still cling to the long, fringing lashes. Lovely are the humid eyes, the soft rounded cheek, the parted lips. She throws one kiss with her little white hand, and, as the gallant steamer fades away in the distance, her myriad lights blending into one meteoric blaze upon the bosom of the waters, the cousins seek each other's eyes. Pauline bends and kisses the smooth white brow and bravely drives back her own tears. Kitty leans her bonny head one moment upon the sheltering arm that is then so lovingly thrown around her, relieving mine, and lays her little hand upon her shoulder. A new ring glistens in the moonlight. Tiny crossed sabres stand boldly in relief upon the gold; beneath them a bursting shell, above them gleams the polished stone with its sculptured motto. I know it well. 'Tis Amory's class ring, and his is the proud device, "*Loyauté m'oblige.*"

THE END.

ANDREW ATKINSON HUMPHREYS, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL U.S.A., BRIGADIER-GENERAL AND CHIEF OF ENGINEERS U.S.A., MAJOR-GENERAL U.S.V., ETC.

A PROSE THRENODY.

"Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

"One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to our race,'
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff, well meant for grain.

"That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more.

"Dark house, by which once more I stand,
Here in the long, unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat,
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

"A hand that can be clasp'd no more."
TENNYSON'S "*In Memoriam.*"

"There are not ten people in the world whose deaths would spoil my dinner; but there are one or two would break my heart."—MACAULAY.

"And what the words, that with his failing breath,
Did England hear her aged soldier say?
I know not. Yielding tranquilly to death,
With no proud speech, no boast; he passed away.

"Not stirring words, nor gallant deeds alone,
Plain, patient work fulfilled that length of life;
DUTY, *not glory; Service*, not a throne;
Inspired his effort, set for him the strife.

"Therefore, just Fortune, with one hasty blow,
Spurning her minion, Glory's, Victory's lord,
Gave all to him that was content to know,
In service done, its own supreme reward.

"The words he said, if hap'ly words there were,
When full of years and works he passed away,
Most naturally might, methinks, refer
To some poor humble business of to-day.

"'*That humble, simple duty of the day*
Perform,' he bids; '*ask not if small or great:*
Serve in thy post; be faithful and obey;
Who serves her truly, sometimes saves the state.'"

"STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON."

"One of the great soldiers of the civil war disappears in the death of General Humphreys, whose mortal remains are to be interred at Washington to-day. Others were more conspicuous and gained a brighter harvest of renown, but not one among them all possessed a higher intelligence, a more fertile mind, a steadier courage, or a superior genius in the military art. Previous to the outbreak of the conflict Humphreys had not been friendly to the ideas and tendencies which culminated in the election of Mr. Lincoln; but when the choice had to be made between his political prejudices and the preservation of the Union, he did not hesitate, and during the long and bloody struggle the people of the United States had no more resolute, no more efficient defender. Though in the last decisive years of the contest he held no independent command, but was only chief of staff in the Army of the Potomac, those who best knew the value of his services have always rated him as one of the very ablest and noblest of our military officers. Had the war been much longer protracted, we are sure that he would have occupied the most important stations and risen to the very highest distinction. Though bred to engineering, a branch of warfare which tends to disqualify for the command of a campaign or the conduct of battle, he was distinguished for bold, aggressive energy, and for a spirit as prompt, ingenious, and fearless in the crisis of combat as it was calm, wise, and comprehensive in strategical preparations.

"In the relations of civil life General Humphreys was true, cordial, and manly. He wrote the English language with singular strength and felicity. His great book on the Mississippi River, and his writings concerning the history of the war, are models of compact, vigorous, and conclusive composition."—*New York Sun*, Monday, 31st December, 1883.

HISTORY, on a grand scale, such as awakens the interest of the majority of readers, and holds their attention and impresses itself upon their memories, is little more than a succession or aggregation of biographies. What makes these the more attractive is the supposition or belief that the course of men's lives—that is, those of "Exemplary" or "Representative" men—depends in a great measure upon themselves, upon their self-*ex*ertion or self-*as*sertion, their will-power and ability, in constructing something large and grand, through taking a sagacious advantage of opportunities and circumstances, using them either as tools or materials, exactly as if they were absolute possessions which they had acquired or could appropriate.

"Hence, indeed, comes it," quoth Carlyle (Anthology, 186, 187), "that His-

tory, which should be the essence of innumerable Biographies, will tell us, question it as we like, less than one genuine Biography may do, pleasantly and of its own accord. The time is approaching when History will be attempted on quite other principles; when the Court, the Senate, and Battle-field, receding more and more into the background, the Temple, the Workshop, and Social Hearth will advance more and more into the foreground; and History will not content itself with shaping some answer to that question: How were men *taxed* and *kept quiet* then? but will seek to answer this other infinitely wider and higher question: *How and what were men then?* Not our Government only, or the House wherein our life was led, but the Life itself we led there, will be inquired into."

"Our notions upon this subject may perhaps appear extravagant; but if an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion, that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavors and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in Biography."

"It is natural to believe in great men," wrote Emerson. "All mythology opens with demigods, and the circumstance is high and poetic; that is, their genius is paramount. Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men: they make the earth wholesome. They who lived with them found life glad and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society. The gods of fable are the shining moments of great men. Man can paint, or make, or think, nothing but man. We have social strengths. I can do that by another which I cannot do alone. Other men are lenses, through which we read our own minds. The stronger the nature the more it is reactive. I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty; he has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light and in large relations. He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others. Behmen and Swedenborg saw that things were representative. Men are also representative,—first, of things; and, secondly, of ideas. Life is girt all round with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky. Men are helpful through the intellect and the affections. This is the moral of biography; yet it is hard for departed men to touch the quick like our own companions, whose names may not last as long. What has friendship so signal as its sublime attraction to whatever virtue is in us? This honor, which is possible in personal intercourse scarcely twice in a lifetime, genius perpetually pays; contented, if now and then in a century the proffer is accepted. *When nature removes a great man* people explore the horizon for a successor; but none comes, and none will. His class is extinguished with him. In some other and quite different field the next man will appear; not Jefferson, not Franklin, but now a great salesman, then a road contractor, then a student of fishes, then a buffalo-hunting explorer, or a demi-savage Western general. Life is a scale of degrees. Between rank and rank of our great men are wide intervals. I admire great men of all classes, those who stand for facts, and for thoughts. I applaud *a sufficient man, an officer equal to his office;* captains, ministers, senators. *Sword and staff*, or talents sword-like or staff-like, carry on the work of the world. Thus we feed on genius, and refresh ourselves from too much conversation with our mates, and exult in the depth of nature in that direction in which he leads us. It seems as if the Deity dressed each soul which he sends into nature in certain virtues and powers not communicable to other men, and sending it to perform one

more turn through the circle of beings, wrote '*Not transferable*' and '*Good for this trip only*' on these garments of the soul. But *great men:* the word is injurious. Is there caste? Is there fate?

"Great men are the Fire-pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind. How many weighty reasons, how many innocent allurements, attract our curiosity to such men! We would know them, see them visibly, even as we know and see our like: no hint, no notice that concerns them is superfluous or too small for us. The great spirits that have gone before us can survive only as disembodied voices; their form and distinctive aspect, outward and even in many respects inward, all whereby they were known as living, breathing men, has passed into another sphere; from which only History, in scanty memorials, can evoke some faint resemblance of it. The more precious, in spite of all imperfections, is such History, are such memorials, that still in some degree preserve what had otherwise been lost without recovery."

Again, M. E. Norris may be justly quoted in this connection: "The history of a man's life is like the history of a nation: looking back into it, one finds it marked out into certain clearly-defined epochs. An event, great or small, takes place here and there, and makes a full stop, after which a fresh period has to be opened. One does not always recognize the full stop at the moment of its occurrence, but when so much that preceded and followed it has been swept out of the ken of memory, it stands forth with sufficient distinctness."

Speaking of Diodorus of Sicily, Macaulay remarks of him, in allusion to the value of his fragments as an observer of men, as well as a narrator of events, incorporating *biographical* traits and their effects upon general history, "He is a credulous, prosing, stupid old ass, *yet I heartily wish we had a good deal* more of him." Such was the opinion of that stupendous intellect of the inestimable worth of the history of individual lives.

These extracts should embolden any writer in presenting the marked characteristics of a grandly individual man.

Another class of Philosophers, few in number but deep and close thinkers, claim that it is erroneous to suppose that men govern circumstances, because, say they, the exact reverse is the truth,—circumstances govern men. This latter consideration at once nullifies the value of heroes as examples, and awakens another which has given rise to much thought and argument. Does Providence rule by immutable and consequential laws, which once established are unchangeable, or does He by direct interposition regulate and right the affairs of nations and of individuals? Under the first view, the result reached is about that which so many ancient philosophers evolved,—the doctrine of Necessity, commonly styled Fate, or Predestination; while under the last there does seem some opportunity for the admission of the operation of what is known as Free-Will. In the former case, the individual is neither more nor less than a blind instrument; in the latter, a sentient being, who is capable of accomplishing great results and exercising enormous influence, and is in a larger or lesser degree the architect of his own fortunes. Whether we incline to the idea that men are simply another form of the adaptation and employment of forces, or credit them with the inherent capacity to make or mar their own careers, there is no doubt, viewing the subject under either, and indeed every aspect, that Decker, the great German military writer on Tactics,

Grand Tactics, Strategy, pure and simple, and Practical Strategy ("Werkthätege Strategie"), was absolutely correct when he asserted that "a Great Captain was the greatest gift of God to a nation."

These reflections seem eminently fitting as an introduction to a biographical sketch of one of the greatest soldiers, recently deceased, who has ever appeared upon this continent. It may astonish many and it may shock the prejudices of a great many others, and it may even excite a smile among the majority, but in spite of all that—esteeming that every man who through long study and close observation is competent to judge in the lines wherein he has chosen to exercise and apply his faculties—there is no question that the two greatest military exemplars of the great American conflict, or "Slaveholders' Rebellion," are George H. Thomas and Andrew Atkinson Humphreys, the latter the subject of this paper. "With hardly an exception, the older officers, who served in the old army and in the late war, regard General Humphreys as, next to General George H. Thomas, the greatest man developed during the late war." (H. L. N., Boston *Herald*, 7th January, 1884.)

It may be asked, and with good reason, why, if these two men were so great, were they only permitted to play secondary parts? Here at once we run against that idea already presented, that the development of events and the careers of individuals are subject to immutable laws. No honest man, however sagacious and bold, has ever been able to rule without a party and through a party, and by the employment of means against which his very soul revolted. The "great and good Cornwallis," when sent to pacify Ireland, declared that he was very often compelled to use for the service of his government men who, if he had simply consulted his own instincts and feelings, he would have driven from his presence with disgust. This is eminently true in this country, wherein the basest motives and the worst people have to be consulted and considered because they possess the confidence of a, or the, majority, or of a solid minority who hold the balance of political power. It is also necessary to bow to what is styled public opinion, which does not express what should be defined by these words, because an opinion which has no foundation except ignorance, prejudice, incapacity to judge, and no reasoning power to apply, is worthy of such a title. Thought is not the prerogative of anything like a majority, it is the property of a comparative few, who seldom rule, because to succeed in politics and the direction of public affairs necessarily involves pandering to the vilest as well as deferring to the best. "The 'generous people,'" sarcastically observes Leitch Ritchie, "are much more capable of what may be called the poetry of sentiment than of true feeling."

Let us now see how these remarks apply to Thomas and Humphreys. When the Rebellion broke out Thomas was denied the position he deserved and the opportunities he required to manifest himself be-

cause he was a Virginian, and therefore not trustworthy, ranking him with Robert E. Lee[1] and others from his State, who abandoned the

[1] "Robert E. Lee was colonel of the Second (now Fifth) Regiment United States Cavalry, stationed in Texas. He had commanded that military department, and in April, 1861, was on leave of absence. General Scott knew that he was at Arlington Heights, at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Custis, and one day asked me if I had seen or heard of him lately. I replied in the negative, except that he was on leave and at Arlington Heights. Said the general, 'It is time he should show his hand, and, if he remains loyal, should take an important command.' I then suggested that I should write a note to Lee, and ask him to call at the general's headquarters. 'I wish you would,' replied the general. The note was written, and the next day, April 19, 1861, Colonel Lee came to the office. The general's was the front room of the second story. His round table stood in the centre of the room, and I had a desk in one corner. The aides were in an adjoining room, with a door opening into the general's. When Lee came in I was alone in the room with the general, and the door to the aides' room was closed. General Cullum thinks he was also in the room with the general, and present at this interview, but I am quite confident no one but myself witnessed the conversation between General Scott and Colonel Lee. I quietly arose, keeping my eye on the general, for it seemed probable he might wish to be alone with Lee. He, however, secretly motioned me to keep my seat, and I sat down without Lee having a chance to notice that I had risen. The general having invited Lee to be seated, the following conversation, as nearly as I can remember, took place:

"*General Scott.*—'You are at present on leave of absence, Colonel Lee?'

"*Colonel Lee.*—'Yes, general; I am staying with my family at Arlington.'

"*General Scott.*—'These are times when every officer in the United States service should fully determine what course he will pursue, and frankly declare it. No one should continue in government employ without being actively engaged.' (*No response from Lee.*)

"*General Scott* (*after a pause*).—'Some of the Southern officers are resigning, possibly with the intention of taking part with their States. They make a fatal mistake. The contest may be long and severe, but eventually the issue must be in favor of the Union.' (*Another pause, and no reply from Lee.*)

"*General Scott* (*seeing evidently that Lee showed no disposition to declare himself loyal, or even in doubt*).—'I suppose you will go with the rest. If you purpose to resign, it is proper you should do so at once; your present attitude is an equivocal one.'

"*Colonel Lee.*—'General, the property belonging to my children, all they possess, lies in Virginia. They will be ruined if they do not go with their State. I cannot raise my hand against my children.'

"The general then signified that he had nothing further to say, and Colonel Lee withdrew. The next day, April 20, 1861, he tendered his resignation, and it was accepted the 25th. General Scott made no remark upon the subject, but he was evidently much grieved at thus parting with a man of whom he had been justly proud, and for whom he had cherished the highest personal regard. He had no more devoted or efficient staff-officer than Lee was in the Mexican War.

"It was probably near the same day as the interview with General Scott that the following incident, related to me by the late General Shiras, occurred. Shiras was in the office of Adjutant-General L. Thomas when Colonel Lee came in there. Standing on the side of the table opposite where Thomas was sitting, Lee said, 'General Thomas, I am told you have said I was a traitor.' Thomas arose, and, looking him in the eye, replied, 'I have said so; do you wish to know on what authority?' 'Yes,' said Lee. 'Well, on the authority of General Scott.' Lee muttered, 'There must be some mistake,' turned, and left the room.'"—*Anecdotes of the Civil War in the United States*, by Brevet Major-General E. D. Townsend, 1884, chap. ix. pages 29–32.

country from interested motives to cast their lot in with a section. His very grandest qualities, viewed in this light, became his greatest enemies and the stumbling-block to his elevation. He had to fight as hard a fight against baseless prejudice and consequent injustice as he did to achieve victory, to retrieve defeat, and to act as a balance-wheel in campaign after campaign. As Gen. Theodore Ayrault Dodge tersely observes, summing up his character, "Thomas was a Virginian. In 1861 he had been seeking a college position in his native State, and some unnecessarily feared his loyalty. Man was never born more true. He was essentially cast in a large mould, in mind and body; so modest that he shrank from command, to which he was peculiarly fitted; with courage of the stamp that ignores self; possessing steadfastness in greater measure than audacity, he yet lacked none of that ability which can deal heavy blows; while no antagonist was ever able to shake his foothold. Honesty in thought, word, and deed was constitutional with him. A thorough military training, added to a passionate love of his profession, and great natural powers, made him peer of any soldier. Sedate in mind and physically slow in movement, he yet aroused great enthusiasm among his men, as well as earned their warm affection. Uniformly successful in all he undertook, from Mill Spring to Nashville, he has left a memorable name and an untarnished reputation. He perhaps falls as little short of the model soldier as any man produced by this country."

This association of the names of Thomas and Humphreys is not only justified by the misapprehension of their inclinations at Washington, but by their prominent characteristics. It recalls the distinction drawn by the Byzantine historian, Nicephorus Gregoras, between the standfastness (*ευδταθεια*) of the Nicene Emperors John Ducas Vataces (1222–1255) and the keen aggressive (*σξεια ορμη*) of his predecessor and father-in-law, Theodore Lascaris I. Gibbon tells us "it would not be an easy task to equal the two characters of Theodore Lascaris and John Ducas Vataces, who replanted and upheld the Roman standard," and who may be said to elevate themselves as examples worthy of the Roman military and civic virtues at the best periods of the Republic and of the Empire during that extraordinary phase presented by the reigns of the Antonines from Trajan to Marcus Aurelius. What makes the parallel more striking, "the difference of their virtues was happily suited to the diversity of their situation." The first success of Lascaris was as small as to forces as the victory of Thomas at Mill Spring (or Fishing Creek), and yet how momentous were the effects of both! They were revelations of the blue sky beyond through the rack of the tempest, and so Emperor and General went on from great to greater things, until the establishment of an empire crowned the former with imperishable laurels as Nashville ultimately did Thomas, "in whom the very perfection of his manner of existence" diminishes in

vulgar minds, incapable to rising anywhere to an approach to his level, their estimate of his merits, and "the completeness of the victory hides from them the magnitude of the struggle." Nor does the similitude cease here. Thomas was high in command and had won the appreciation of the whole country before Humphreys was brought prominently forward.

Mill Spring was fought 19th–20th January, 1862, but it was not until 13th December following that Humphreys made manifest the inestimable qualities which distinguished him. Again, Nashville, which added a sextuple anadem to those already won, for Thomas, was fought 15th–16th December, 1864, but it was not until the pursuit of Lee from Petersburg to Appomattox Court-House that the action of Humphreys demonstrated what might have been accomplished if he had been at any time at the head of the Army of the Potomac. This pursuit will be dwelt upon more fully as it deserves hereinafter.

This sketch—too brief for the subject, is so necessarily because too limited in space to do justice to the man himself and to his deeds—may seem to belong to the same class of obituaries as one of the "Eloges" pronounced by a member of the French Academy on assuming the seat of the deceased whose chair he is to occupy. It may seem a funeral panegyric, but it is not so, because it is the sober truth, honestly presented. Consequently, to disarm prejudice or envy, there will be a strenuous endeavor throughout to make no mention of names, and there will be no attempt, if possible, to institute immediate comparisons with living or dead men who were his associates in arms. It can, unfortunately, neither enter into elaborate details, nor even do full justice to a great Pennsylvanian, in order not to excite controversy over his grave. In a more elaborate biography, which, heaven willing, will be presented to the public, all these conditions will receive attention, with a strong endeavor to develop them with a precision and a clearness such as can be established and maintained by ample existing testimonies.[2]

Among the philosophic writers of the present generation, the cleanest dissectors of subjects taken promiscuously from different classes of society have been women. One of these was the Countess (Dora d'Istira) Koltzoff Massaloky, another (George Eliot), Mrs. Lewes, and the third (Ouida), Louise de la Ramè. The last of them has a paragraph which expresses in degree a truth that is not foreign to this subject, although not apposite altogether in its exact presentation or language. Humphreys might have uttered with absolute truth, as applicable to himself, the sentence selected as a text by the authoress, "I never had fair field."

[2] What is more and worse, the writer is one hundred miles distant from the mass of his private papers, manuscripts, letters, etc., and maps and plans, and has been too desperately sick for a month to venture into a cold country-house to look them up amid a vast accumulation of authorities on the "Slaveholders' Rebellion."

"'*I never had a fair field!*' It may be sometimes a coward's apology; but it is many a time the epitome of a great, cramped, tortured, wasted life, which strove like a caged eagle to get free, and never could beat down the bars of the den that circumstances and prejudice had forged. The world sees the few who do reach freedom, and, watching their bold upright flight, says rashly, 'Will can work all things.' But they who perish by the thousand, the fettered eagles who never see the sun; who pant in darkness, and wear their breasts bare beating on the iron that will never yield; who never know their strength, yet cannot break their prison; who feel their wings, yet never can soar up to meet the sweet wild western winds of liberty; who lie at last beaten, and hopeless, and blind, with only strength enough to long for death to come and quench all sense and thought in its annihilation,—who thinks of them—who counts them?"

The very same remarks which apply with such force to Thomas are equally applicable to Humphreys, although a Pennsylvanian, because he had been and was a personal friend previous to the war of the arch-rebel[3] Davis and others of the secession leaders who were at the United States Military Academy at the same time,—Thomas J. Drayton, who commanded as general at Hilton Head in 1861, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, William N. Pendleton, appointed to the same regiment (Second Artillery) as Humphreys, and John B. Magruder, and had a relative of the same name who was absolutely and immediately opposed to him in one battle, and was graduated from that institution,—for the reason that their social qualities pleased him, the new administration chose, without investigation, to decide that his political principles were in sympathy with theirs, and constituted ties which would prove more potent than the claims of duty. Such a judgment, however erroneous, was perhaps the inevitable result of the hour and clamor. It was most unjust, because a truer man than Humphreys never breathed. He belonged to that rare class, level-headed dutymen. He exemplified this in every action of his life; what he thought was right he did to the full extent of his capacity; neither friendship nor prejudice could swerve him from what his fine reasoning power told him should be done for the interest of the service and country. He examined, he reflected, he decided, and then no power could move him. He was the concrete of moral and physical bravery; his mind was one of the finest in texture and one of the rarest in quality. Chanzy, the greatest military

[3] Humphreys would have banished Davis from his thoughts as an unholy thing had he believed him capable of the charge published in the New York *Times* 9th January, 1884: "A letter from Fort Keogh, Montana, says that General Nelson A. Miles tarried there for a while when on his way to his command in the Department of Columbia, and was given a banquet by the officers. General Brisbin, in a speech, nominated General Miles for the Presidency, and in closing asked General Miles to tell about the incarceration of Jeff Davis in Fortress Monroe, he having been in command there at the time. General Miles responded, and told how Davis was delivered to him and why he put irons upon him, and, *according to this letter, added that Jeff Davis did know of the intended assassination of Abraham Lincoln. 'A proposition to kill the President,' he said, 'was not only made in writing to the Confederate Government, but indorsed by Jefferson Davis in his own handwriting, and referred to the Confederate Secretary of War for his action.*"

mind in France, in the days of its humiliation in 1870, said, "France had fallen from want of reliance on herself." Humphreys nor the cause which he represented, as far as it depended on himself, could never have failed for that reason, because his self-reliance was equal to, and rose with, every occasion. "His circumspection never forsook him. One would say he had read the inscription on the gates of Busyrane, 'Be bold,' and on the second gate, 'Be bold, be bold, and ever more be bold,' and then again had paused well at the third gate, 'Be not too bold.' His strength is like the momentum of a falling planet, and his discretion the return of its due and perfect curve." He ever realized the force of Danton's appeal, "It is not the *alarm*-cannon you hear; it is the *charging-step* against the enemy," and the watchword of that "armed Soldier of the Democracy," "Audacity, and again audacity and without limit audacity," tempered with the discretion of a fearless captain who dares when it is wise to be discreet. And to sum up his courage as a soldier, his capacity as a general, and his completeness as a man, he was as eminent an exemplification as ever lived of that, generally, misapplied and better understood title,—in body, soul, and spirit, —a thorough gentleman. It may seem a curious mode of stating the case, but he was one of the cleanest of men in thought, word, and deed; he washed morally daily, with the precision that he took his bath; with the water and soap of self-examination and of resolute determination to fulfill every duty of life, and dressed himself, his walk, and conversation with clean linen, carefully adjusted garments befitting his position and honorable purposes; ay, with everything consistent with the presentation, within and without, of a well-born, thoroughly educated, highly cultured, and self-disciplined gentleman, worthy the definition of the title, which took the prize in England;—brave as a man and gentle as a woman. The ancient Chinese Proverbial Philosophy has a question to the point: "Man combs his hair every morning. Why not his heart?"

Most people are very anxious to know the personal appearance of prominent individuals. In the prime of life he was what was often termed in the rural districts "a perfect nut"; that is, imbued with a frame of unusual vitality inclosed in a shell formed for activity and endurance. He was rather below than above the average size of Americans belonging to the Old Thirteen colonies, say five feet eight inches, weighing in full health one hundred and sixty to one hundred and sixty-five pounds, with a face expressive of the highest type of character and intelligence, with decided gray, or bluish-gray eyes that could absolutely kindle into flame,—eyes that recall what Carlyle wrote of the orbs of Frederic the Great: "such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror' (*portaient au gié de son âme heroique, la*

séduction ou la terreur). Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure gray color; large enough, not of a glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man."

Before turning gray his hair and moustache were brown. In latter years there were deeply chiseled furrows in his face, such as those with which nature always marks men whom she has blessed with brains and the faculty of using them to the best advantage. In fact, intellect always marks its possessor with rugged lines, which are the seals or attests of the gift. As far as manners and deportment, he realized the language applied by a great Swedish historian, Johannes Loccenius, to "under Sweden's crown, Sweden's greatest commander": "In battle a lion, everywhere else a lamb," as well as those of the old English worthy in regard to Lancelot: "The flower of bravery, the chief of knights, so courteous towards women that even Elaine's father prayed him in vain to use some roughness to chill her misplaced passion, a discourtesy which was all foreign to his nature."

It would be difficult to furnish to a reader an adequate idea of the personal appearance of this distinguished man and soldier which would fit the present as well as the past. Neither in form, face, expression, activity both of mind and body, did he, when the writer first met him many years ago, exhibit the slightest indication of his actual age, between fifty and sixty, or long and arduous service of thirty-eight years. His gray eye was bright as that of young and vigorous manhood, and his gray hair was such as more frequently indicates ripe thought than mature age. His head was that of a *thinker* and a *worker*. Habits of continual close observation had developed in his physiognomy the impression of natural perception of character which gives a peculiar point to language and even to silence when listening. His manners were simple, prepossessing, and without the slightest shade of affectation. There never was a person in his elevated position who dreamed less of advancing himself otherwise than by his services. Thus, in his conversation, divested of every superfluous word, a listener was satisfied that Humphreys kept back far more than he imparted. Sage and soldier blended, neither battle nor business seem to have made any impression on his thoroughly knit figure and perfectly gentlemanly physiognomy.

Reader, do not think for a moment that this description is slipping into flattery, because, however gentle towards the one sex, he could become a cyclone in his wrath against men who deserved it. The writer knew him as intimately as one man could know another for many years, and esteemed his friendship, like that of Thomas, as one of those

priceless boons seldom granted to mortal, and known repeated exhibitions of a chivalry, a generosity, a negation of self, and an affection such as are very, very, very rarely developed in our nature. Yes indeed, a truer friend never lived, and one example might be cited as a proof of this which would scarcely be believed by minds of less magnanimity and capacity for loving than that of the noble dead. This is no exaggeration. Humphreys was not one of those suns of which the fiery glance cannot be borne by an unguarded eye, but one of those forces which give laws to suns and which cannot be estimated by ordinary intelligences; which can be only recognized as facts through their effects upon men.

In this connection a reminiscence of a cavalry officer, at that time an orderly attached to the staff of General Couch, is not without interest as illustrating the man. He met Humphreys, commanding the Third Division of the Fifth Corps, poking about in the bewildering darkness of the Chancellorsville Wilderness, and was then struck, and still recalls with pleasure, his polite demeanor to a simple private, so greatly in contrast to the imperious manners of the vast majority of general officers.

Indeed, Humphreys was a gentleman without effort, one whose natural qualities would neutralize any caste bigotry, such as so often seriously injures the graduates of an exclusive institution, which covets all the influence and advantages in *its* line claimed by intolerant and established churches in their lines.

A great many of our officers are refined gentlemen; they do honor to their uniform, to their position, and to their country; but the bearing of the subject of this sketch displayed a graceful ease which is inseparable from the natural instincts of the heart, and almost invariably can be traced to the home influence of a long line of honorable ancestors, such as those whose record and origin may well serve as an introduction to this memoir proper.

The highest term of commendation which was applied to a man among the military classes of Europe was "He is loyal." This word "loyal" does not convey the same meaning in this country as abroad, and is too often misunderstood. Reflect upon it, however, and it is as noble an epithet as magnanimous (high-souled). Loyal! loyal to conviction, to principles, to duty, to comrades, to country, to conscience! What more can be said of a man? Kearny was brave in his way, Hooker in his, Hancock and others splendid as paladins in the field in their ways; but the bravery of Humphreys was just as natural and unassuming as his manners. It was not perhaps as influential a bravery, because there was no striving for effect blended with it. He would be just as likely to make a display of it as to assume a particular manner while eating or conversing. It has been said that, being short-sighted, and always determined to see things for himself, he was never

satisfied until he had looked into the mouths of the enemy's guns. De Trobriand gives a striking instance of this in that day of marching, fighting, and capturing, known as the Engagements of Deatonsville, Thursday, 6th April, 1865.

As Corps-Commander, is the language of the same author and fellow-soldier, the clearness of his ideas and the quickness of his comprehension (*coup d'œil*) are powerfully assisted by an imperturbable coolness (*sang-froid*) under fire. His calm courage and indifference to danger give him a perfect use of all his faculties under the most trying circumstances. The only thing which puts him out of humor is an order not carried out, or a dangerous blunder committed in action. Then arises a tempest, the more violent because ordinarily kept under command. To give it vent, the General has recourse to flaming soliloquies, in the course of which all the known and unknown energies of our language hurtle forth and burst like bombs. After this, manifestly relieved, he settles back into his habitual calm. The air again becomes serene; the water-spout has burst. One more remark: General Humphreys was always to be distinguished from the other officers of the army by a narrow cravat of brilliant red, which he invariably wore about his neck, and by shoes and gaiters instead of boots. But he could be better recognized than by such insignificant peculiarities by his superb calm, and his magnificent carriage in danger and amid carnage, and in the presence of death.

General Palfrey has a paragraph in his "Antietam and Fredericksburg Campaigns," page 120–26, in this connection, which is most pertinent:

"The Southerners showed that they felt the *gaudium certaminis* (joy of battle). With the Northerners it was different. They were ready to obey orders, they were ready to do the work to which they had set their hands, they were ready to die in their tracks if need be, but they did not go to battle as to a feast. With officers and men it was the same. They did not like fighting. Sheridan, Hancock, HUMPHREYS, Kearny, Custer, Barlow, and such as they were exceptions, but the rule was otherwise."

The Humphreys family is Welsh by habitat for eight hundred years, for perhaps over nine hundred. It may well have been Saxon or Norman before that. It is a well-known fact that a conquering race, if few in number, through intermarriages with a more numerous, original, subjugated people, gradually assimilate with the latter so that the original distinctive parts disappear. Thus the Humphreys, whether or not once of Teutonic stem, now present many of the characteristics of the Cambro-British. The General in many respects had the appearance and temperament of an intelligent, brave, patriotic, and excitable people, who boast that such is their race-vitality, that, whatever may have happened or still may be undergone, still, at the Last Day, representatives will start up, pure blood, to answer at the roll-call of nations for Wales. Con-

sistent with this idea of blood-effects, while eminently sagacious, he was nevertheless exceedingly hot-tempered, and while subject to discipline and a slave to duty, he was as high-spirited in thought and expression as a man could well be.

The pen which inscribed this tribute has already introduced a number of military magnates to the readers of this Journal. What has preceded was a sort of philosophical introduction to the consideration of the career of a dear friend, who was a man of science, and yet a man of action; a soldier, and yet a philosopher; a general, great at the head of an army-corps, and equally great in the investigation of the secret powers of nature; a rare combination,—a practical executive and yet a thoughtful projector.

A correspondent of *The Sunday Herald and Weekly National Intelligencer*, Washington, January 6, 1884, contributed an article, In Memoriam, from which the paragraphs that follow are extracts:

"The mere statement of his [Humphreys] appointment, his graduation, his service, his retirement, has been given by the press, but his thoroughness, his loyalty, his high ideals, his earnest wish to do his duty to his country, her cause, his brother man, deserve more than passing notice.

"His modesty was equaled only by his merit, and yet he knew his worth; his charity for the frailties of others was exercised cheerfully, willingly, promptly; and yet he knew that should he become a blabber and mouthe those frailties to the Executive the highest command on the continent would fall to him, with all its magnificent possibilities. It was not for him to undermine; it was not for him to stab in the dark; it was not for him to dabble in intrigue; he had no fine Italian hand to juggle behind the screen of 'Confidential.' During the dark days of bleak December, when mediocrity was in the saddle, and the winter of discontent settled on the Rappahannock; when the file was deserting and the rank was outspoken against its commander, none saw plainer than did he the littleness of the two stars at headquarters, yet not one word of disloyalty to that littleness fell from his lips. When the grave and astounding fault was committed on the right at Chancellorsville, and the gallant Jackson rolled up the army like a scroll, and a murmur of disapprobation swelled into a gale that should have swept the culpable into oblivion, he busied himself with his command and joined not in the almost universal condemnation. When he saw the strange movement in front of the heights in Pennsylvania, so blindly made by a corps, he saw the error, but he knew his duty and obeyed his orders.

"Were his opinion asked it would be given; were his advice solicited it would be tendered; were his experience, his professional knowledge, his ability called upon, they, in all their wealth, would be laid before his commander; but when that commander gave him orders, whatever they were, they would be obeyed if it lay within the power of Humphreys to obey them.

"Profoundly versed in the bookish theoric of his profession he had oft set a squadron in the field and was practical withal, and he was as fearless as the weapon he wore. Loyal to his superiors, courteous to his comrades, kind to his men, beloved and honored by all. He had fewer personal dislikes than any man we ever knew, and was ever willing and anxious to reunite the estranged. Honest was he in all the big meaning of the word; thorough was he in all he undertook; true was he to high and low, and it did follow as night the day that he was not false to any man.

"Thoroughly equipped at the Academy for his chosen profession, he gave his life to it with all the earnestness he possessed and with all the experience he acquired.

When young his thoroughness was part and parcel of him, and his bureau labors were not done unless well done. When he passed into the sere, the yellow leaf, and waxed old he would not be hurried by clamorous publishers till his work was as near truth as a world of reference could make it.

"Not a word of hyperbole would we drop into his newly-made grave, but such a character is worthy of emulation and will live; like a handful of corn on a side of a mountain, it cannot die, but must needs grow and spread.

"A soldier of the Union and a soldier of the Cross, he fell asleep at taps, and, let us trust, he reported for duty Above when awakened by a Higher Reveille, and the recorder has placed on His roster the name of A. A. Humphreys."

These words must have come from the heart of one who knew Humphreys well, knew that he was one of the true men who did their utmost,—their utmost, heart and soul, to insure the national integrity and restore peace to the country.

Unlike the majority of our distinguished men who have shone in specialties, Humphreys illustrated whatever he undertook, and his name will live in the rolls of science even if the records of war are to be laid away among the lumber of the barbaric past. His memory will shine with equal lustre from whatever point of view his career is scrutinized. Glorious as he manifested himself in arms and great in science, he was equally generous in soul, for never did a deserving subordinate fail to receive his due meed of praise at the hands of this superior, who was above all jealousy, free from every type of selfishness, and equal to the nicest judgment of what an inferior could do, and had done. "By nature and by education, he bitterly hated every form of injustice and oppression." Sydney Smith, writing of Macaulay, expressed the truth about Humphreys,—"I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, title before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests." "But," says Goldsmith, in speaking of the death of Wolfe, "it is the lot of mankind only to know true merit on that dreadful occasion when they are going to lose it;" or, as he might have observed more correctly, "when they have lost it." Charlatans, in one sense or another, whose tinsel is discovered by the touchstone of time or of analysis, achieve a reputation while they live with the masses which is ever denied to the gold, the pure gold, such as that of Thomas and Humphreys. Some philosophers claim that an individual is simply the expression of the race or family to which he belongs. The study of biography, or rather of ethnology, which presents the careers of heroes and heroic traits as centres around which events revolve, demonstrate that there is a great deal of truth in this theory. If a single example could prove a rule, sufficient proof of its truth could be found in tracing back the ancestry of General Humphreys in the United States. His grandfather, Joshua Humphreys, was a man of note in this country when scientific men were rare in it. Ninety years ago, in 1794, as chief

constructor of the United States Navy, he planned the six frigates, likewise their armament, which were ordered to be built by Congress in that year. With these six frigates the naval successes upon the ocean in the War of 1812–15—triumphs which have rendered the history of our military marine deservedly famous—were chiefly won. The principle upon which they were built and armed—"74's in disguise" the British called them; a term applied to them in England many, many years ago—was adopted by European nations as soon as they had arrived at the comprehension of its vast promise and capabilities. Joshua Humphreys was a man of unusual character, and was universally beloved for his hospitable, generous, and amiable disposition, even as much as he was respected and admired for that originative capacity which was productive of such great advantages for his country. (See "The Commencement of the United States Navy, 1794," Rear-Admiral George H. Preble, UNITED SERVICE, February, 1884, pages 139–149.)

His son, the father of the General, Samuel Humphreys, succeeded to the position of his own father as chief constructor of the United States Navy, as well as the heritage of his virtues. He won the high esteem of those who knew him in his generation for his powers of mind and his amiability of character.

This esteem followed back the Humphreys family to its source in Wales, whence they emigrated to this country. The name is Norman, and a thousand years old. It is found in Dooms-day Book; and the family crest—a lion with his dexter paw upon a nag's head—apparently refers to the conquest of Wales, where they located as settlers in the land which they had assisted to win. From Wales the Humphreys removed to Pennsylvania, in 1682, and settled on one of the small tributaries of the Delaware River, about seven miles west of Philadelphia. There a representative of the family still resides in one of the old family houses. The place is called Ponte Reading,—which General Humphreys finally inherited,—after the original home in Wales, which, it is said, is even yet occupied by the race; at all events, by the name. It is no wonder that there was a severance between the representatives of the old stock in the New and those in the Old World, when it is known that a letter written about 1700, in the land of Cymry, was three years in reaching the "forest land of Penn." Even as the original Humphreys wrought effectively in locating themselves at first, even so they exercised a marked influence in their community on this side of the Atlantic. This is apparent from the annals of that part of the colony of Pennsylvania where, as immigrants, they planted themselves. When the relations between the Thirteen Colonies and the Mother-Country had arrived at a condition that the meeting of a Colonial Congress was deemed requisite, Charles Humphreys, at that time the oldest member of the family, was chosen to represent in it the part of

the present State of Pennsylvania now known as Delaware County, and he continued to serve as a member of the several Congresses from 1774 to July, 1776.

The mother of General Humphreys was an Atkinson, and at the time of her marriage with Samuel Humphreys, her family was living on the St. John's River, Florida. Her father had been an officer in the British army, entering it with his friends and neighbors, Sir Eyrie Coote, celebrated for his East Indian triumphs, and Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who died in the arms of victory upon the sands of Egypt.

This Atkinson resigned his commission soon after his marriage. His family lived at Cavan-garden, an entailed family estate in Donegal, on the northwest coast of Ireland, and were of extensive, influential connections in that part of the island. The race to which Mrs. Atkinson belonged—the Murrays, of Black Barony, one of the oldest houses in Scotland—are not unknown in the history of that country.

Andrew Atkinson Humphreys was born in Philadelphia (1809?), and appointed from Pennsylvania 1st July, 1827; was graduated thirteenth in a class of thirty-three 1st July, 1831, and was assigned to the Second Artillery. He served in garrison at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, 1831; on special duty, making drawings at the Military Academy, 5th January to 18th April, 1832; in the Cherokee Nation, 1832–33; in garrison at Augusta Arsenal, Georgia, 1833, and Fort Marion, Florida, 1833–34; on topographical duty, 22d August, 1834, to 31st December, 1835; making surveys in West Florida and at Cape Cod, Massachusetts; in the Florida War against the Seminole Indians, 1836, being engaged in the action of Oloklikaha, 31st March, 1836, and action near Micanopy, 9th June, 1836. On the 16th August, 1836, he had been appointed first lieutenant Second Artillery, and he resigned 30th September, 1836.

Here begins his civil history. He was civil engineer in the service of the United States, assisting Major Bache on plans of Brandywine Shoal Light-house and Crow Shoal Breakwater, Delaware Bay, 1836–38. For nearly two years he was attached to the Coast Survey; and in 1838 he was reappointed in the United States Army as first lieutenant Corps of Topographical Engineers. During the ensuing twenty-two years his "statement of service" is a record of scientific triumphs. Of these the most remarkable is his survey of the Delta of the Mississippi, which, in its merit and exhaustive knowledge and observation, would alone be sufficient to make a first-class engineering reputation. Printed by order of Congress, it is to this day a mine of precious information, not only for the learned, but for every government which has to combat with difficulties arising from Deltas at the mouths of grand arteries of wealth and drainage, such as the Danube, the Mississippi, the Nile, the Po, and the Volga. The best evidence of the appreciation abroad of this report is the fact that it has been translated six or seven times

into foreign languages,—twice into German, twice into French, once (if not twice) into Italian, and once into Hungarian at Pesth.

A common acquaintance, originally an English topographical engineer, afterwards assistant superintendent in the United States Coast Survey, himself of acknowledged ability in his profession, has often referred to this work as one which does honor to our Corps of Engineers, and as a production of which our country may well feel proud. He added to this opinion remarks eulogistic of Humphreys, justifying the exalted opinion of him entertained by the Americanized Frenchman, the commander of his Third Division (old Third Corps), Second Corps, in the closing scenes of the war to put down the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," Major-General Regis de Trobriand.

When Hancock retired, and was succeeded by Humphreys in the command of the combined Second and Third Corps, the *Army and Navy Journal* noticed the change, in an editorial, from which the following is an extract:

"The genius and industry of General Humphreys did not receive proper recognition at the outset of the war. He is not only an accomplished soldier, but had gained in more peaceful days a fine reputation as a man of science. He was head and front of the 'Bureau of Roads and Surveys,' under whose auspices the work of the Pacific Railroad surveys was reduced and published. It was he, in fact, who mainly organized and arranged the work. Subsequently he carried on the hydrographical survey of the basin of the Mississippi, and the report made by him, a large quarto volume, with numerous sections, etc., is probably the ablest work on that subject ever published in any country. In its course he examines and explains the force and effect of river currents, under all circumstances of velocity, etc.; shows what the consequences of artificial changes in the course of the stream would be; suggests plans for levees, etc., and gives the theory and history of the delta, and the resulting bars."

Nor should it ever be forgotten that it was Humphreys urged and pressed a Ship Canal to obviate the difficulties and dangers of the Passes at the mouths of the Mississippi, a permanent work worthy of a great nation, instead of what he esteemed the temporary and fallacious expedient adopted by Congress, to which his own dredges, etc., were necessary and accessory to obtain and maintain the result about which our people, so easily obfuscated by "high-for-Newton" talk, are so easily misled. No one ever doubted that jetties would deepen a channel, but let all the works of a similar character in the Old World answer if their advantages have ever proved lasting, and whether they have not been attended with unending outlay and labor. Jetties are for the Present, a Canal not only for the Present but for the Future. Nor would the cost of a canal in the end be found otherwise than a wise economy.

On the 7th July, 1838, Andrew A. Humphreys was reappointed to the United States Army with the rank of first lieutenant, Corps of Topographical Engineers. He then served in charge of works for the improvement of Chicago Harbor, Illinois, 1839; as Assistant

Topographical Engineer of Survey of Oswego Harbor defenses, New York, 1839; in charge of Survey of Whitehall Harbor, New York, 1839; as Assistant in the Topographical Bureau at Washington, D.C., 1840–41; in the Florida War, 1842; on construction of the bridge at Washington, D. C., 1842; as Assistant in Topographical Bureau at Washington, D. C., 1842–43, 1843–44; as Assistant in charge of the Coast Survey Office at Washington, D. C., 1844–49, and (as captain, Corps of Topographical Engineers, 31st May, 1848) on Survey in the field, 1849–50; in making Topographic and Hydrographic Survey of the Delta of the Mississippi River with a view to its protection from inundation, and deepening the channels at its mouth, 1850–51; continuing in general charge of the work and preparing his voluminous report thereon till 1851; on sick-leave of absence, 1851–53; in Europe, examining means for protecting Delta Rivers from inundation, 1853–54; in general charge, under the War Department, of the office duties at Washington, D. C., connected with the Explorations and Surveys for Railroads from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, and Geographical Explorations west of the Mississippi, 1854–61; as member of the Lighthouse Board, 24th April, 1856, to 5th April, 1862; of the Board "to revise the Programme of Instruction at the United States Military Academy," 12th January to 24th April, 1860; and of the Commission, created by Act of Congress of 21st June, 1860, "to examine into the Organization, System of Discipline, and Course of Instruction at the United States Military Academy," 18th July to 13th December, 1860. He served during the Rebellion of the seceding States, 1861–66: on the staff (as major, Corps of Topographical Engineers, 6th August, 1861) of Major-General McClellan, General-in-Chief, at Washington, D. C., 1st December, 1861, to 5th March, 1862; in Virginia Peninsular Campaign, as Chief Topographical Engineer[4] of the Army of the Potomac, 5th March to 31st August, 1862, being engaged as colonel, staff—additional aide-de-camp, 5th March, 1862, at the siege of Yorktown, 5th April to 4th May, 1862; in the Battle of Williamsburg, 5th May, 1862 (then as brigadier-general United States Volunteers, 28th April, 1862); in movements and operations before Richmond and to the James River, May–June, 1862, and in the Battle of Malvern Hill, 1st July, 1862.

In the Maryland campaign of 1861 Humphreys was actively engaged. When first transferred (as he had long and eagerly desired to be) from staff, or engineering duty, to the command of troops, Humphreys, early in September, 1862, was placed at the head of a division

[4] "On the breaking out of the Civil War, or rather upon the organization of the Army of the Potomac proper,—for the embryo of this army had already existed in the Army of Northeastern Virginia,—A. A. Humphreys was appointed Chief Topographical Engineer on the staff of the General-in-Chief. He served with marked distinction throughout the Peninsular campaign, and posted our army at Malvern Hill, where the Confederates suffered such a sanguinary repulse.

of new troops, which he hurried forward to Antietam, "marching with commendable rapidity"—yes, with a rapidity which was as astonishing to the troops as it was astonishing in the achievement. When the men were allowed, once in a while, ten minutes' halt, they just sank down exhausted, and fell asleep even as they touched the ground. Humphreys sat on horseback with his watch in his hand. "I dozed off," said he, "but I was always awake when the ten minutes were up; even before the bugles sounded to rouse up the men." One of the oldest and best Brigadiers wrote of him:

"He was one of the best and brightest of officers; *always on the watch, and always ready for the fight*,—always around when there was danger; a true patriot and a true soldier, as well as a successful one. I hope that you will be able to write his history, for *it is a bright one*, and you knew him better than any one else."

The stories told of his cube-like structure (*semper erectus*) are not suggestions *après coup*. They were related shortly after they occurred, with every incident fresh in the memory, and told off-hand, as illustrative of what could and what could not be done with men through the force of will. Yes, and to these might be added traits of generosity so vast, so unselfish, with such oblivion of self, that no wonder poor General Marcy—who survived the dangers of the war to lose his life by the accidental discharge of a toy-pistol—exclaimed in a burst of fervid admiration, "Pure-Gold Humphreys, noblest of living men! Amen!" Those who knew Humphreys most intimately know full well how completely he deserved the declaration of Marcy. If he had any faults, or, rather, failings,—for what human being has not?—they were so near akin to real charity in their origin that they were overwhelmed by the multitude of his virtues or grand qualities. In fact, what the invidious or prejudiced might esteem blemishes were like the bubbles upon the crest of a magnificent wave, that, in the vivid sunlight, become ornaments to the turquoise or peridot mass heaving onward in its majesty and its momentum.

To resume, again, the thread of Major-General G. W. Cullum's synopsis of his services: in command of a division of new troops, Washington, D.C., September, 1862; in the Maryland campaign (Army of the Potomac), September–November, 1862; he was engaged in covering Frederick, 16th September, 1862; pursuit of enemy from Antietam, 18th September, 1862; reconnoissance in Shenandoah Valley, 16th–17th October, 1862 [one of the finest and most thorough possible to be made, indicating the possession of every quality necessary to a thorough soldier]; and march to Falmouth, Va., October–November, 1862; in the Rappahannock Campaign (Army of the Potomac), December, 1862–June, 1863, being [most gloriously] engaged in the Battle of Fredericksburg, 13th December, 1862.

In order that this notice may not seem a mere "Eloge" to those

who may contemplate the deceased in a less brilliant light, let Palfrey furnish the account of Humphreys's participation in the First Battle of Fredericksburg:

"Some of the very best fighting that was done at Fredericksburg was done by the Third Division of the Fifth Corps. The division was commanded by General Humphreys, who was probably the best officer in the Army of the Potomac that day. He was a thoroughly educated soldier, possessed of a quick eye and a clear head, and a man of fiery energy. That the fighting his division did was so good was due to him. He had but two brigades, and many of his regiments had never before been in battle. At 2.30 P.M. he was ordered to cross the river, and soon after received orders to support Couch on the left of the telegraph road. He hastily moved his second brigade, which was nearest, to the front, and sent orders to his other brigade to follow and form on the right. He led his second brigade, Allabach's, rapidly forward to the position occupied by Couch's men, whom he found in great numbers sheltering themselves by lying on the ground behind a slight rise about one hundred and fifty yards from the stone wall. The continued presence of these men proved a serious obstacle to his success. Allabach's men followed their example in lying down, and opened fire. As soon as Humphreys had ascertained the nature of the enemy's position, which the urgency of the case had put it out of his power to do before arriving with his men, he became satisfied that his fire could have little effect upon them, and he perceived that the only mode of attacking him successfully was with the bayonet. With great difficulty he stopped the firing of his men, and the charge was then made, but the deadly fire of artillery and musketry broke it after an advance of fifty yards. Allabach then reformed his brigade in the rear, part in the line from which the charge was made and the remainder in the ravine from which it originally advanced. General Humphreys then rode to Tyler's brigade. It was already growing dusky. Riding along his lines, he directed his men not to fire; that it was useless; that the bayonet alone was the weapon to fight with here. Having learned from experience what a serious obstacle they would encounter from the presence of the masses of men lying behind the natural embankment in front, he directed them to disregard these men entirely, and to pass over them. He ordered the officers to the front, and 'with a hurrah, the brigade, led by General Tyler and myself, advanced gallantly over the ground, under the heaviest fire yet opened, which poured upon it from the moment it rose from the ravine.'"

"The scene which followed was most singular, and it is well to describe it in General Humphreys's own words: 'As the brigade reached the masses of men referred to, every effort was made by the latter to prevent our advance. They called to our men not to go forward, and some attempted to prevent by force their doing so. The effect upon my command was what I apprehended,—the line was somewhat disordered, and in part forced to form into a column, but still advanced rapidly. The fire of the enemy's musketry and artillery, furious as it was before, now became still hotter. The stone wall was a sheet of flame that enveloped the head and flanks of the column. Officers and men were falling rapidly, and the head of the column was at length brought to a stand when close up to the wall. Up to this time, not a shot had been fired by the column, but now some firing began. It lasted but a minute, when, in spite of all our efforts, the column turned and began to retire slowly. I attempted to rally the brigade behind the natural embankment so often mentioned, but the united efforts of General Tyler, myself, our staffs, and the other officers could not arrest the retiring mass.'

"General Humphreys had one horse disabled by wounds and another (two?) killed under him. He had but one staff-officer remaining mounted, and his horse was wounded in three places. His force being now too small to try another charge, he was directed to bring in Allabach's men from the line of natural embankment.

This was well done; two of his regiments in particular, the One Hundred and Twenty-third and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, retiring slowly and in good order, singing and hurrahing. This jocund march of Allabach's men may have been what the Confederate General Ransom referred to when he said, 'This last desperate and maddened attack met the same fate which had befallen those which preceded, and his hosts were sent, actually howling, back to their beaten comrades in the town.' Humphreys had more than a thousand men killed and wounded in his two brigades.

"With the repulse of Humphreys's division, the fighting on the Federal right came to an end."—*The Antietam and Fredericksburg Campaigns*, by Brevet Brigadier-General Francis Winthrop Palfrey, pages 170–173.

Such was the energy he had displayed in the Antietam Campaign Humphreys was given the command of the Third Division, Fifth Corps. With it his charge at the first Fredericksburg crowned him with the laurels of a champion of romance, even if, like those of Roland, at Roncesvalles, they were not the chaplet of victory, and if their leaves were dripping with blood.

In this attack, Humphreys's cool, consummate courage and conduct entitles it to a place among the most remarkable of military achievements. Finding amid the terrible destruction, volleyed forth by enemies dealing out death from perfect shelter, that orders given in the ordinary way failed to make the necessary impression, he quietly passed from officer to officer, and, in a tone of ordinary conversation (the more impressive from its tranquillizing accent of every-day intercourse), communicated his directions. This was done under a perfect rain of rifle-shots, whose fatal effect in his division is best demonstrated by the official list of its casualties. Again, his report of his participation in this fearful *fiasco* proved that he could write as clearly of fighting as on more abstruse subjects. He is one of those military men who, like Cæsar and Frederic, wield the pen with as shining and incisive force as the sword.

For "gallant and meritorious services at the first Battle of Fredericksburg," he received the brevet of colonel United States Army, bearing the date of that "day of horror," 13th December, 1862.

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It is questionable if any charge of the whole war, Union or Rebel, taking into consideration the chances of being annihilated and the hopelessness of success, equals that of Humphreys at Fredericksburg. This is no reflection upon Hancock's, which preceded it. The Rebels, under cover, had got the "exact hang of the thing" by the time that Humphreys "went in," and an officer stated that he heard them cry out, "Come on, Yanks; if it is death to you it is fun to us;" or, "If you like it, it don't hurt us at all." Of some of the regiments which had previously gotten up near to the ha-ha, or sunken stone wall, that ran along at the foot of Marye's Heights and found some little shelter, Humphreys said, "The files strung out like the ribs of a fan, the fronts

constituting apices of triangles, clinging to a shattered wall or some other slight cover like the handle or knob." He used to break out into a low, pleasant laugh in describing the scene, although it was no laughing matter for him at the time, because he had two, if not three, horses shot under him and his clothes were riddled with bullets, and yet he did not receive the slightest scratch. One day, the following paragraph from Carlyle's description of the Battle of Mollwitz (10th April, 1741) having been shown to him, he said, "That is the idea exactly I meant to convey."

"In fact, the Austrian Infantry too, all Austrians, hour after hour, are getting wearier of it: neither Infantry nor Cavalry can stand being riddled by swift shot in that manner. In spite of their knapsack walls, various regiments have shrunk out of ball-range; and several cannot, by any persuasion, be got to come into it again. Others, who do reluctantly advance,—see what a figure they make; man after man edging away as he can, so that the regiment stands forty to eighty men deep, with lanes through it every two or three yards; permeable everywhere to Cavalry, if we had them; and turning nothing to the enemy but color-sergeants and bare poles of a regiment."

In preparing this article, a parallel suddenly suggested itself in the attack made 19th July, 1747, by the Chevalier, or Count, de Belle-Isle (brother of the famous marshal), on the Col de l'Assiette, on the road to Exiles. This attempt was just about as hopeless as that which Humphreys was ordered to make. The Count had twenty-eight battalions and seven field-pieces, the latter useless in that locality. The Piedmontese and Austrians had twenty-one battalions behind works constructed of stone and wood, besides palisades. Those works were eighteen feet high and thirteen feet thick. The locality itself presented obstacles almost insurmountable. The action lasted two hours; that is to say, the defenders, like the Rebels at Fredericksburg, slew for two hours long, without difficulty or danger, as many of the assailants as they chose. Among all the bloody engagements which signalized a war, which,—to use the expression attributed to Macaulay, but taken by him from Archenholz, and by no means original even with the latter,—a war in which Indians slew each other in America and Blacks in Africa in a quarrel in which they had no earthly interest,—this combat was the one of those which awakens the greatest sympathy for the useless sacrifice of heroes, mostly in the bloom of youth. Brigadier M. d'Arnaud, who led one division, was mortally wounded among the first, and by his side M. de Grille, chief of the staff. The Count de Goas, colonel of the Bourbonnais Regiment, perished there. The Marquis de Donge, colonel of the Soissonais Regiment, received a wound of which he died six days afterwards. The Marquis de Brienne, colonel of the Artois Regiment, having had an arm torn off, made another attempt on the palisades, crying, "I have still another arm for the service of the king," and was struck dead. The French

lost three thousand six hundred and ninety-five dead and one thousand six hundred and six wounded, a fatality the reverse of that in most other battles, in which the wounded almost always greatly exceed the killed. Among the officers the slaughter was excessive. In the Bourbonnais Regiment not one escaped death or wounds. *The Piedmontese lost only one hundred men.* Belle-Isle, desperate, strove himself to tear down the palisades. One hand shattered, he grasped them with the other only to have that mutilated. Then he tore at them with his teeth, and finally was killed. He had often said that a general should not survive his defeat, and he perished in obedience to the sentiment. His death recalls that of Cynægirus, brother of the poet Æschylus, in the assault of the Greeks upon the beached Persian fleet after Marathon. He seized a stranded vessel, putting off, with one hand and it was chopped off; then with the other, likewise cut off; then with his teeth, and was killed. Col de l'Assiette is almost an exact parallel with Fredericksburg, except that Humphreys escaped. The French list of casualties composed about one-fifth of the assaulting force; that of the Union division was not less, out of the men engaged; Swinton, quoted unwillingly, says seventeen hundred out of four thousand.

He was brevetted colonel United States Army for gallant and meritorious services in the Battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, with date of commission that of the conflict, 13th December, 1862, and was warmly pressed by Burnside for a full major-general's commission. This was unjustly deferred, because Lincoln could not rise to a full comprehension of the sterling metal, mind, soul, and body, of Humphreys, whose independence of thought absolutely startled the President and appalled the politicians. Humphreys had quite a breezy interview, but although Humphreys won the good opinion of Lincoln, there was some power behind the throne was able to defer the promotion until the sword of his spirit, as had his sword of flesh, hewed additional vistas to let in the light of his merits. It was said in regard to Thomas, "He is a Virginian; he can afford to wait." So it was remarked through similar fallacious judgment, "Although he deserved it, his elevation must be postponed until we see"—what? See what! Just what was proved: his unsurpassed devotion to duty and country. Poor, weak, purblinded, illogical, and inconsequent judgment!

The fact is, West Point esoterics saved Humphreys from the full effect of his outspoken opinions. No volunteer, not a powerful politician, would have been allowed his license. West Point did harm in holding up many an inefficient graduate, unworthy of high place, but it did great good in the cases of Thomas and Humphreys.

His next services in the field were at Chancellorsville, 2d–4th May, 1863; in the Pennsylvania campaign (Army of the Potomac), June–July (having received promotion to lieutenant-colonel, Corps

of Engineers, 3d March, 1863), and was brilliantly engaged in the battle of Gettysburg, 1st–3d July, 1863, in command of the Second Division, Third Corps, Army of the Potomac.

Transferred after Chancellorsville and the fall of the lamented Berry from the command of the Third Division of the Fifth Corps to that of the Second (white diamond) Division of the "glorious old fighting Third Corps," Humphreys proved a chief worthy to lead the men who looked up to Hooker as their father-in-arms, and had been "dipped"—not sprinkled—in blood at Williamsburg.

At Gettysburg he again made his mark,—a grand one,—and his report of the operations of his division, and the description of his consummate handling of it, gave absolute proof of the truth of the opinion, that there was none more fit than Humphreys to shape the destinies of our great Army of the East, THE army of the country.

This opinion is no mere conjecture founded on the partiality of the writer, for he has heard it from several sources, but especially from the lips of a distinguished general, one of the recipients of the three medals accorded for the decisive victory at the East, and of the war,—one against whose breast of patriotic intrepidity the mighty lance of Lee splintered in dead, wounded, and prisoners.

He received the brevet of brigadier-general United States Army, 13th March, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

* * * * * * * *

From the 8th July, 1863, four days after Gettysburg, to the 25th November, 1864, Humphreys, as Major-General of Volunteers, 8th July, 1863, held the position of Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, being engaged in the action of Manassas Gap, 23d July, 1863; the Rapidan operations, October–November, 1863, including the actions of 12th October and 7th November, 1863, on the Rappahannock, and combat of Bristoe Station, 14th October, 1863; operations of Mine Run, 29th November–3d December, 1863; action of the Rapidan, 6th February, 1864; battle of the Wilderness, 5th–6th May, 1864; battles around Spottsylvania, 9th–20th May, 1864; battles of North Anna, 23d–26th May, 1864; battles of the Tolopotomy, 28th–30th May, 1864; battles of Cold Harbor, 1st–3d June, 1864; assaults of Petersburg, 16th–18th June, and 30th July (MINE), 1864; battles of the Weldon Railroad, 18th–25th August, 1864; action of Peeble's Farm, 30th September, 1864, and action of Boydton Plank-Road [known to the Third Corps men as the "First Bull Pen"], 27th October, 1864; in command of combined Second and Third Army Corps, 25th November, 1864, to 27th June, 1865, being engaged in the siege of Petersburg till its fall, 3d April, 1865, including the actions of Hatcher's Run [styled by the old Third Corps as the "Second Bull-Pen"], 4th–6th February, 1865, and the almost daily attacks on the

works, 24th March to 3d April, 1865, and was most prominent and influential in the pursuit of General Lee's Rebel Army (including the several actions of the combined Second and Third Corps), 6th April, 1865, terminating at Sailor's Creek, and actions at High Bridge and Farmville, 7th April, 1865, receiving for his gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Sailor's Creek, proper, the brevet of major-general United States Army, 13th March, 1865, till the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, 9th April, 1865, at Appomattox Court-House.

Although Humphreys had displayed a bravery that ranked him among the very few exemplary, brave, intrepid, and tenacious fighters, as General Palfrey elegantly states it, and although he had displayed consummate ability as Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac from 8th July, 1863, to 25th November, 1864, it was not until he assumed command of the combined Second and Third Corps that he demonstrated his full capabilities as a general. It is painful to think how little the American people know of the services that he rendered to them while Chief of Staff. If he had been listened to, or, perhaps more properly speaking, if his plans had been carried out,—if fate accords any influence to free will,—what different results might have followed! With what blazing indignation he used to demonstrate how this movement for crushing Lee had been frustrated by incomprehension, delay, or obstinacy, or ill feeling, or prejudice, in spite of all his zeal and care, on the part of one important factor or another! how on one occasion disobedience of reiterated and emphasized orders traversed one of the best conceptions and a promising operation; and how, on a third occasion, a course of conduct which deserved the severest punishment rendered a fine, grand idea, pregnant with assurances of triumphant success, a mere and lamentable *fiasco*. Why he did not develop all these facts in his preliminary little work on the fall campaign of 1863, written as an introduction to his larger work on the operations of the succeeding years, can only be attributed to his marked magnanimity, which would not strike when no beneficial result could follow the blow. One piece of advice which he does state, and which was not followed, was his argument in favor of retaining the old corps organizations in the Army of the Potomac. He gives his reasons, and they were unanswerable, and Colonel Dodge repeats them in his "Bird's-Eye View of the War."

The obliteration of such corps as the First and Third, with their records of Glory,—the First Corps, which represented the Army of Northeastern Virginia, and was the embryo of the Army of the Potomac, and the Third Corps, with its galaxy of gallantry, baptized by immersion, not mere sprinkling of blood, in the first heavy battle at the East, Williamsburg,—a corps,—as grand but unfortunate Warren (Palfrey) said, "a peculiar people;"—a corps worthy to rank up alongside of

the Tenth Legion of Cæsar; and the merging of these two corps with the Fifth and Second, which could show no nobler, if as noble, a Roster of Service; was one of the cruelest acts done by military authority. When Suworrow, than whom never existed a more perfect despot at the head of an army, launched his columns up the zig-zag of Airolo, he stood aghast at the carnage inflicted upon his devoted troops by a foe under shelter and accustomed to the defense of mountain positions, and at once arrested the useless slaughter and resorted to "practical strategy" after he saw that an audacious aggressive was futile. What one of our chiefs who won the prizes ever stood aghast at a similar prodigality of lives, each one of which was worth a company of those, the waste of whom awakened a shudder in the Taker of Ismail, the Victor of the Trebia and of Novi, and the Passer of the St. Gothard, and the undismayed hero of the subsequent horrors of an unexampled Alpine march and cataclysm? Let Fredericksburg, Kenesaw, Cold Harbor, the Hare House, best known among many others, answer. With all the impetuosity of Suworrow (Suvarr'off, in Russian, writes the United States ambassador, William H. Hunt), Humphreys would never have forgotten the tactical sagacity of the Second or Modern Turenne, Moreau. Perhaps, as he remarked in his last letter to a friend only a few days before his lamented decease,—

"Who can question that Suworrow was one of the remarkable men,—soldiers? His whole life was passed among soldiers. He had those heroic qualities that not many possess, which affect troops like an electric shock. No man that has not the gift, whatever may be his talents, whatever may be his acquirements, his capacity, can touch them in this way. It does not come from study, it does not come from skill. It is the inspiration of the moment, irresistible, and lifts the commander, when he has it, out of himself and far above all personal thoughts, and carries his troops with him. Certainly ——— did not have it, nor did ———, for he was not passionate enough. Perhaps his imperturbable calm might have yielded to it if he had been nearer the troops."

Reflect upon a short anecdote that exemplifies his common sense and appreciation of character. On one occasion he rode up to a division-commander as he was about to put in a battery. "I knew it could do no good to explain," said Humphreys to a friend, "but I was also well aware, from the character of the man, that he himself would be convinced of the futility of his order before I could explain the matter to him. It was so. The guns were scarcely unlimbered and a shot fired before it was manifest that the movement was senseless. Meanwhile, I was getting everything prepared ready to move on. The division-general was almost immediately convinced of his mistake, which he acknowledged and excused, so that all the battery had to do was to limber up again and accommodate itself to the general advance. Some generals would have ripped and tore and swore, and the result would have been a delay, which was certainly obviated by

calmness and common sense. A hundred such instances could be related. One more will be sufficient, because all the further space accorded must be devoted to one or more operations of sufficient weight to justify detail. On the 31st March, when Warren got such hard raps in trying to reach the White Oak Road,—which, by the way, Miles, First Division, Second Corps, did attain,—and the rebels had dealt rather summarily with his divisions one after another then and there, with what exquisite precision and instantaneous delivery did Humphreys hurl the gallant Miles on the flank of the successful rebels and wither their temporary triumph!

The disposition of our lines at Malvern Hill was due to Humphreys. The result was a sorrowful catastrophe for the assaulting rebels, flushed and exultant with the manner in which they precipitated what has been politely styled the "change of base" from the York to the James.

In November, 1864, Hancock having been compelled to relinquish his command in the field in consequence of the reopening of his wound received at Gettysburg, Humphreys succeeded to the leadership of his, the combined Second and Third Corps, relinquishing his position as Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac to a worthy successor, General A. S. Webb. In the first operation of consequence in which he directed the movements of his corps he gave a lesson to the enemy, which was afterwards repeated in the same vicinity with like severity. The first occasion alluded to was on the 5th February, 1865, the second expedition to Hatcher's Run, when the Confederates attempted their darling manœuvre of driving a strong column like a wedge into a rift in our lines and rolling up in disaster the split-off fragment. This time they were so badly punished that they were glad to let Humphreys "severely alone." The second occasion referred to was on the 31st March, when Humphreys, perceiving that the Confederate mass accumulating upon Warren was exposing its left flank, let loose his First (Miles's) Division, and rolled them up, as they had so often rolled us up aforetimes.

In this short sketch it would be impossible to dilate upon all the examples of precision and "potential fight" exhibited by Humphreys. On the 25th March, when Lee made his great break at Fort Steadman, Humphreys took advantage of his opportunity, went in on his front as Wright—on the right of the combined Second and Third Corps—on his own, and by clearing away the obstacles accomplished a result which so greatly co-operated in rendering Wright's triumph a sure thing on Sunday, 2d April, following.

In the pursuit of Lee, Humphreys was let loose, as it were, on his own hook. With his (the combined Second and Third) Corps, he so clung to the rapidly-retreating Army of Northern Virginia, that it bled to death under the constantly-repeated wounds which he inflicted.

Without detracting from the credit due to Sheridan and the cavalry, to Wright and the Sixth Corps, or to any other general, it is but justice to claim for Humphreys that he was the first to strike the Army of Northern Virginia, proper, at the Amelia Salt Sulphur Springs on the morning of Thursday, 6th April, to grapple with it, to lacerate it in a series of struggles which lasted throughout the day, and over a distance of fourteen miles. In vain were Lee's endeavors to shake off his most persistent pursuer, which ended only with the setting sun and a disaster, Humphreys's "independent fight" at Perkinson's Mill, near the mouth of Sailor's Creek.

Availing themselves of the encumbered condition of the roads, blocked with the wreck of their trains and defeat, the enemy slipped away in the night; but, as a distinguished Confederate general of division remarked, "Just as the sun was heaving in sight above the hills, which cast their shadows across the Appomattox, simultaneously (with the orb of day) the line of Federal skirmishers crowned the same ridge." They were the "early birds" of Humphreys, who swooped down upon High Bridge, and saved the only viaduct across the Appomattox which the Confederates had not burned, or did not succeed in destroying in the very teeth of the pursuit. Four miles farther on, at "Cumberland Church," as the enemy style the field, or, according to our nomenclature, "the Heights of Farmville," Humphreys again fell in with the concrete essence of Lee's army. The Confederate Commander-in-Chief was down at Farmville when the roar and rattle of Humphreys's artillery and musketry burst ominously upon his ear. "There is that Second Corps again!" he exclaimed, gathered up what troops were still available, and hastened to the point of collision, the last stricken field between the four-years'-long antagonists, on the "Richmond and Lynchburg Pike, commonly called the Cumberland Road." Although not in force sufficient to carry the hastily-intrenched position, naturally strong, highly defensible, and occupied in force, Humphreys struck so persistently and so hard that when his Second (Barlow's) Division rejoined him—recalled as soon as the contending forces clashed—the enemy again decamped, and Humphreys resumed his unrelenting pursuit.

From the moment that Humphreys first struck the enemy at Amelia Springs until they surrendered at Appomattox Court-House there was scarcely an hour of sufficient light that his skirmishers were not engaged with theirs. "You will have to take care of yourself," was Meade's dispatch to Humphreys; and nobly and effectually did he do so,—nobly as regarded himself; effectually as regarded the enemy. It was through his skirmish line that the first flag of truce made its way to the headquarters of our armies, and it was only in obedience to the orders of his superiors that the incessant crackle of his advanced posts ceased to send their deadly warnings into the enemy's lines.

The human mind is so prone to error that it is almost incapable of accepting the naked truth. Some minds cannot receive the truth. Like dyspeptic stomachs, for them truth is too strong food. Many justify the language of St. Jude, "Having men's persons in admiration because of advantage." The people of this country, with the exception of a small minority, believe that the fate of Lee was decided by the cavalry; that, unassisted, the cavalry won the battle of Little Sailor's Creek. Mark the words, Little Sailor's Creek, not Sailor's Creek proper. The victory there belonged to Humphreys. It is claimed that Ewell would not have surrendered to the cavalry if it had not been stiffened by the Sixth Corps, any more than Gordon at Appomattox Court-House was appalled by the Union troopers, but yielded at the apparition of the Union footmen. It is claimed that on the evening of the 6th April, Mahone's division received a charge in a way that astonished both horses and mules. About the mules, see the Narrative or Diary of General H. Edwin Tremaine. At Appomattox Court-House, when Gordon believed that cavalry alone barred the way to escape, he simply formed his lines, lively with hope, and with a full faith in his power of bursting through. It was only when the infantry manifested their presence that he came to the conclusion that the road was blocked. Cavalry is all well enough in its sphere, but within that sphere is not included any chance of impression upon veteran infantry, supplied with arms of precision, who have confidence in themselves, and know how to shoot. To cut in upon trains, intercept convoys, waste, harass, and bewilder, cavalry is all well enough. There never was a more capable, dashing, and audacious leader than Laudon, and yet the Pommeranian infantry regiment (Manteuffel) put their fingers to the nose at him one hundred and twenty-five years ago, when muskets were almost as inefficient, compared to the rifled arms of precision of to-day, as smooth-bores to cross-bows.

When at Jetersville, absolute uncertainty reigned at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac as to Lee's movements and line of retreat,—who discovered them? Humphreys. Who followed up and fought Lee all day, clung to him, depleted him, cleft his array and fought a hard fight with him at night at Perkinson's Mills? Humphreys. Who split off Ewell, and drove him into the trap of the Sixth Corps and Cavalry at Little Sailor's Creek? Humphreys. What were the cavalry doing all day? Cutting in upon the rebel trains on a totally different road, a mile or two, sometimes several miles, south of that on which Humphreys was moving, fighting and driving. When a dispatch was sent from cavalry headquarters stating that they were at Deatonsville, where were they? In the district of Deatonsville, it is true, but not at the hamlet. Humphreys was there fighting, while they were cutting and carving among the *impedimenta*, not the veteran fighting *Personnel*, on a road a mile or so to the south.

One of the best fighting cavalry leaders engaged on this day admitted this after he had examined the maps. There is no intention to depreciate the services of the cavalry, but their generally accepted *rôle* during the retreat of Lee, according to popular opinion, is an error, often of locality. With all their glory, they themselves would not seek to appropriate the laurels which belong to the combined Second and Third Corps under Humphreys. "To the law and the testimony," says the Book of Books; to General Tremaine's Narrative or Diary is now the appeal. He was on Crook's staff, and saw all.

Again, at Cumberland Church, two or three miles north of Farmville, the field of the last pitched battle of the Army of the Potomac, who was the fighting factor there? Humphreys. What was in his front? The whole concentrated remnants of the Army of Northern Virginia. If a veteran infantry corps, Army of the Potomac, had been crossed at Farmville on the afternoon of the 7th of April, 1865, the matter might have been settled then and there, and there would have been no need of the fifty miles farther pursuit to Appomattox Court-House. A single division of cavalry did cross, and came to grief. Humphreys was left alone in his glory. Is there any error in these statements? any falsification, in the slightest degree, of the record? any misstatement in regard to time, place, and result? It is simply claimed that Humphreys was the hero of the Grand Hunt of the "Stag of Ten"—Lee.

It is a curious subject for consideration, this Battle of Heights of Farmville or Cumberland Church,—indicated on scarcely any map,—which ought to be as famous as Shiloh Church at Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee. The Army of Northern Virginia might have been wiped out there in a blaze of glory if those in command on the south side of the river had only, after a moment's reflection, sent over the Twenty-fourth and Sixth Corps to support the cavalry and cut off the farther retreat of Lee, who could have been surrounded and overwhelmed by a flash of genius and immediate action. What occurred very much resembles the inextricable course pursued by Napoleon, "the great god of the Ephesians"—*i.e.*, the military sheep of Panurge, of which each one bleats in chorus with the others. He made many disgraceful blunders, any one of which would have ruined the reputation of our leading generals. On the 8th August, 1812, by scattering his army he had exposed himself to a serious check near Smolensk. The Russians were on the right bank of the Dnieper. Instead of advancing to meet them on the direct road to Smolensk, 13th August, he threw three bridges and two hundred thousand men over the Dnieper and then ascended the left bank.

"By this extraordinary manœuvre he marched along two sides of a triangle instead of one side, placed the fortress of Smolensk and the Dnieper between himself and the army he wished to attack, and sacrificed several days in useless movements

at a time when every day's march cost the army upwards of a thousand men. We have heard of armies when on the defensive seeking to shelter themselves behind rivers and fortresses, but we never before heard of an assailant forcing these advantages on the assailed; it was first arming the bull with the horns, and taking him by the horns afterwards."

The reverse occurred at Farmville, and is just as inexplicable; the rebel forces were on the left shore and the Union troops on the right. Everything available at the time and in time should have been thrown over to the left shore, whereas, exactly as in the case of Napoleon, two days were lost in movements which would have been useless and unnecessary if there had been a concentration of force upon Lee on the afternoon of the 7th.

Eighteen years have elapsed since these occurrences, and therefore it is next to impossible to prove the condition of the Appomattox River and its fords in April, 1865, because human memory is too untrustworthy; but while this article is being written most exquisite plans and maps found at the moment, show the positions of each division of the combined Second and Third Corps and the confronting rebel troops from point to point, from Jetersville to Appomattox Court-House. If these maps are correct, there were undoubtedly roads, with bridges and fords, just above and also below Farmville, one, within half a mile, marked on a "Sketch exhibiting the operations of the Second Army Corps during the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of April, 1865," marked "Confederate and United States Cavalry crossed here;" another, Jackson's Ford, within a mile and a half, and a third, Dillon's Ford, within two miles above. Venable's Ford was below, between Farmville and High Bridge, and on the same sketch (lying on the table) is noted, a little east of Bad Luck Creek, "Confederates forded here." Bridges sufficient for the passage of troops and artillery could have been constructed across the stream easily and expeditiously by appropriating the material of adjacent buildings, and troops and guns thrown over in the course of the afternoon before evening closed. Lee was in front of Humphreys long after dark. Wright, with the Sixth Corps, did not get across until near (?) midnight. Ordinary activity could have made such dispositions and movements that the surrender or annihilation of Lee might have occurred on the night of the 7th or morning of the 8th, saving the further labors and sufferings of two days' forced marches of thirty to fifty miles according to the routes traversed, and the campaign ended in a far more satisfactory manner to the Union soldiers at Cumberland Church than at Appomattox Court-House.

As the chief in command was at Farmville when the cavalry were worsted on the opposite shore between 3 and 4 P.M., it should not be deemed improper if a student of history asks why Humphreys was not immediately and fully supported and reinforced, and every advantage taken of his having brought Lee to bay. The firing north of the

river and at Cumberland Church was distinctly heard on the south side, and as the church is only three miles, and Gregg's repulse was within a mile and a half, and Barlow's fight within a mile north of Farmville, the smoke of the several engagements must have been distinctly seen from the high grounds overlooking that town or village, notwithstanding the wooded condition of the country. Meade was not to blame, because at 4.30 P.M. he notified Humphreys,—

"I have sent orders to General Wright to order forward, *in my name*, the Twenty-fourth Corps from Farmville, and to follow it with the Sixth. *I fully indicated your* [Humphreys's] *position and the necessity of support being given you.* Before my dispatch could have reached General Wright I received one from him, stating *the lieutenant-general was at Farmville. I have no doubt, therefore, troops will be hurried forward, if not already moving.* We hear artillery and musketry in a westerly direction from here, which is more to the left [south] than your position, which I take to be about northwest [from High Bridge]. This may be the Twenty-fourth Corps [as it should have been]. When Barlow comes up, if you hear heavy firing on the left [towards Farmville], I would attack with the whole force."

What was the actual result? The contrary of Meade's orders and Humphreys's expectations. Wright answers Webb 5.10 P.M.,—

"Your [Meade's] dispatch of 3.50 P.M., *ordering me to assist General Humphreys* in reference to affairs in front of the Second Corps, is received, and *I have shown it to General Grant, who is here, and will direct in the absence of General Meade.*"

What did occur? Partial paralysis. Wright did not get all his troops over until near (?) midnight, and the Twenty-fourth Corps did not cross at all, and Crook crossed back again to the south side of the Appomattox. Thus Humphreys was left to himself all alone on the north of the river, and all that he did not achieve, and all that he suffered, must rest with whoever left him thus unsupported, while all the glory accrues to him.

When the movements of Humphreys and his labors, building bridges and roads, and his detentions by the cavalry, between the 3d and 9th of April, are considered closely, there is scarcely such another example of expeditiousness and tenacity in a pursuit on record. On the 6th his troops were on the move from 6 A.M. until dark. For eleven hours and fourteen miles—having previously marched four miles and built two bridges, and repaired the road-bridge over Flat Creek—he was continuously fighting; was victorious in six engagements; the second a hard fight, the sixth and last a "heavy battle." These are facts, if maps and reports and dispatches are worth anything as proofs. On the 7th the combined Second and Third Corps started between starlight and sunrise (5.32 A.M.), went directly for the enemy, struck him first at High Bridge, and afterwards at Cumberland Church, upon the Heights of Farmville, and fought him at both places unassisted, and did all the fighting of any account—and some very hard

fighting—of this day. On the 8th, Humphreys marched about twenty-five miles from Cumberland Church, the scene of the last pitched battle of the "Army of the Potomac" and the "Army of Northern Virginia," and would have marched on more if his supply-train had been brought forward in time. His leading troops did not go into camp till midnight, and some of them did not reach their halting-place until 4 A.M. of the 9th. On the 9th, by 12 M., Humphreys—as before stated—was "bunk up" against Lee's rear. (See "From the Rapidan to Appomattox Court-House," UNITED SERVICE, July, 1883; "The Burgoyne Campaign," UNITED SERVICE, October, 1883, and "La Royale," or "The Grand Hunt of the Army of the Potomac," 1872–1874, for particulars.)

On the 9th, 12 M., Humphreys was pressed as close up as possible upon Lee's rear or east front under Longstreet, and Colonel Paine, who was absolutely within the rebel lines, wrote, "I think General Humphreys was only prevented from almost annihilating the enemy by the truce." He was holding his watch in his hand, "Exactly as the hands pointed to the hour of 2 P.M. Humphreys mounted and gave the order to advance; but his troops had scarcely moved twenty paces, or one hundred yards, when a messenger from General Meade informed him that the truce had been extended 'until further orders,' and he halted the corps in the position marked on the United States Engineer Map 'Appomattox Court-House,' close up against Lee. Before long the notice of the surrender of Lee was received, and he had to issue orders at once to the skirmishers, now become pickets, to prevent his officers and men from passing over into Lee's camps."

And here the reader's attention is invited to a fact which he will do well to impress upon his memory. Humphreys had none of that supercilious feeling towards or mistrust of volunteer officers, too common among many of his equals in rank, and his combined Second and Third Corps, from Divisions and Brigades down to Regiments, Batteries, and Companies,—Infantry, Artillery, and Cavalry,—were, throughout, commanded by Volunteers: Miles,—then and since so greatly distinguished,—First Division; Barlow,—one of the stiffest fighters in the army,—Second Division; Mott,—a regular old Roman,—afterwards De Trobriand,—a chivalric exemplar of French gallantry,—Third Division; Brigadiers, Scott, Nugent, McDougall, Ramsey, Smythe, Pierce, and McAllister,—certainly one of the finest specimens of the old Cromwellian type; Acting Brigadiers, Colonels Olmsted, MacIvor, Woodall, and Shephard.

General Cullum closes his remarks as follows, Humphreys: "On march to, and at Washington, D. C., 10th April to 27th June, 1865; in command of the District of Pennsylvania, in Middle Department, 28th July to 9th December, 1865; in charge of the examination of the Mississippi Levees, 9th December, 1865, to 8th August, 1866.

He was mustered out of the volunteer service 31st August, 1866, and placed, at Washington, D. C., 8th August, 1866, in command of the Corps of Engineers, and in charge of the Engineer Bureau, with the rank of brigadier-general, and Chief of Engineers of the United States Army 8th August, 1866." His civil history, resumed, presents him as member of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1857, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston, Massachusetts, 1863; Corporator of the National Academy of Sciences since 3d March, 1863; Honorary Member of the Imperial Royal Geological Institute of Vienna, Austria, 1862, and of the Royal Institute of Science and Art of Lombardy, Milan, Italy, 1864.[5]

Within a year or so of his lamented demise, Humphreys demonstrated he was as able with his pen, as a military historian, as he had shown himself to be distinguished in command of troops and as an engineer, both in the field and in every branch of bureau scientific service and in the application of his vast knowledge to serviceable ends. In regard to his military history, it has been observed:

"As a clear, concise exposition of military operations, the United States now possess a narrative worthy to rank with that of the first great military triumvir and historian, and with those of the best known great modern war critic, Jomini, without the usual supplementary dissertations of the latter, which were precluded by the space accorded to the author by his publishers. The work to which this refers is the twelfth and concluding volume of Scribner's military treatises upon the Civil War, covering 'The Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865,' by Major-General A. A. Humphreys, who, as Division Commander, as Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac, and as a commander of the Second—in reality, the combined Second and Third—Corps, 'performed actions worthy of Cæsar,' and now relates what he prepared, directed, supervised, or performed with an ability, clearness, and terseness that rival the commentaries of the Roman historian. General Humphreys's work begins with the plunge into the blood-bath of the Wilderness, carries the reader through the bloody sap from the Rapidan to the James, then through the little less bloody siege of Petersburg and the last 'Grand Hunt' to Appomattox Court-House,—eleven months of incessant labors, sufferings, and conflicts almost unparalleled in the annals of war. The Fight in the Wilderness is one that can scarcely be conceived by any one who did not participate. The collisions of skirmish lines almost amounted to what are classed as 'affairs,' the conflicts of wings of the army to battles of the first class, and the whole equaled a truceless grand battle of nearly the period of agony which intervened between the preparation of the orders due to Humphreys, prior to the great move, down to the reception of the correspondence for surrender, of which the majority passed through his lines. The initiative in the Wilderness recalls the pregnant sentences of Michelet, master of laconic comprehensiveness, in his description of Rocroy. He styles the Duke d'Enghien's prelude '*Operation assez scabreuse*' (a tough enough job), and as he develops the action he appears to be describing Grant's pushing and pulling beyond the Rapidan River and limit, so often fatal to the Union expectations. And, again, the same grand historian seems in Grant to be reviving the obstinate Condé. One of his paragraphs appears to be most pertinent: 'We lost much more than Mercy (Lee). But the moral result was prodigious! Europe

[5] This statement of service appears at § 641, pages 384–6, Biographical Register of the United States Military Academy, by Major-General Cullum, vol. i., 1868.

stood aghast before the docility of the French (Union) soldier, who obeyed to such a degree as to be willing to assault the impossible. Europe, indeed, stood aghast at the tenacious courage, calm yet fierce, pitiless cruelty of the man (Condé, summer of 1644; Grant, summer of 1864), who buried a world there of soldiers, officers, all his friends, rather than loosen his hold.' Type of 'fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer.'

"Humphreys's book, covering 344 pages of mutual slaughter, is condensed into 400 12mo pages, a miracle of brain-alembic-resolution. It cannot be read as a novel, but it will repay the careful perusal of a student. It is a revelation, and justifies the remark of a military expert, critic, historian, and soldier, that if Napoleon had crossed the Niemen in 1812 with such an army as Grant carried across the Rapidan in 1864,—an army flexible as a Toledo blade and capable of the rigidity of a mace of adamant, adaptative, self-supplying, all-sufficient in valor and fortitude,—he could have gone to Moscow and St. Petersburg triumphantly, and the knell of the Czar had sounded, the history of Russia had closed. Whoever reads Humphreys's volume will appreciate this.

"The supplementary volume subsequently published by Charles Scribner's Sons —*supplementary* to their series, and likewise introductory to the last, the twelfth volume—is entirely out of place, because it appears as a separate book, and as such is not in the regular order of events, and consequently unsatisfactory; whereas, in reality, the additional issue (XIII.?) is neither more nor less than a very concise introduction, to present as fully as is consistent with clearness the important and misunderstood events of the autumn of 1863 and winter of 1863–64 east of the Alleghanies in Virginia, and bridge over the ten months between the retreat of Lee from Gettysburg, 4th–5th July, 1863, and the advance of Grant upon Lee, 4th–5th May, 1864,—a movement which ushered in the unintermitted hammering that resulted in the final crushing at Appomattox Court-House about eleven months afterwards, 9th April, 1865. Taken as a whole,—for in justice to the author *these two books* (*XIII.? and XII.*) *cannot be separated*,—the supplementary volume (XIII.?) serving as a necessary Preface to Volume XII., proper, of the regular series; together this contribution to war history is one of the most remarkable as well as able treatises that has ever been prepared by a thorough soldier for soldiers' reading and instruction. Throughout the last two thousand years there have not been twenty volumes or half as many works on military operations that are worthy to rank with it in the highest class of such literature.

"The first in the order of time and, perhaps, quality is Cæsar's Commentaries. Then a gap of over eight hundred years occurs until the time of the Emperor Leo VI., when that imperial soldier-philosopher produced a summary of the military art, of which, in some respects, the lessons are applicable for all time. Between Leo and 'The Perfect Captain,' 1636 ('Memoires de la Guerre de la Valteline'), of the Duke de Rohan there is almost a blank. The French general wrote, it is true, within a circumscribed sphere, and, however valuable what he did write, his considerations are restricted more particularly to mountain warfare. Marshal Montluc's Commentaries, which appeared towards the end of the sixteenth century, Henry IV. styled the 'Soldier's Breviary,' and were deemed worthy of citation by Napoleon. Nevertheless Montluc's production scarcely rises to the highest grade. Next in order appears Frederic the Great, and his volumes on his 'Three Silesian Wars' and the 'Campaign of Manœuvres,' 'Three Button Loo War' in 1779, which are models in many respects. Nothing like them had been written since Cæsar. The Napoleonic wars produced two writers, one Jomini, known the world over, and Von Bulow, scarcely known at all, who displayed great abilities as military commentators. Their works constitute a new departure in this literature. The Prussian, Von Bulow, was the greater genius of the two, but Jomini had most talent, and talent almost invariably produces works of more practical value than genius. Genius is for the few, talent for the many. General A. A. Humphreys is, in some regards, *Cæsar redivivus;* in others, Frederic; in others, again, Jomini; without the latter's

explanatory considerations. This may seem like a mere panegyric of our American general and his books, but is nevertheless sober truth. His volume may not be popular, because all concise works, however able, are hard reading for ordinary minds. Readers, as a rule, do not desire to be compelled to think, and no one can read Humphreys's work without doing a large amount of thinking. There is no splurge, no pen-painting, no fine writing. Everything is to the point. Restricted space precluded anything but the clearest, concise presentation of the facts constituting a chain of large and small, immense and little, conflicts, that knew no lull, respite, even an intermittent pulsation, in the combined labor, suffering, and fighting of about three hundred days. This vast agony, this terrific draught upon the Material and Personal of the nation, this bloody sweat, is all developed and revealed distinctly, but never diffusely, for a single paragraph in 400 12mo pages. It is a marvel of human mental digestion and assimilation, enough to exhaust the brain-tissues of a giant, and it required a gigantic mental structure to do such a work so well. It will live as a military text-book as long as war continues a national necessity.

"There is, or was, a famous Spanish painter, he may be dead, burned out, who produced wonderful effects on canvas by eccentric labor. Sometimes he seemed to throw his brush at the canvas, and sometimes to stab it with the camel's-hair pencil. Seeing him at work, excited and inspired, thinking, executing, no one could believe that a grand result would remain as the reward of such a style. Nevertheless his pictures are marvelous in expression. His painting was inspiration. The idea had been growing, growing, like the embryo in the womb. It was the child of long process of thought, and it came to the birth at once 'a proper child.' So it is with Humphreys's books, and every one who desires to possess in Volume XII., and the supplementary (or prefatory) volume, will find in them a compendious, lucid narrative of the last twenty-one months of the war at the East for the suppression of 'The Slaveholders' Rebellion,' but more particularly of the last eleven months, as compressed in Volume XII. of the military series published by Charles Scribner's Sons."

"It is not an ill-founded opinion, that for any dispassionate history of a civil war the world must wait until all the actors in it are dead. Then we may reasonably hope that there will be found some one with judgment sound enough to weigh conflicting statements and set the course of events in their true light. There is one historian in our day, however, who has come very near proving that the opinion to which we have referred is not absolutely true. That historian is the Count of Paris, the fifth and sixth volumes of whose 'History of the Civil War in America'[6] —forming Volume III. of the English translation—have recently appeared. In the earlier volumes the Count allowed his judgment to be warped at times by his friendship for a particular general. But in the portion which has just been given to the world there is no sign of this predilection of the author for any person, and the firmness and calmness with which he weighs the acts of those about whom he writes are worthy of all praise. At the same time, with constant practice, his style has gained in clearness, finish, and elegance. The historical present, which, like all French historians, he prefers, does not show to advantage in an English dress. And he might with profit have taken a hint from Macaulay, and use the 'I,' instead of the much abused newspaper 'we.' But these are matters of taste. And it must be conceded that upon the whole his narrative is worthy of his great theme, in treating which he reaches in this volume—we follow the enumeration of the English translation—1863—the year of Vicksburg and Gettysburg,—one of the most memorable years in the world's history.

"A comparison is inevitable between the work of the Count of Paris and that of General Humphreys [noticed last month in the *Manhattan*]. The severity of

[6] "History of the Civil War in America." By Comte de Paris. This volume comprises Volumes V. and VI. of the French edition without abridgment. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

style and conciseness of the latter are in marked contrast with the flowing narrative of the French historian. Our American, whether influenced by friendship or life-long association, or because he thought it unnecessary, seldom pronounces opinions upon particular men. He states the facts in a very pointed way, and lets them speak for themselves. This shows remarkable self-restraint, since, while chief of staff, he suffered from the delinquencies of others, and often saw his almost perfect plans traversed, paralyzed, and more than once ruined by the criminal negligence of incompetent or discontented subordinates of high rank, placed in positions to which they were essentially unequal, either by the influence or ignorance of officials in Washington. The Count, on the other hand, does not hesitate to speak in the severest terms of these marplots.

"The French historian's narrative in the chapters devoted to Vicksburg and Gettysburg will fascinate the reader. But not less interesting are the concluding chapters of the volume, treating of the fall campaign in 1863, after Gettysburg. These concluding chapters are entitled 'Hagerstown,' 'Bristoe Station,' and 'Mine Run.' These titles cannot all be commended. Inasmuch as Hagerstown had little or nothing to do with the escape of Lee in July, 1863, and Williamsport and Falling Waters everything, one of the two latter would seem more appropriate. Mine Run was a *fiasco*,—for those who made it so, a disgraceful one,—and therefore it is not well to thrust the title prominently forward. Bristoe Station, on the contrary, is an excellent head for the chapter which follows it. It was here that Warren displayed the highest qualities of a general, and, as the Count justly observes, 'the affair was brilliant both for the troops and their young commander, Warren having again shown the *coup d'œil* [possession of the clear-sightedness of a great general],—the coolness and the activity which mark him as a distinguished commander.' In the Mine Run chapter is the story of Russell's capture of the Rappahannock bridge-head or crown-work, which was even more creditable to the Union army than Bristoe Station, although not more creditable to the general in active command. Justly does the Count declare that this defeat was the most painful which had yet been inflicted on the Army of Northern Virginia. It must have been peculiarly galling to Lee himself, since he was an engineer, and knew that, in the contest between the two equally beloved sons of military science, 'Defense' and 'Attack,' very few and discreditable are the exceptions, like Rappahannock Station, to the truth of Vauban's simple definition, that 'Fortification is the art of enabling a small body of men to resist, for a considerable time, the attack of a greater number.' As so much was decided by Russell's gallant dash, Rappahannock Station would have been a far more suitable heading to a chapter which embraces so many diverse operations besides Mine Run, which was an affair discreditable in many respects to the Union army, and which certainly did not confer any particular honor on their opponents. That Lee foiled Meade was not due to capacity on the part of the former. And that Meade failed was due almost wholly to the officer commanding the Third Corps. Had Sickles or Birney been in his place, to which either was more justly entitled, the result would have been very different.

"These movements in the fall of 1863 have been inaptly styled a campaign of manœuvres, but might more properly be called a campaign of blunders. Lee and his generals certainly did blunder, and in an equal degree, Meade personally, and nearly all those in whom he had to trust. The one brilliant exception was General Humphreys, whose well-laid plans were frustrated by those who undertook to carry them out. Pretty much all the fighting done during this campaign of blunders was wholly unnecessary. And the Count makes it clear that if these needless encounters had been avoided, a grand battle might have been fought, which would have surpassed Gettysburg and very probably made an end of Lee's army."

The manner of General Humphreys's death was the very one against which the "Litany" teaches people to pray,—calm, peaceful, instantaneous. It was identical with that of the celebrated Lieutenant-

Governor, repeatedly Acting Governor, James de Lancey, of New York, who—

"Was a man of uncommon abilities in every view, from the law down to agriculture, and an elegant, pleasant companion,—what rarely unites in one person. It seems doubtful which excelled, his quick penetration or his solid judgment. The first seemed an instant guide to the last. No man in either office had more the love and confidence of the people, nor any man before or since half the influence. He was, unhappily, taken from us in July, 1760, so suddenly that his very family suspected no danger. He had spent very agreeably the day before on Staten Island. After ten at night he left my house perfectly well. In the morning he rose as usual, but about nine a servant was dispatched to tell me his master was very ill. I mounted instantly and hurried to his house in Bowery Lane, but on the way was alarmed by a call that all was over; and too true I found it. *He sat reclined in his chair, one leg drawn in, the other extended; his arms over the elbows so naturally that had I not been apprised of it I certainly should have spoken as I entered the room.* Nobody but his youngest daughter, a child, was present at the time in the room, so little did the family apprehend any danger. Never did these eyes behold such a spectacle, or did my spirits receive such an impression. The idea affects me whenever I think of it, to lose such a companion, such a counselor, such a friend."

A common friend furnishes the following particulars of the somewhat parallel death of General Humphreys:

"He had been suffering at times from attacks of lumbago, and, under the advice of his physician, had used the electric battery. Friday afternoon he had a slight attack, and after using the battery felt very well, but had a slight feeling of heartburn.

"He was very bright and cheerful in the evening, and about ten o'clock Mrs. Humphreys bade him good-night and went up to her room, leaving him in the parlor, apparently perfectly well, reading a paper.

"It had been his habit to retire about eleven o'clock, after ringing for the servant to put out the lights and close the house. About half-past ten the servant, imagining she had heard him moving, went up to the parlor and found him sitting in his chair, his head slightly reclining, the paper on his lap and *holding his reading-glass in his hand;* and when she went up to speak to him found that he was dead.

"When the doctor, who was at once sent for, came and saw him, he pronounced the cause of his death to be *angina pectoris.*"

It is a strange fact, that in the narratives of military operations the calm, dispassionate voice of Truth is seldom heard apportioning due praise to modest merit. It has been truly observed that Fame is a strumpet, and too often accords her favors, as that class ever do, to the least deserving but most boisterous in their wooing. "Sooner or later," according to Holy Writ and philosophy, "the truth will manifest itself" clearly and openly to all the world. Unfortunately, however, this manifestation seldom comes until the most valuable prizes and honors have been awarded and distributed. Even so has it been in the case of Andrew Atkinson Humphreys, and to him, as regards the concluding scenes of our war, may be sadly applied the declaration of the poet, that

in his case the world—"the world," that is, the American people—"knows nothing of its greatest men." Of him the American historian will yet be constrained to say, as was said of the celebrated Roman Emperor Julian, "on a comparatively small scale, the son of Pennsylvania, like the son of Byzantium, grandson of the famous Constantius Chlorus, had the opportunity of showing himself an accomplished general and a gifted leader of men," one of those unobtrusively great men who never receive the full measure of reward due to the full measure of their greatness. Even so Humphreys, for the very reason that he is that rare character—

> "A man not always in extremes,
> A brave and earnest man, not to be shaken
> Out of his manhood by the storm's first whisper."

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER,
Brevet Major-General S.N.Y.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY MARLINE; OR, NOTES FROM AN AMERICAN MIDSHIPMAN'S "LUCKY BAG."

(Continued from page 184.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHICH CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF A WONDERFUL MIRACLE, AND DESCRIBES A VERY IMPOSING CEREMONY.

Revenons à nos moutons, or, Let us return to our muttons.

About this time of our sojourn in Naples Bay, Mr. Spicy, the chaplain, had gone on his travels, and his cassock and surplice being left behind, they were borrowed from his boy on the plea that we were going to have a private masquerade; he hesitated a little about the propriety of letting out his master's property, but a bribe of a dollar settled all his qualms of conscience.

In the above-mentioned vestments we encased the portly person of one Deepwater (a large fat reefer, weighing about two hundred and sixty pounds), with a large tin trumpet on his head; he was generally known as Baby Deepwater, from the fact that he would cry for hours over a tale of fiction, and also when the midshipmen would toss him in a blanket, which they frequently did; we also secured the services of four smooth-faced little messenger-boys to act as his acolytes in the approaching ceremony, and provided each one with a deep spit-box, which was to be used as a censer. Baby looked the padre to perfection, but refused to have his hair shaved from the top of his head, being very vain of his curly locks; the midshipmen were going to insist on his having it done, but when they witnessed the tears standing in Baby's eyes they very magnanimously desisted and substituted the trumpet as head-gear; the next thing we did was to procure twelve candles, which were placed in as many junk-bottles, and then we laid a large leaf of a table on four camp-stools and hung up a flag to keep out intruders.

While one gang of middies were engaged fixing a block and rope

to the cross-piece over the midshipman's hatch, another party were hard at work making up a stuffed Paddy of great proportions; some hours were passed in these edifying proceedings, and when the Paddy was done, it could not have been beaten by some of the best figures in Madame Tussaud's wax-work establishment; it looked for all the world like the person for whom it was intended, even to the face, a good mask having been bought on shore for the occasion.

Among the "twenty-four" there was a very tall fellow, of pale and cadaverous countenance, called Slinky Slapjack, a nickname he obtained from the fact of his being able to coil himself away on one camp-stool, put a clothes-bag under his head, and sleep undisturbed for hours; and also from the circumstance of his having been known to eat four dozen pancakes (called slapjacks in the navy) at one sitting, and then wanted more; he was a regular Calvin Edson of a fellow in appearance, and on this occasion acted the part of corpse on express conditions that the said corpse should be fed during the approaching ceremony with an unlimited number of slapjacks and molasses.

About twelve o'clock, when the greatest number of Neapolitans were about collecting to "see the animals feed," Slinky was escorted (or rather carried) to the inclosed spot, where he was laid out; his face was daubed over with flour, his head and jaws tied up in white handkerchiefs, his arms crossed over his breast, and a wide white sheet thrown over all; being six feet four inches, he made a very respectable-looking corpse, and looked a deal sight more imposing than when he was alive; the candles were now lighted and placed at his head and feet, and standing around him, in various costumes, and with solemn mien, the midshipmen waited until the steerage was full (almost to suffocation) of the termites.

When no more could get in, and they were hustling, quarreling, and crowding each other, so as to get a full sight of what was going on, soft music was heard in the cock-pit, and the faint tinkling of a little bell announced the approach of Baby Deepwater, who ascended the ladder dressed out in all his robes; he was attended by two of the midshipmen dressed in fancy rigs, one having adorned his head with a large coffee-pot, the other had selected a large pewter mug, which was tied on his head by a string under his chin, and the four acolytes with their spit-boxes brought up the rear; in one hand Baby held Bowditch's Navigator, and in the other a large pair of wooden compasses; as he approached the flag was suddenly removed, and there lay the dead in solemn repose, waiting to be committed to the deep after the last ceremonies were performed over his mortal remains.

The termites all crowded in, looking on with the most intense curiosity, and to watch their faces it could be seen that they were deeply impressed with the ceremony.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, went the little bell, and the acolytes com-

menced swinging about their censers, which were filled with tow, sulphur, and asafœtida, while Baby Deepwater commenced in a deep sonorous voice to chant,—

"Wax gobiscum, roar o no probis, cockuli, cockulorom e pluribus unum. Hilino sopholatibi squidii A B Squee, oh! mater vocabulorum, Canistavenising Tituri two. Pat you lie, recubans, sub tegmine fagosimi, snactissime, investus non est comatibus, roar o no probis, roro o no probis."

And the little acolytes swung round their spit-boxes (*alias* censers), and already the company began to cough.

"Ah!" sighed a fat old lady close to me, "questi sone brava gente, sone catolici, come noi attri."

"Aime povero uffiziale, che buon Prete, e che bel giovane era il defunto, rassouriniglia a mio figlio," said another fat old woman, "non mangiera piu de macaroni, poverens," that being in her estimation the greatest calamity that could have befallen him.

"Parla bene il latino," put in an old fellow of about a hundred, with very long tails to his coat, and very short waist, "auch io parla latino, il prete lo pårla benessimo."

Here Baby put an end to their remarks by chanting again,—

"Wax gobiscum gloriam, fecit miraculum, mortuum, hocusi pocusi pitsacas bocas, puntum sosenum, mellio uno grosso, caponi que uno magra gallino, sanctum sancteriorum sanctiroryborum." And the censers went to work like young steam-engines.

There was an immense deal of coughing about this time, almost enough to interrupt the ceremonies; but curiosity kept the strangers below, and respect for the rites going on before them kept them quiet; one of the fat old ladies began to sing out, "Aqua per l'amor di Dio." "Sangre di San Gennaro," shouted an old fisherman. "Che puzzo, che puzzo, il cadavero puzza come il diavole." "Sst, sst, sst," said the crowd, "va pregare el prete"—

> "In hoc signo conquerorum
> Wax gobiscum, Slappy Jackum,
> Roundum squareum dorem borum,
> Ipse dixit, up and at um"—

low murmurs of applause on the part of the crowd, and much coughing, the censers smoking rather strong about this time.

Scantling now approached with a large covered dish, and a small pitcher holding a thick dark fluid, and Baby Deepwater, dipping his fingers into the pitcher and raising his eyes in the direction where the main truck was supposed to be, while one of his assistants commenced reading the rule for double altitudes in Bowditch, touched the end of the sick man's nose, and in a solemn voice exclaimed,—

"Arise, dead man, and eat."

At this summons the music struck up a lively air, the dead man slowly opened his eyes and sat up in bed, staring wildly about him.

"Un miraculo, un miraculo," murmured the Italians; "madre de Dio un miraculo Americano." "Ah!" said the old fellow of one hundred, "ho capita, il prete si e servito del Sangue di San Gennaro, ho capita quando ha parlato latino."

"Sst, sst, silencio, Spazzino," said the crowd, "va mangiare il cadavero." If they considered the resurrection a miracle, what must they have thought when they saw Scantling approach the resurrected with the covered dish containing a large pile of slapjacks, which the said resurrected dipped into the molasses and gobbled down like magic?

"Ah! guarda come mangia le frittati," they exclaimed, "questo e davvero un miraculo." But their astonishment knew no bounds when a fresh dish was brought in, and the resurrected proceeded to eat four dozen without winking.

"Ah! povero uffizziale," said the fat old lady, "no mange nado per sixteen week, ai che puzza dio mio andiamo via, andiamo." And indeed the smell was terrible, and the resurrected began to cough so badly that we feared, at one time, he would have a relapse.

The crowd could stand the smoke and smell from the censers no longer, and began to murmur, "Che puzza, che puzza, ai che miraculo, queste sono christianie l'istesso che noi altro, ai che puzza."

The acolytes were doing their best, at this moment, to raise more smoke, though the atmosphere was so thick already you could cut it with a knife; tears were streaming down the men's and women's cheeks, not from sympathy, but from pain caused by the smoke.

About this time the resurrected had finished his slapjacks, and popping out of bed and dipping his hand into a pillow-case alongside of him, he took out a handful of flour and slapped it in the face of an Italian dandy, who was already half suffocated with foul smells.

"Cazzo," shouted the dandy, "questo e el demonio!" another handful of flour in the face of an old woman who was shouting out "Nikolaki, Nikolaki, dove sta Nikolaki!" It was the same old woman, previously mentioned, who had again lost her darling Nikolaki, who, it appears, had not been (as was formerly supposed) boiled in the coppers.

Now came the crowning scene, which was to strike terror into their breasts and drive them out of the ship. The resurrected was becoming excited and unmanageable, and was thumping the crowd most unmercifully with his flour pillow-case; some were singing out, "Ladros, ladros, un borsainlo borsainlo, scroccone, scroccone!" and uttering all the expletives they could think of. The offender was seized by the midshipmen and rolled off into a recess in the steerage, while his counterpart, the stuffed Paddy, was hauled to the hatch, the rope quickly put round his neck, and before the Italians could think what was to be done they saw the body of the resurrected, apparently, dangling in the

air. "Ai che omicidios, sono queste infami Americani," "Piratos, corsaros," "Che coglioni appiciale un giovane," were the numerous expressions; "Andiamo! andiamo!" And horror-struck and frightened they rushed up the ladders; the only one left behind was the old woman who had lost her son, and who was still shouting, "Nikolaki, Nikolaki, dove sta mio figlio? Nikolaki."

For the first time during the week we had a clear ship; the Neapolitans, having no desire to see such curious performances more than once, confined themselves thereafter to looking at the outside. Baby Deepwater divested himself of his robes, and Slinky called for something to drink to keep the slapjacks quiet, while acolytes and censers were sent out of the way; we suffered almost as much with the smoke as the enemy did, and so did the lieutenants, who were looking through the wardroom blinds and enjoying the fun; lucky was it for us that the captain was out of the ship, or some one would likely have adorned the mast-head.

Mr. O'Classics was the only person who animadverted on our proceedings. "Ah, micky roony and lazy roony," he said, "ye got in the divils midshipmates' hands, did ye? Faix then ye were fools to lave your own deleceus cloimate to go bally-waggerin' over a ship; an' afther all, I don't know but it sarves you right. For my part," he continued, "I like the paple, I like the cloimate, an' I loike the Punch and Judy, but divil a good pretaty av I seen since I been in the counthry; an' as to their buther, it's all crame." O'Classics was liberal enough, however, to admit that "San Carlos bate onything they iver had in Tipperary," and that "Mount Vesuvius was big enough and hot enough to roast all the pretatys in auld Ireland at one clip."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A TEDIOUS DOG-WATCH, AND A TOUGH YARN FROM A QUARTERMASTER.

A NIGHT or two previous to our departure from Naples I had the second dog-watch on deck, after having passed the day roaming through the adjacent hills; I was standing near the taffrail watching the full moon sailing quietly along through the deep blue firmament, and casting a soft and mellow light on all below; it was such a moonlight as is only seen in the Bay of Naples, for nowhere does she shine so bright, or does the landscape seen by her light seem to rest in such quiet repose; the tiny fishing-boats, with numerous lights, studded the bay as thick almost as the stars of heaven, and one could well have imagined, while looking at the reflection of the moon in the still, polished surface of the sea, that there were two firmaments, one above and one below.

I was thinking of home, as who will not think of that dear spot,

let him be even where nature wears her brightest smile? who is there who will not invest the home of his childhood with all that is beautiful around him, and perhaps deceive himself with the idea that the same moon is shining sweetly o'er the hallowed spots he so much loved, and the friends of his heart are at that moment keeping company with him looking at it as it performs its nightly course? My reveries were suddenly interrupted by old Ben, the signal quartermaster, who had been working up to me for some time past, evidently disposed to talk his dog-watch away.

"What are you looking so melancholy about, Ben?" I asked him. "You look as though some one had broken your best spy-glass."

"Me, sir?" said Ben; "look melancholic? Oh, no, I ain't one of them; my natural dispersition is quite the rewerse, sir, though I have gone through enough in my lifetime to make me never smile again." And the old quid shook his head very solemnly.

"Come, Ben," I said, "I shall go to sleep presently, and get mast-headed for doing so, if you don't do something to keep me awake. Come, give me an account of your adventures; I know you have many a tough yarn stowed away in your ditty-bag."

"I never tell tough yarns, Mr. Marline," he replied; "it would be very unbecoming an old man like me, who ought to be thinking of slinging his hammock in a better world than this; but I can tell you a story that will bring tears to your eyes, if you have the heart I give you the credit for. It is a tale of murder and crime, such as was never perpetrated on this earth before nor since, and if you would like to hear it, I will tell it to you. It will serve to pass away the dog-watch at any rate, and may make you reflect seriously on the ways of Divine Providence, and the wondrous means He adopts to bring to punishment those who offend against the laws of God. Now, my good young sir, listen to me."

And divesting the story of some of Ben's phraseology, which was not in the main very ornate, I give it as he told it to me, as near as I can recollect it; it helped to pass a weary dog-watch, and may perhaps do as much for the reader:

THE PIRATE PARRICIDIO.

"I was but fourteen years old when I first went to sea," he began. "I sailed out of Liverpool in a brig of three hundred tons, commanded by Captain McGregor; we were bound to the island of Martinique, and had on board ten or twelve passengers, mostly French people, who were going there either for profit or pleasure. Among the passengers were a young Frenchman and his wife, who had been married about three years, and they were supremely happy in the possession of a beautiful little daughter just beginning to run about; her innocent prattle was the delight of her too fond parents, and the child was adored almost by every one on board. One old Frenchman in par-

ticular, Monsieur Pierre Girard, would hug and kiss little Antoinette all day long, and swore that he would work his fingers' ends off to make a fortune for her, though she was in no way related to him.

"Nothing could be more interesting than the affection existing between Mr. Laroche and his beautiful wife; they were always of a pleasant day to be found sitting aft on the weather side of the quarter-deck, and little Antoinette gamboling like an innocent lamb about their knees. He would read to his lady while she was working on some pretty dress for their beloved idol, every now and then interrupting him to draw his attention to something the little angel was doing; then they would smother her with kisses, and the fond mother, dropping her work on her knees, would regard her with silent happiness, while the husband would continue his reading. Ah me, sir," said Ben, "that was thirty years ago, but I can in my mind's eye see that happy couple and that innocent child as plainly as if they were now before me, and many a tear it brings to my old eye when I remember the many hours of misery and unhappiness through which they passed.

"Monsieur Laroche was one of those who had escaped out of France during the early period of the revolution. He was of a respectable family, and his father, who was a good royalist, had died, leaving him a handsome estate; but his own brother, who was an unscrupulous and avaricious villain, not being satisfied with what he had (though he was equally well provided for), and hating his brother for espousing one on whom he had also placed his affections, proclaimed him to 'les Terrorists,' and he was too happy to escape with his wife and child and find an asylum in England; there, on a small pittance, but happy in each other's love, they managed for a year to live in a cheap and modest little cottage. His estate was finally confiscated and fell to the lot of his villain brother, who was one of the leaders of 'les Buveurs de sang,' 'Chevaliers du Poignard,' and everything else that was horrible and bad. Monsieur Laroche, with what remained from the sale of his wife's jewels and a few hundred pounds he had invested in the English funds, was now bound to Martinique in search of a living, and was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Pierre Girard, who was already established there in business, and who, loving the little Antoinette as if she were his own child, promised himself the pleasure of assisting the father in the pursuit of fortune. He had already formed an idea in his own mind of the dowry he intended to bestow on his little pet. A gentle dignity distinguished the mother, though she was very gay at times and playful with her husband; she alone could make him smile and laugh when the memory of departed wealth would come to cast a shade of sadness o'er his handsome brow, for he loved her as tenderly as ever man loved woman, and all his happiness seemed to centre in those two beings, his wife and little daughter; strange indeed would it have been had it been otherwise, for never on this earth were

there two human beings more calculated to call forth the strongest feelings of attachment.

"It would have done your heart good, sir, to see the fondness shown by the old weather-beaten sailors for little Antoinette, and the respect they evinced for her father and mother. Sailors are a hard, weather-beaten set of fellows, but with all their roughness there is a well of human kindness within their bosoms, and when they take a fancy to any one (particularly a child) there is no end to their affection. I do believe there was not a man on board the 'Blue-eyed Mary' (that was the name of the brig) who would not have divided his last plug of tobacco or given his allowance of grog to any of the Laroches if they had expressed half a wish for it, and that, I think, sir, is the strongest proof of kindness a sailor can show.

"Those were the happiest days of my life, for Captain McGregor was a kind man, and made every one about him as happy as circumstances would admit of. I was taken into the cabin as cabin-boy, and had nothing whatever to do but take care of little Antoinette and wait on Mr. and Madame Laroche. I found my duties almost a sinecure, for I was seldom called upon to do anything, and my greatest happiness was running after the little girl and gratifying all her little whims. Sometimes when I was building block houses for the sweet little creature, or letting her ride on my back, Monsieur Laroche would pat me on the head and call me 'Bon garçon Benny,' and almost every day I received some kind token of regard from his sweet lady, which always made my heart bound with delight.

"But this happiness was of short duration, and the scenes through which I afterwards passed bought me so much misery and sorrow that I almost forgot that I had ever been happy at all.

"We had been at sea twenty-five days, and had been gliding along quietly with a pleasant little breeze, had passed the island of Madeira, and had just got a snuff of the trade-winds, when in the first dog-watch a sail was seen on our weather beam, and when we could make her out she appeared to be steering for us. She proved to be a large two-topsail schooner with all kinds of sail set, and the rapid manner in which she neared us showed her to be no ordinary sailer.

"Those were the days, sir, in which it was not desirable to meet a clipper-looking schooner at sea, for the ocean was swarming with pirates, and the British navy, instead of being employed in protecting British commerce, was lying idly at Spithead looking out for the divine right of kings or something of that kind, and lending a helping hand to keep some infernal despot on his throne,—or perhaps they were watching the French, who were always jumping into a war with them. The merchant service had to look out for itself; and indeed we would as lief almost have met the devil at sea as a British man-of-war, for all the protection we got was to be removed on board by a

press-gang, and had to fight for old England whether we liked it or not. Those things were, however, so much a matter of custom that no one thought anything of it, but at the same time sailors preferred the hard work of a trader to the easy times and strict discipline of a man-of-war, and when they saw a rakish-looking vessel they gave her a wide berth, no matter what she was.

"Captain McGregor cracked on sail the moment he saw the stranger standing towards us, and the 'Blue-eyed Mary' began to dance along over the sea as if she knew that some hard customer was after her. She was not a bad sailer, and for a time we thought we held our own with the stranger; but that hope was idle, for in a few moments his hull came looming up above the horizon, and then we saw that he was going two knots to our one.

"Our only hope now was to dodge him in the dark, and as the sun went down in a thick bank of clouds, and the weather was a little hazy, the dim outlines of our pursuer became fainter and fainter, until at last we lost sight of him altogether. Old Captain McGregor began to smile again, for his face had an uneasy look upon it as long as the stranger was in sight, and he did not know what his fate might be before morning. The brig was well armed with ten twenty-four-pounder carronades, and we had a crew of twenty men, officers and all, besides the ten or fifteen male passengers, who were all men of mettle and could do good service in time of need; but, Lord bless you, what could a ten-gun brig with her pop-guns do against one long Tom of such a schooner as that? and if she was a pirate, we felt sure that she carried more than one of that sort; but the captain got everything ready for action, and put a few shot in the galley fire to be ready in case their services were needed.

"As soon as it was quite dark Captain McGregor took in the steering sails and hauled on a wind on the larboard tack, standing in towards the Cape de Verd; he felt sure that the stranger did not see them, and took it for granted (if he was a pirate) that he would follow the course we were steering when he last saw us. Every light in the ship was put out or concealed so that it would not show, and every precaution taken that we might not be seen; so sure was the captain that the stranger would not be in sight in the morning that he dispelled the gloom that had settled on the pale and anxious faces of the passengers. Mrs. Laroche, who had been sitting as pale as death pressing her darling little Antoinette to her bosom, consented to put the child to sleep and take a little repose herself, while the anxious husband said he would keep watch with the captain until daylight. All that night we turned and doubled like a hare, first standing on a wind with all we could carry, and then running with the wind on the quarter, so as to leave no chance of seeing the schooner at daylight.

"All night the crew were at their posts; there were few drowsy

people about I can tell you, and every old sailor had a yarn to tell about some blood-thirsty pirate that would make your blood run cold.

"At that time there was a story afloat of a dreadful Portuguese pirate named 'El Parricidio,' from the fact of his having killed his own father in the most brutal manner; after committing the dreadful deed he shipped on board of a slaver, and being associated with a set of villains as hardened as himself in crime, he killed the captain and had himself elected in his place; the next step was to turn pirate and commence a career that would shock the annals of crime. Now and then faint rumors were afloat of a two-topsail schooner with a horrible-looking creature as her captain; but if such a vessel did exist, they left so little trace of their crimes that it was impossible to know whether there was any foundation or not for the reports. A number of fine ships that had left England for the West Indies had been missing, though they had been supposed to have foundered at sea in some of the dreadful hurricanes; but one ship had been left without being properly scuttled or set fire to, the pirate being frightened off by the approach of a ship of war. When the officers went on board the deserted vessel there were too many evidences existing that she had fallen a prey to pirates: the sides were covered with blood, foot-prints of blood were fresh upon the deck, and a female hand with the rings upon the fingers was found grasping the man-rope at the gangway; it had been severed at the wrist, and in the last agonies of death had retained the grasp made while the owner was being dragged to an untimely grave or something worse. There were too many reports of horrors committed in France at that time to cause much attention to be paid to a vague rumor about a pirate, especially as the vessel that boarded the deserted ship was said to be a Frenchman, and no reliable information could be obtained regarding her. Ships, however, went heavily manned and armed, and instances had occurred where some had been reconnoitred by a clipper-looking schooner and escaped unmolested.

"The night passed away slowly listening to these stories, and I believe I was a shade whiter when morning came for fear of seeing a bloody pirate close on board of us; what, then, must have been my feelings when at the break of day we descried a sail, and that sail was the identical two-topsail schooner dodging along after us under easy canvas, and evidently waiting for daylight to pounce upon us. To describe the scene of excitement that ensued would be impossible; the captain took the deck, guns were cast loose, pistols loaded, and boarding-pikes laid out ready for use; the Frenchmen were running about the decks gathering up swords and muskets ready to defend themselves, while preparations were made to send the women below to a place of safety. Never shall I forget the parting between Mr. Laroche and his wife as the time came for him to go on deck; despair and anguish was written in legible characters on her face, and he, poor man, was pale as

the purest marble, while his lips were firmly pressed together, showing a determination that nothing but death could conquer. Alas! they both felt, sir, that it was their last meeting on earth, and even the dear little Antoinette seemed to cling to her father in his last embrace as if she was aware that she should never see him more.

"All this time the schooner was gaining rapidly upon us, and she had now got so near that we could see her men on deck and her long guns pointing over the bow. There was no doubt in the mind of any one about her character, and if there was, it was not allowed long to exist, for as the sun rose above the horizon a large bloody flag fluttered at her peak, and at her fore there floated a flag bearing the name of the detested 'Parricidio.' There was one look of anguish among the whole of that crew, but it disappeared in a moment when the cool voice of McGregor exclaimed, 'Now, boys, we have got to fight for our lives, and recollect we are Britons, and ought not to fear those rascally pirates.' He had scarcely uttered the words when a shot from the schooner came dancing over the waves and took off a piece from under our counter. 'Luff to and lay the main-topsail to the mast, and rake her as she comes down on us,' said the captain.

"The order was quickly obeyed, and as the 'Blue-eyed Mary' came to the wind, and the guns were brought to bear, a broadside was poured into the approaching schooner, and the splinters were seen to fly in every direction. This was evidently an unexpected attack to the pirates, who were not aware that they had to do with an armed vessel; the schooner's helm was put a-lee instantly, and she flew round like a top, but not before she had received another broadside, and her fore-topmast fell dangling over the side, struck by one of our shot.

"The pirates evidently did not like this sport, and there seemed to be some confusion on board, for your murderers are always cowards at heart, and only attack when they know their prey is defenseless. For a few moments our guns did good execution, their main-topsail yard came down by the run on to the cap, and the bloody trophy at her peak fell upon the deck, the halyards cut away by our grape-shot.

"The pirate was now busy getting his foresheet aft and his inner jib up, and commenced shooting ahead out of our range. Captain McGregor gave orders to 'wear ship,' and bring the other battery to bear; but just as we were going off before the wind the schooner avoided the effects of our manœuvre by putting her helm down and going about, thereby increasing her distance and getting out of range of our guns; we were, however, in time to give her one broadside, but though we saw the splinters fly, no serious damage seemed to be done to the hull or spars, and before we could load up again she was out of reach of our short carronades.

"The passengers, who knew nothing about such matters, thought she was running away, but our captain knew better than that, for he

judged truly that the villains were only trying to get at long shot, when they would riddle us with the guns of greater range.

"As was expected, she hove to about a mile and a half from us, and opened fire with two long Toms, one forward and one aft, and almost every shot told with dreadful havoc either among our men or on our spars. What could we do? We were a perfect target to be shot at. We fired away, elevating our guns as much as possible, but our shot all fell short, and the devils only laughed at us; to describe the scene that ensued would be impossible, the shot came pounding on our decks like hail, and we could only stand and take it. All hands went to work to make sail on the brig with the hope of escaping or of delaying our capture as long as possible, trusting that some vessel of war might hear the guns and come to our rescue; but these were vain hopes, sail after sail was shot from aloft, and every spar was so riddled that we gave up in despair. Captain McGregor, who never once lost his presence of mind, sent every one below among the cargo, with instructions to stand by to rush on deck in case she should attempt to board us, and standing calmly at the helm, he bravely waited the worst, having made up his mind to die at his post, knowing what his fate would be when the pirates captured him.

"In the mean time the pirates approached closer, and, taking up a position on our quarter, poured in a fire that swept our decks; one shot cut off the right leg of Captain McGregor, who, though suffering intense agony and nearly fainting from loss of blood, sat down on the deck and steered the brig. Never was there a more heroic man than that. He was an honor to Scotland, of which he was a native, and would have stood as high in fame as Nelson had the same opportunity been offered him. Eight of our crew and passengers were lying dead on the deck, and among them good old Mr. Girard, whose heart was pierced by a grape-shot, and the shrieks that came up from the run under the cabin too plainly told that some sad misfortune had happened there. I could stand it no longer, and went aft to see what I could do for them, though I knew that I could not do much.

"As I passed Captain McGregor he took me by the hand, and, as the large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, he said, 'Ben, if you live through this see my owners and tell them I died at my post and defended their property to the last, and tell them, Ben, to remember that I have a wife and child whom I leave without a penny in the world; God bless you, boy, and may you never want a friend.' Just at that moment I heard a shriek in the cabin as a shot came crashing through the stern, and I rushed below to see what was the matter. I found Mrs. Laroche lying on the floor with her child clasped to her bosom; she had crawled up from the run, and, overcome with fright, lay half dead with fear upon the deck. I tried to console her by telling her that her husband was safe and that we had a strong party yet

in case the pirates attempted to board us; she was about to rush frantically upon the deck to join him, when the voice of Captain McGregor was heard calling, 'Away there, boarders!' I looked out of the stern window, and there was the schooner close alongside of us, and in another instant came a crash, and the two vessels were close together. Then was heard a shout from each vessel, the rattling of small-arms, and in another instant the trampling and stamping of feet on our deck, like men mixed up in bloody fray.

"Seizing a large carving-knife I rushed out, not knowing exactly what I was going to do, and oh, heavens! what a sight met my eyes! A hundred and fifty of the most ferocious-looking wretches the imagination ever pictured to itself covered our deck, cutting and slashing right and left among the small remnant of our crew. One after another of our men fell covered with wounds, and poor Captain McGregor lay at his post with his brains blown out, while a dead pirate, killed by his hand, lay across his body. Mr. Laroche was fighting sword in hand against five ruffians, whom he kept at bay with his broadsword, four having already fallen at his feet. His face was covered with blood from a large gash across his forehead, and his left arm hung helpless at his side from the effects of a pistol-shot. The fight was too unequal to last long, for as our men fell, overpowered by numbers, the miscreants rushed upon him, and he fell pierced by a hundred wounds; that was the last I remember, for a stunning blow knocked me senseless, and I only awoke to consciousness an hour after on board the pirate. How I got there or why I was saved (the only one out of all that crew) I did not know, but I was lying bound hand and foot on the quarter-deck, and through the port could see the brig not far off, which the pirates were rifling.

On an arms-chest close to me was seated the ugliest human being my eyes ever beheld; there was nothing indeed human about him, and a recent gash across his cheek, and his blood-stained countenance, added no charm to his features. His arms hung away down, almost touching the deck, and his form was rendered particularly hideous by a large lump on his back. I knew from the description I had heard of him that this was the dreaded Parricidio, and I shuddered when I saw him turn his bloodshot eyes upon me.

At this moment a boat approached from the brig, and I could see the pirates pass a rope down and lift something up the side. Good God! it was the lifeless body of Mrs. Laroche, all bedabbled with blood, and directly after a huge negro appeared carrying in his arms the poor little Antoinette pale as a sheet and crying most bitterly.

"'Is she dead?' shouted the wretch on the arms-chest.

"'No,' said the negro, 'she has only fainted because she saw her husband's corpse, and that blood she got from taking a last embrace of him; it was that fellow who gave you the cut, Parricidio.'

"'Ah!' said the pirate, while a gleam of fiendish delight stole over his devilish countenance. 'Is it so? Then I will be doubly revenged. Fling her into the cabin, and pitch the brat after her; when she comes to I will pitch it overboard before her eyes. What booty in the brig, Falsario?'

"'Thirty thousand dollars,' said the negro, 'and a rich cargo of silks.'

"'Tem dido isso,' said the captain; 'then get me a glass of brandy, for this infernal cut makes me feel faint. Diavolo, how those English fought! But none are left, Falsario, I trust?'

"'No, Parricidio, not one, with the exception of that brat on the deck there,' replied the negro. 'What you want with him I don't know; you had better let me cut his throat and throw him overboard.'

"'No, Falsario,' said the captain; 'the crew may cut your throat before long, and I want some one to taste my victuals in case of poison, and these fools of English, though they fight hard, are too chicken-hearted to poison any one, so I will train him, and if he won't learn you may cut his throat.' All this was said in Portuguese, but as I knew the Spanish language I could understand every word of it, and you may imagine my feelings. The perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead, and my hair stood fairly on end; I could scarcely realize that two human beings could talk so coolly about murder after satiating their appetites with the blood of about thirty of their fellow-creatures. They were hardened indeed in crime, and I thought with anguish of the horrible fate that most certainly awaited the unhappy but beautiful French lady when she would regain her consciousness. Far better would it have been had she shared her husband's fate than to have fallen into the hands of so unscrupulous a wretch as Parricidio, better by far that the husband and wife should have been undivided in death, and that the dear little Antoinette had shared the same fate; it would have been less horrid than a painful awakening to a consciousness of her awful position, and I almost prayed God that she might never revive to see my painful forebodings realized. I wondered why heaven permitted such villainous wretches to be triumphant over innocence and virtue, and though we are taught that Providence has many ways of working out its ends and bringing malefactors finally to justice, I cannot for the life of me understand why a good and beautiful woman, one who never passed a day without adoring her Maker, and whose every thought was as pure as the dew-drops from heaven, should be made use of as an instrument to bring about the final punishment of such a miserable wretch as this pirate. Why should she who was born to shed joy and happiness on all around her be cast into the clutches of such an insatiable monster as this Parricidio? Why did not heaven take her to itself and place her where she was made for, among the choir of angels who sing the praises of God around the throne of mercy? These are

matters, sir, which rather bother us poor sailors, and about which I find it better not to reason, for they sometimes raise doubts in my mind calculated to interfere with my peace and happiness.

"So much was I interested for Mrs. Laroche that I never thought once of myself. I determined in my own mind that I would do all I could to serve her and alleviate her sufferings if she should ever revive, for all this time she lay upon the deck at the feet of the two pirates, to all appearances quite dead; while dear little Antoinette was clasping the inanimate body and calling her mamma to awake, that papa wanted her. It was a heart-rending sight, but only served to amuse the two pirates, who had not one drop of humanity in their composition.

"'Falsario,' said the captain, 'loose that boy lying there, and kick him up; he is not insensible, for I saw his eyes open while you were pulling from the prize. Take the woman and her child down into the cabin with the grating windows, for she looks like one of those who would not hesitate to jump overboard when she knows what is in store for her, for you recollect how I lost that beautiful American woman, who jumped through the stern port and strangled herself with her hair; que pena, isto faz me estremecer.' And they both set up a laugh that made my blood run cold. 'I shall take better care of this one,' said Parricidio; 'and if she is not very amiable she shall see her own child floating astern on a cork-buoy, food for gulls and sharks; while, after letting her feast her eyes for a time on the spectacle, I will turn her over to the crew.'

"'What an inventive genius you have, Parricidio!' said the negro. 'You don't reduce the fair sex by sighs and prayers, that is very certain; but one who showed so much ingenuity in killing his father and getting away with his money-bags ought to be up to anything.'

"'You are right there, negro,' said the other (who seemed to take this last remark as a great compliment). 'I had almost forgotten that event, and I wish you would remind me of it now and then; for it was my first crime, and the cause of all my present happiness and wealth. But, now, Falsario, go below with the woman, and send the English boy down to attend her. She will be less violent when she comes to in his presence, and I don't want the crew to see too much of her, or they might claim their rights.'

"With these remarks he came to me, and, turning me over with his foot, ordered me to get up, which I managed to do, though I nearly fell again from a painful sensation running through my brain.

"Addressing me in English, he told me to go below and take care of the lady, and, 'You English dog,' said he, 'if you are not faithful to all my commands I will salt and pepper you, and roast you before a slow fire. The only reason why I saved your life is that you took no part in the conflict. Had you done so, you would have been food for sharks now, with the other fools who undertook to whip off "Parri-

cidio." You are not the first, though, who have tried that, and likely will not be the last. Now down with you into the cabin, and the sooner the lady is ready to receive me complacently the better it will be for you.'

"My first impulse was to seize the knife hanging to his waist and pierce him to the heart; but I instantly thought how little good such an act would do me or those over whom I determined to watch, and I sadly followed the pirate below, who, pointing to a door, bade me enter.

"There I found the unhappy lady lying on a sofa in a richly-adorned cabin, with the ports covered with strong iron gratings, and no other egress besides the door through which I came. How many scenes of lawlessness and crime, I thought to myself, have been enacted in this chamber! And with a shudder I recalled to my recollection the fate of the unhappy American lady, who had jumped through the port into the sea, and whose sad fate the two pirates had alluded to.

"While standing near the prostrate form of Mrs. Laroche poor little Antoinette jumped towards me, and I clasped her in my arms, while she cried almost enough to break her heart. 'Mamma sleep,' she said; 'mamma no wake up for Tony. Papa gone away. Tell papa come back and wake mamma up.' And she kissed me a thousand times, and I mingled my tears with hers.

"The poor lady was still insensible, but when I approached her I could see that she still breathed heavily, and that animation was only for a time suspended. I immediately ran to the sideboard, where there were bottles of liquors standing, and having found some brandy, I proceeded to rub her face and hands, and in a short time was rewarded by seeing her heave a deep sigh; and renewing my efforts, she finally opened her eyes and stared wildly upon me. 'Oh, my God!' were the first words she said, 'what a frightful dream I have had!' And then starting up, she screamed, 'My child! my child! where is my child?'

"'Here, mamma,' said the dear little creature. And, clasping her mother round the neck, she smothered her with kisses.

"'Thank God!' she exclaimed; 'then it was only a dream after all. But, oh, Ben, such a horrid dream, that I am sure I have grown ten years older from the effects of it.' Then, looking at my sad face, and casting her eyes around the cabin, she jumped up in a perfect frenzy. 'Good heavens! Benny, where am I? What place is this?' she exclaimed. 'Where is my husband?' And at that name the most frightful change came over her, and I thought she was going to faint once more. Falling back upon the sofa, she clasped her hands to her forehead, and burst into an agony of tears. 'I see it all,' she cried; 'I understand it now. It was no dream after all, but horrid reality. Oh, husband, husband! are we never to meet again on this cruel earth?

are we indeed separated forever? No, no,' she said, turning her eyes to heaven, 'we still will meet there, where nothing will ever trouble us, and this is but one of the trials through which we have to pass to purify the soul ere it seeks the presence of God. My child, oh, my child! you are still left to me.' And covering Antoinette with her arms, she shed plenteous tears over her, which seemed to relieve her.

"'I see it all now, Benny,' she exclaimed. 'The pirate's first gun, the tramp of feet, the shouts of men mingling in conflict, are all plain to me now. My husband's corpse, disfigured with a thousand wounds, lying trodden under foot upon the deck, will never, never be forgotten; and I sinfully hoped, when I fell upon his body and pressed my lips to his gaping wounds, that our souls were united in heaven, never to be torn asunder.' And again her bosom was convulsed with such grief that I thought it would kill her.

"I was too much overcome to speak or offer any consolation, but, leading her child to her, placed its hand in hers. She raised her eyes mournfully, then, clasping Antoinette passionately to her breast, she exclaimed, 'Poor, dear little one! and who was there to take care of you with father and mother both gone? Who would have healed that little broken heart, and have wiped away the tears of grief? Father of heaven,' she exclaimed, falling on her knees, 'forgive the anguish of a bereaved wife, who, in misery at her loss, knows not what she says. You have left me my child, kind Being, and I am sinful in wishing to be separated from her. But oh, Father of mercy, I loved him so, and did perhaps so cherish his image, that I may have been wanting in duty to my Creator. Thy will be done, good God, and I bow me humbly to thy decree, trusting that at your own time we shall be united in heaven.' She arose from her knees, and drawing her child to her bosom, silently wept over her, while Antoinette said, 'Don't cry, mamma, papa come presently.'

"'No, child,' said the mother; 'father has gone to heaven, and we cannot meet him till God appoints the time.'

"'Then ask God to let us go also, mamma; I know papa wants us.' This brought forth another passionate flood of tears, and one could well have imagined the fountain of sorrow had almost run dry. After a while, however, the lady became comparatively calm, and but for the painful expression on her countenance and a lock of her hair grown quite white, no emotion but deep and silent grief was perceptible. Oh, how I wished at that moment that I was a good Christian like that pure being sitting before me! What but a firm reliance on the justice of God, and the certainty of one day resting under the shadow of his greatness, could apparently reconcile one who had met with the greatest earthly loss that could happen,—the loss of a beloved husband, whose days were spent at her side, and who was only happy while basking in the sunshine of her smile? Never on earth were there

two beings so wrapped up in each other, and little Antoinette was a link that bound them still stronger together.

"'We have fallen on unhappy times, dear Benny,' she said to me, 'and I dread to think of the misery that is yet in store for us; we are of course on board the pirate vessel, for I do not recognize in these splendid trappings by which we are surrounded any of the furniture of the "Blue-eyed Mary."'

"'Yes, good lady,' I replied, 'we are indeed prisoners to the most horrid butcher that ever trod the earth, the cruel Parricidio, who killed his own father, and who I heard boasting of the circumstances this morning.'

"She turned deadly pale, if a countenance already pallid with woe could change at all, and clasping her child to her bosom, 'Good God,' she said, 'if I am reserved for a fate that makes my inmost soul to shudder, take, oh! take me and my child from this world of woe. Better far that I should perish in the deep than live dishonored and polluted. My poor, poor child,' she said, 'we will join your father in heaven, for I could not leave you behind me on this earth of sin and wickedness.'

"'Is heaven a nice place, mamma, and has papa got a nice house there?' said Antoinette.

"I thought the poor mother's heart would break at this remark of her daughter; she bowed her head upon her bosom and wept long and silently, while I stood a respectful witness of her deep distress. I cannot tell you the effect it had on me in the last hour. I became a man in feeling, though but a child in years, and I determined to watch over the safety of those two dear beings as if they were my mother and sister, and wait patiently the turn of events to see what I could do for their relief.

"At this moment we heard the shout of many voices outside the vessel, and, going to the grated port, I looked out and saw that the 'Blue-eyed Mary' was in flames, and that the pirates, having taken all that was valuable from her, had left her.

"The fire flew aloft, catching the sails and licking up every combustible thing in the way, and in a short time the brig was completely enveloped in the flames. The fire soon reached the magazine, where a small quantity of powder was stowed; it was sufficient, however, to cause a loud explosion, and in a minute the 'Blue-eyed Mary' had disappeared under the waves, and nothing but a few spars and pieces of floating timber remained upon the surface of the water.

"The lady prayed fervently while this scene was being enacted. She knew that her husband's body was on the deck of the ill-fated vessel, and to think that his remains should not meet with Christian burial almost broke her heart. 'Better thus, dear husband,' she said, 'than to be as I am, in the hands of a ruthless murderer. Ah! Henri, Henri, I feel we soon shall meet again.' And she sobbed so pitifully

that it must have touched the heart of the ruffian could he have seen her, if heart he had.

"There was now a noise and bustle on deck, and by the motion I could see that the pirate was once more under sail and going rapidly through the water, like a ravenous shark, having satiated himself with plunder. He was bound in search, no doubt, of a place where he could deposit his ill-gotten wealth; for these pirates have all got their stow-holes, and no doubt many thousands of doubloons and dollars lie hid among the unfrequented islands of the ocean.

"Two days passed away without any notice of us from the captain, Parricidio, during which time none of us had tasted a mouthful of anything but some crackers and cheese, that we found on the sideboard, and a little wine. On the third day I went on deck to endeavor to see the captain, for the child was suffering from hunger, and was hot and feverish from sickness.

"I found Parricidio sitting on the deck, propped up with cushions, his face deadly pale, and looking as if he was suffering from his wounds; at his side, close at hand, lay a pair of pistols, and his sword was placed where he could put his hand on it in a moment. Amidst all his boasted wealth and happiness he distrusted, it seems, those around him who were sworn to obey his commands, and who were likely, only waiting for an opportunity, to get rid of their tyrant.

"The deck of the pirate vessel presented a very animated scene, and a painter would have made a good picture could it have been transferred to canvas. The vessel was a large schooner of nearly three hundred tons, and carried twelve brass guns at her sides and two long brass twenty-four-pounders at the stern and bow. She was rather a neat-looking vessel inside, and in any other employment might have done good service; but there were many stains of blood upon her deck, which I fear me, sir, would never come out with all the holy-stoning in the American navy. Our shot had told well upon her hull, for three or four carpenters were at work mending up the holes made in the bulwarks; had the rencontre been at close quarters the result of the action would have been very different, and all the harm I wish the man who invented carronades is, that he may meet with a pirate who carries two long brass thirty-two-pounders, while he has nothing but his pop-guns to defend himself with.

"The crew of this vessel was composed of all sorts of people, and from all countries. Playing at monte, between two guns, were a dozen cut-throat-looking fellows, who were evidently Spaniards; they played with great gravity, and carried their knives in their belts, ready to defend their winnings. Farther forward were a gang of Portuguese, who were handling their knives and cleaning off the spots of blood that had adhered to them in the affray with our brig; they were boasting of their exploits, and telling of how many they had each killed. They

are great boasters and greater cowards these Portuguese, and will only attack a man who is not armed. A knot of Frenchmen were sitting about the long gun smoking and drinking, and talking of the fun they would have when they returned to 'la belle France.' Two fierce, dogged-looking Englishmen were knotting the shrouds that were carried away by our shot, no doubt being the only good seamen on board, and all the rope business fell to their lot. There were negroes, Lascars, Italians, and Dutchmen, all dressed in the costume of their country, and the language of all those nationalities might be heard spoken at the same time. Among the crew were two men who evidently had little to say to any one around them. They were leaning against the bulwarks talking in a low voice to each other, unnoticed by any. They were evidently of the Anglo-Saxon race, but whether English or Americans I could not at that time discover. I was wondering to myself whether those two were pressed men or not (for pirates have press-gangs as well as some civilized nations), when a thundering voice close to me shouted, 'Well, whelp, what do you want? If you expect any sympathy from that crowd you are very much mistaken, for they are already grumbling because I won't let them cut your throat and turn your Frenchwoman over to them; but, by ——, I make it a point to thwart them in everything they ask, and your throat sha'n't be cut until I cut it myself, which I will certainly do when I find you no longer of use to me.'

"These words made my blood run cold, but remembering that I lived for others and not for myself, I replied respectfully to the scoundrel, and told him that I was desirous to please him (God forgive me for lying), and told him that my mistress was really suffering for food.

"'Ah! is it so?' he said. 'Well, she can have plenty of that, and do you see that she wants for nothing; in a day or two I will pay her a visit, and I expect her to be looking her prettiest. Tell her a live lover is worth ten dead husbands, and that she can make a paradise for herself if she so disposes. But look here, boy,' he said (and the most demoniacal expression came over his countenance), 'tell her if she loves her child (as it is said that foolish mothers do) that she must welcome me properly; no sighs, no tears for the dead, but love and smiles for the living. Diavolo! but I have almost had a mutiny on her account already, and I must have a ready recompense for not complying with the wishes of my would-be murderers. Go now and keep your ears on your head.' And with that he rang a bell close at hand, and the negro Falsario made his appearance.

"'Falsario,' he said, 'see that the Frenchwoman has all she wants. She has asked to eat already. In two days more she will be ready to wear a bridal wreath and receive a new lord.'

"'If you would only send her your miniature, Parricidio,' he replied, 'she would dry her tears in an hour, you are such a beauty.' And the two wretches laughed heartily at their own conceit.

"I was too full of indignation to speak, had it been prudent to do so, and I walked off sadly to the cabin to comfort the lady, if in my power, and think of some plan for her safety and protection. I determined never to leave her for a moment, and endeavor to get possession of some weapon with which to defend her honor if it was assailed. In the course of half an hour Falsario appeared at the door with a waiter full of all kinds of delicacies. There was nothing wanting to tempt the palate, and everything was served on massive silver, with cups of gold to drink out of. But, alas! could gold, steeped in the blood of a fellow-creature, please the wife of a murdered husband, or all the dainties in creation bring her an appetite after such an agony of tears? She ate not. But the little Antoinette, unconscious of the sorrow that was eating away the life of her mother, ate ravenously.

"Three days passed, and the pirate had not yet paid his promised visit. His wounds still kept him confined to his cushions, and I only hoped that they might continue to torture him. I thought, perhaps, that a man-of-war might fall in with us and take the schooner before an outrage was committed that would disgrace the annals of crime; but day after day passed away, and nothing hove in sight. We steered southwest, and were running along rapidly with the trade-winds, I supposed bound to the West Indies; for it is always a rule with pirates, after plundering a vessel and committing such crimes as I have mentioned, to change their cruising-ground and go to some distant place, where they enact anew their scenes of murder and rapine.

"We had been on board three weeks, and the lady's grief had settled into a calm melancholy which nothing could dispel. She prayed half the day long and fervently, and at night she made little Antoinette kneel down beside her and pray to God for deliverance from the den of pirates. I always took part in these devotions, and truly no sinner ever poured out more heartfelt prayers than I did on those occasions.

"One afternoon, on the twentieth day after the massacre, I went on deck to get something for the lady and child to eat. The captain was not in his accustomed place, and I awaited his return. He had quite recovered from his wounds, and as he had not been unkind to me of late, I thought that perhaps some spark of humanity still lingered in his bosom, and that he had determined to forego his hellish designs. At that moment a shriek from the cabin struck upon my ear, and without a moment's thought and almost crazy at the idea of having left my charge, I rushed below. Good heavens! what a spectacle met my sight! The demon Parricidio was standing inside the cabin with little Antoinette held aloft in his left hand, while his right held a knife of glittering brightness to her innocent throat. Mrs. Laroche was on her knees before the monster, begging the life of her child.

"'Give me my child! give me my child!' she cried, 'and do with me as you please; but spare, oh, spare my child!' were the only words

I heard, for I was rushing on him to stab him in the back with a carving-knife that I had secreted about my person, when two brawny arms were thrown around me, and I found myself in the grasp of the herculean Falsario. He struck me one blow with his clinched fist that deprived me of my senses, and when I came to, I found myself in a dark hole, bound hand and foot. How long I had been there I knew not, and neither could I tell how long after I came to I remained there; for it was so dark there was no means of counting days or hours. A pitcher of water and some crusts of bread were handed down to me every day, and though I had no appetite, yet I ate to preserve my life, thinking it might still be useful to those I loved. The blood almost stood still in my veins when I thought of what might have happened during my absence, and when I remembered the words uttered by Mrs. Laroche, the terrible thought struck me that she might have sacrificed herself to save the life of her child. Whether we ever were to meet again I could not foresee. I had no idea what my fate was to be. It was certain, however, that they were not going to kill me just yet, or they would not have troubled themselves about my diet.

"As well as I could judge, about a week after my confinement the hatch over my head opened, and the voice of Falsario ordered me to come forth. I arose, stiff and benumbed, and when I stood in the fresh air once more I almost fainted with the change.

"'Follow me,' said my conductor; 'and mind, no words, nor any excitement at what you see, or I will plant a knife in your heart as sure as you live. Thank your stars,' he continued, 'that Parricidio did not know of the compliment you intended for him with the carving-knife, or your life would not have been worth a groat. Come to your mistress—I mean Parricidio's mistress, now, for they are as thick as two turtle-doves,' he said, with a sneer.

"For a moment I had to lean against the bulkhead for support. 'Can it be,' I said to myself, 'that my worst fears are realized, and that she still lives? But, alas! poor lady,' I said, 'your cup of sorrow has indeed been full to overflowing, and I shall be the last one to cast a shadow of blame upon you. Happen what may, I will still die to serve you.'

"Falsario opened the cabin door and pushed me in, and oh, God! what a picture of grief and ruin met my eyes! There sat the poor lady, looking twenty years older than when I left her. Her eyes were swollen and bloodshot, and every bit of color had faded from her cheek; there was a maniacal expression about the mouth that told she had met with much sorrow since our separation. She raised her eyes mournfully as I entered, and, holding out her attenuated hand to me, burst into a flood of tears.

"'Don't weep, lady,' I said, 'all will yet be well.' She pointed to

the little Antoinette, who was lying on the sofa propped up with a pillow, the shadow of her former self, burning up with fever, her little eyes sunk deep in the sockets. She was tossing restlessly on her couch, and evidently did not know me when I leaned over and kissed her, while scalding tears fell from my eyes when I saw what a change had come over her since I last saw her.

"'Go away, you bad man,' she said to me; 'you sha'n't kill mamma; you sha'n't kill Benny; my papa will kill you.' And so she rambled on in her conversation, while my heart bled to hear her.

"'You see a sad change here, dear Benny,' said the lady, 'since you left us, and I have gone through all that a mortal could go through and yet live. My brain is on fire, and but for that dear child I should be mad. But the love of the mother is strong within me, and heaven wills that I shall be chastened of all human affections. She will die, Benny' (and her voice faltered as she said it), 'and then I will follow her; but while there is life in her dear form I feel it a duty to live for the sake of the angel God has given me, knowing that my reward will come hereafter; and if I have drank the deep cup of sorrow on earth, I shall drink the waters of Lethe in heaven.'

"I tried to console her, but she told me there was no consolation for her; she was dishonored, and life had no longer any charms for her, and she longed to rest in the bosom of her Redeemer. Then she told me the horrid tale of her wrongs, and I swore if it cost me my life I would avenge them on the perpetrator.

"It appears that on the day I went on deck the brutal Parricidio stood before her in her apartment ere she was aware of it. She had never seen the hideous monster before, and could hardly repress a shriek when her eyes beheld his inhuman form. 'Sit quiet, fair lady,' he said to her; 'I come to console, not to frighten you, and I hope to bring back the smile to those sweet lips and the color to those cheeks.'

"'Is it the murderer of my husband who talks of bringing a smile to my lips?' she scornfully replied. 'Out of my sight, you demon, ere an angry God blasts you where you stand! I hate and scorn you, if such a feeling can exist towards so inhuman a butcher!'

"'Ah!' he said, 'scornful, eh? And has your spirit not been tamed by the lessons you have lately learned? My good woman, it is time that you should reduce that lofty air. It won't pass current here.'

"'My spirit, sir, has bowed in submission to my Maker, but can never stoop to the murderer of my husband.'

"'Ha! ha! ha!' he laughed. 'That is very fine, no doubt; but in these arms I intend that you shall soon cease to think of your murdered husband, and learn to receive me as your future lover.'

"'Death sooner!' cried the lady. 'I would sooner be food for sharks than let your hateful hand touch the hem of my garment! Out of my sight, monster! The presence of you is agony to me.'

"'Is it so?' said the pirate. 'Then death you shall have; and I will commence here.' And with that he seized the child, and had the knife to its throat, when the feelings of the mother overcame her, and she who would not beg for herself asked mercy of the pirate for that dear child. She could have borne the thrust of the knife herself and welcomed its approach; but when she saw the glittering weapon within an inch of her darling's throat her pride gave way, and she shrieked for mercy for her child. The thought of what passed is too painful to relate, and I would fain drive it from my memory. But it ended by the foulest deed that man ever committed, and the crushed and broken-hearted woman saved the life of her child by the sacrifice of her honor.

"'God, I know, will forgive me for living, Benny,' she cried, 'for I live but for Antoinette. My body, it is true, is polluted, but my soul is pure, and just as acceptable in the sight of heaven as if that monster had never seen me. I leave him to God's punishment, which will sooner or later overtake him; and I only pray that my Maker may soon take me to himself and end all my sorrows.'

"Let me pass over the unhappiness and misery of the following three weeks. The life of Antoinette hung by a single thread, and nothing but the most constant attention on the part of that suffering mother prevented the light from going out. At length the little sufferer gave signs of recovery. The fever left her, but, oh! in what a condition! Her attenuated face and hands were painful to look upon; and it was some days before she could lisp the endearing name of mamma.

"One day she said, 'Mamma, I have been to heaven, and have seen papa. He says we shall come to him there, and be happy in a great mansion, like we were in France.'

"Scalding tears fell from the mother's eyes down her pale cheeks, and she folded the little creature in her arms, and silently prayed that God might deliver them from all their dangers.

"During the illness of Antoinette I had frequently to go on deck for medicines and other things that were wanted, and I lost no opportunity of looking around me seeking some means of escape. The dispensary where the medicine was kept was near the cabin door, and I always went there alone to get what was required. The pirate vessel was not supplied with a medical man, and every one was his own doctor. Among the medicines were two large bottles of laudanum, kept I knew not for what purpose at that time, but afterwards learned that the captain used to drug the crew's liquor when he wanted to secrete his treasure on shore, and he and Falsario could work together unmolested. I noticed the bottles the first time I went to the dispensary, and thought to myself they might be useful to me some day. The crew's grog was set out every evening near the dispensary, and I felt tempted once or twice

to empty the contents of the laudanum bottles into it. No matter, I thought, if I kill them all; they are more or less murderers, and I would only be killing them in self-defense, and to save the lives of those who are dearer to me than my own.

"One night I was standing near the door of the cabin leading to the deck; it was blowing a violent squall, and the sails were flying about in great confusion. The captain was giving orders after orders that no one seemed to obey, and I heard a voice near me say in good English, 'The wretches are all so drunk that many of them can't move from the berth-deck.' The person who used these words was close to me, and by the lightning's flash I recognized one of the two young men formerly mentioned in this story. The few words he had spoken convinced me that he was on board against his will, and I had noticed that he and his companion never had anything to do with the rest of the crew.

"He passed close to me in hauling up a rope, and happen what might I determined to speak to him. I knew it could not make our situation worse if it did not better it. 'Who are you?' I whispered to him. 'Are you an Englishman?'

"'Ah! is that the English boy?' he replied. 'Be careful that no one sees you speak to me, and go in the cabin and put your ear to one of the grated ports and I will speak to you. Get out of the way!' he said, giving me a push with apparent rudeness, as one of the drunken crew staggered up by us.

"I went below, and after waiting two or three minutes at the port a shadow passed over it, and I whispered, 'Are you there?'

"'Yes,' he said. 'I have only time to say a few words, for I must not be missed. The crew are all so drunk that only a few of us are left to work the vessel, and now is the time for freedom or never. I and my companion are Americans pressed here against our will. If you can get into the cabin and drug the captain's liquor the ship is all our own, for after this squall is over he and Falsario will go down and drink like fish.'

"'Go,' I said, 'I know what to do.' And he disappeared.

"I immediately went outside to the dispensary, and near the door I saw standing a large can of grog, the crew's evening allowance. In one minute I had emptied the contents of one of the large bottles of laudanum into it, and got possession of the other.

"The voices of Parricidio and Falsario could be heard high above the squall encouraging the few men that were able to work to save the sails, which were fluttering wildly in the wind. Now was my time; and, entering the cabin quickly, I drugged every bottle on the sideboard, and retired unseen to my own cabin. Mrs. Laroche was praying as I went in, and I silently joined my fervent prayers to hers for our safe deliverance. When she arose from her knees there was a placid look of serenity on her countenance that I had not seen there for a long

time, and turning to me, she said, 'Benny, my sorrows will soon be over; while sleeping on the sofa, with Antoinette in my arms, I saw my dear husband, and he smiled so sweetly on me, and told me that we would soon be free, and then the noise on deck awakened me, and I knelt down and prayed to God to deliver us from this den of iniquity.'

"'Your prayers have been heard, dear lady,' I replied; 'deliverance is at hand. We have friends on board, and this night I hope we will be free.' I then told her what had taken place, and she prayed heaven that our plans might succeed.

"I now went on deck to reconnoitre, and found the schooner reefed down close, and only the two Americans doing anything at all. There were half a dozen negroes helping to coil up the ropes, but they were more or less intoxicated. Parricidio and Falsario were standing near the mainmast talking, and I slipped behind the mast to endeavor to hear what they had to say. It was so dark that I was perfectly secure from observation.

"'Falsario,' said the captain, 'you have drugged the men almost too much. Had it not been for those two Americans we should have lost our masts. But it is a fine night for our purpose, and when the moon is down and this squall passes over, we can run in to the island and anchor (it is only six miles off), and, after landing and secreting the treasure, we can slip and go to sea again, before any one of the crew can have time to come to.'

"'What shall we do with the two Americans?' said the negro. 'They must not see us.'

"'Why,' said the captain, 'knock them on the head. I am doubtful of those two men. They never will be with us in heart, and you saw that they did not join the boarders when we took the English brig. It is true they work more faithfully than any one on board, but we must get rid of them. I leave that for you to do. My authority with the crew is on the wane, and all owing to that d—d Frenchwoman and her sickly child. I would have turned her over to the crew long since, but I did not choose that they should dictate to me.'

"'What do you intend to do with her in the end?' said Falsario. 'For I can't see that you derive any profit or pleasure from her company.'

"'Why,' he replied, 'on my saint's day I intend to make the whole of them walk a plank. For that day, as you know, I have always celebrated with some dreadful deed. This is getting to be a tiresome business, Falsario, and as we have now wealth enough stowed away to make us both rich and comfortable for the rest of our lives, we must escape from the schooner, after drugging all hands and blowing her up.'

"'Whenever you please,' said Falsario. 'For if anything should happen to you, they would cut my throat in an hour.'

"I had gone through so many horrors within the last month that I did not tremble at the terrible revelations I had heard; but, fearing detection, I slipped away (as the two scoundrels walked aft towards the taffrail), and joined Mrs. Laroche in the cabin. The squall had passed over, and a nice little breeze was wafting us slowly onwards under the reduced sail. I told Mrs. Laroche to be ready for anything at a moment's notice, and to lie down and take some repose, as she would need the exercise of all her energies. She was, however, too much excited to sleep, and kept a breathless watch with me.

"Presently I heard Parricidio and Falsario descend the ladder, and, putting out the light in our cabin, I crept to the door to listen. They were both talking carelessly, and I could hear the glasses jingle as they poured out the liquor, which they were in the habit of drinking freely every night. Then I could hear them draw their chairs to the table, and they commenced their usual amusement with dice, which I could hear distinctly rattle on the table.

"The can of grog was still standing near the cabin door, and seizing hold of it, I quietly ran on deck. The American was at the wheel, and putting it close beside him, I said, 'The captain and Falsario are drugged. Give this to the rest of the crew.'

"Calling his companion by a sign, he put the liquor in his hands, and he quickly disappeared forward. I ran below again, to listen to what was going on in the pirate's cabin.

"'Another glass of brandy, Falsario,' said the captain. 'The liquor tastes devilish good to-night after that soaking I got in the rain. Fill up for yourself, and we will drink "The pirate's best friend, —the plank. Those who walk it tell no tales."

"'Good!' said Falsario. 'And I will give "The slow-match. It obliterates all evidence." And then they rattled away with the dice, and laughed heartily. An hour, or longer, perhaps, passed away while I listened to hear how often the scoundrels would drink. Twice I was aware that they had partaken of the brandy, and that, I knew, would settle them for the night, if it did not kill them. They drank deep and often, and at last I heard Parricidio say, 'I am devilish sleepy, and will rest a little while. Do you keep watch down here, and call me in an hour.'

"'Yes,' said Falsario; 'and will amuse myself throwing the dice.' With that the heavy body of the captain fell upon the sofa, and in five minutes he was snoring loudly. The dice rattled on the table without disturbing him. Falsario played, but slower and slower fell the dice. At last I heard him yawn like one overcome with sleep, and then all was silent. I slipped on deck and told the American all that had happened. 'Stand by to leave the vessel when I call you,' he said, 'and in twenty minutes more be certain that they are asleep. Now is our chance or never.' When I went below again

there was loud snoring in the pirate's cabin, and I could plainly hear the two scoundrels keeping time in unison. Then, for the first time, my heart began to beat so audibly that you might have heard it ten yards off. My knees trembled under me, and I could scarcely stand up. 'Courage, Ben,' I said to myself; 'more lives than one depend on you to-night, and now is the time to show yourself.' With that I prayed fervently for strength to carry me through my enterprise, and soon felt assured again.

"I now opened the door cautiously and peeped in, and there I saw Parricidio stretched upon the sofa, with his head hanging nearly touching the deck; and the villain Falsario had fallen from the chair, and was sound asleep upon the deck. The table was strewed with bottles and glasses, and the cabin was redolent of the smell of cigars, the stumps of which were lying about. It was plain from the appearance of the decanters that they had drank deep, and it seemed to me that they were sleeping their last sleep.

"I touched Falsario to see if he would awaken, but he never moved. I then shook him gently, then harder, and finally pulled his woolly hair hard to see if he had any sensation. 'He is dead,' I said to myself, 'and he died as he deserved, previous to the intended commission of a great crime.' I felt that God would hold me guiltless.

"It was useless to make any experiments on the captain, for there was no mistake about his condition; so putting out the light, and locking the door behind me, I went on deck to see the Americans.

"The moon had just gone down, and there was a light breeze on the water, scarcely enough to make the schooner move along. As soon as I told the American how matters stood he left the wheel, after luffing to and lashing the wheel down. He and his confederate jumped to the boat's falls and quietly lowered her into the water, having already placed in her the sail and oars, and some biscuit and water.

"'Now for the lady and child,' he said; and with that I hurried below and told Mrs. Laroche to follow me. She was as cool and calm as if she was going to an evening party, for the poor lady had passed through so many sorrows that there was nothing left to appal her. Little Antoinette was wrapped up comfortably in some blankets, and giving the lady a bottle of wine that was on the sideboard, and taking the child in my arms, I left that detested cabin.

"'Are we going to see papa?' said Antoinette, as we went quietly out of the door.

"'Yes, darling,' I replied, 'but you must not speak a word, for if that bad man hears us he will stop us, and you will never see papa again.' She clasped her little arms around my neck, kissed me, and never spoke another word. In a short time we were quietly seated in the boat, and were about shoving off, when the American said, 'Stop one moment; let me make matters doubly sure.'

"'Commit no murder,' whispered the lady. 'Leave them to God; he will surely punish them in his own time.'

"'My hands are as innocent of blood as thine, good lady,' he replied, 'and I shall commit no act that you will be ashamed of.' And climbing up the side, he was soon lost sight of in the vessel.

"In ten minutes (which appeared hours) he returned, and quietly taking his seat, cast off the painter and we dropped astern. 'They can't follow us now,' he said, 'for some time, for I cut the tiller-ropes and cut away all the lanyards to the rigging, so that it will be nine hours before that drunken crew can repair damages, even if they live through the drugging they have had, for they seem to me to be more dead than drunk. Now let us step the mast and hoist the sail, and get as far from the scene of iniquity as possible. You may sleep quietly to-night, lady, for none of them can move for twenty-four hours at least, and you are under the protection and guidance of one who is as much a stranger to crime as you are, and who has served in that craft strongly against his will, and has daily been praying that heaven would grant him his freedom.'

"A nice little breeze sprung up, and our little bark (stanch and tight) went skimming merrily over the waters, as if she joyed with us in getting away from that vessel. In less than half an hour the faint outlines only of the schooner could be seen, and soon after we lost sight of her altogether.

"Our hearts all beat with rapture at our escape, and we all joined fervently in the prayer put up by Mrs. Laroche. 'Guide us, Father of heaven, through the perils of the deep,' she said, 'as you have this night guided us through the midst of our enemies, and forgive me, Father, if I have murmured at my wretched fate, for I have been sorely tried. I put my trust in thee, good God, to whom all honor and glory is due. Amen.'

"'Oh for a sight of a good frigate!' I said, 'that we might catch those miscreants as they lie steeped in drunkenness and crime.'

"'Leave them to God, Benny,' she said; 'he will punish them all in his own way, which will be more felt than any punishment that can be inflicted by earthly judges. We are free from them, let us forget them if possible, and hope for happier times.'

"That night the party slept soundly, the male part by turns taking the helm, and by daylight we had made at least twenty-five miles, and the schooner was nowhere to be seen. I am sure we all enjoyed our scanty breakfast more than we ever did a meal on board the pirate vessel.

"During the day the two Americans told us their stories. They were brothers, and had been taken out of an American brig, where the same scenes were enacted as in the 'Blue-eyed Mary.' They told us of a beautiful American woman who was going out to Rio de Janeiro

to join her husband, and who was taken on board the pirate, and finally jumped overboard and was drowned in sight of all the crew. This, no doubt, was the same one alluded to by Parricidio and Falsario during the conversation I overheard; they described many dreadful scenes among the crew, but as the recital of them seemed to pain Mrs. Laroche, we came to the conclusion never to mention the subject before her again, and try and make her forget it, if it was possible for her ever to drive those horrible events from her mind.

"It was now two days since we left the schooner, and the sea continued smooth and the breeze moderate, as if kind Providence was watching over our safety. We knew not where we were, but Edward Atherton, one of the Americans, thought from the course we had been steering in the schooner that we were near some of the West India islands, and we hoped hourly to fall in with some vessel bound to the United States if not to England.

"On the third day our eyes were delighted by the sight of land; a small island was just heaving in sight on our weather-bow, and as the wind was ahead and quite light the men thought it better to lower the sail and pull for it, though it was a great distance off, and might be, for what we knew, the peak of some high island.

"In an hour we neared it quite rapidly, so fast, indeed, that we concluded there must be a very strong current setting towards it, and in half an hour more had succeeded in getting quite close to it, although at first we imagined that it was an all-day's pull.

"When we got within a mile of the island it appeared to be covered with the most luxuriant foliage down to the water's edge, and seemed to be entirely free from rocks or shoals. We all congratulated ourselves on this adventure, and flattered ourselves that we should be able to take some good repose under the shade of those beautiful trees, and perhaps be able to regale ourselves with some of the delicious fruit of the tropics, though the island was not likely to contain a great variety.

"What was our surprise, as we approached, to see the thing rocking and rolling about like a ship in a sea-way, and when within twenty yards of it a voice from the topmost branches of the trees shouted out to us, 'Git out of the way with yer boat, or I reckon you'll be run into.'

"We had hardly time to obey these commands before the thing we took for an island came tearing past us, and we heard the same voice in the branches singing out, 'Boat ho! on the starboard.' 'Luff to,' shouted a loud voice among the trees, and the island appeared as obedient as a ship to her helm, rounded to handsomely, and lay as quiet on the water as a ship with main-topsail to the mast.

"'Boat ahoy!' shouted the stentorian voice from the trees. 'Whar are you from, and whar are you a-goin?'

"'This must be magic,' said the lady, much alarmed. 'Let us fly, good Atherton, before it is too late, and we get entangled in new toils.'

"'It is rather a strange affair, madame, indeed,' he replied, 'but there may be protection here, and if it is magic, there is no chance of escaping from it. I think we had better pull closer and reconnoitre.' She clasped her child close to her bosom, as if to protect it, and said, 'God's will be done; I am in his hands, do as you think best, my kind preserver.'

"With that we pulled up to the floating island, and as we got close to it, a man came out on one of the branches which overhung the water, and exclaimed,—

"'Wal now, I never! Why, if thar ain't a boat adrift with a 'oman and a child intew it! Wal, did I ever! Who are you, anyhow?' said the man to us, 'and what are doin' of, adrift in that 'ere boat?'

"'We are distressed mariners,' Atherton replied; 'and in the name of heaven, who and what are you?'

"'Wal, now you mought well ax that question, for I reckon the owners wouldn't know the good ship "Ichabod" just now. We are a guano-ship, my good fellow,' he continued, 'and bound to Bosting, and them 'ere leaves you're a-lookin' at now is nothin' but the timbers a-sproutin', that's all. Pull alongside, my hearties, and we'll give you a welcome and the best mess of codfish you set down to for many a day.'

"Strange as this explanation appeared to us, we hesitated no longer, but pulled alongside, having to haul the boat under the branches of the trees to reach the gangway. Many anxious and curious faces were standing around, and, as we handed our charges up, ten thousand questions were asked in a minute; but there was no want of sympathy for the distressed voyagers, and every one seemed to lend a helping hand to get us on board.

"'I reckon,' said the person who appeared to be captain (a bluff, jolly-looking old fellow), 'that you were a leetle frightened at the critter when you first hearn me hail you, and yer not the first ones we have met that have been frightened; this here ship, you must know, was built of green timber, and sent to the Chinchi Islands for guano, and bless my soul if she didn't commence sproutin' six days after loading her. We cut and whettled at the branches like fun, but it warn't no use at all, for the more we whettled the more the bushes growed, and it all turned out well, for we came round Cape Horn with a spanking fair wind, and have kept it ever since, and I do reckon we have made the slickest passage that is at present on record,—only fifty-four days from the Chinchis, and within eighteen hundred miles of Bosting.'

"This explanation was very wonderful, but there we were, standing on the deck of a large ship of fifteen hundred tons, and surrounded by Christian men and American sailors. There was no mistake, the thing was as the captain said."

I had listened very attentively to old Ben's story up to this time, being deeply interested in the fate of the poor French lady and her

sweet little child while in the hands of the pirates. Tears of sympathy flowed from my eyes, and when I found that Ben was trying to humbug me about the guano-ship, and knocked all my sympathy into "pi," I could almost have cracked his skull with his own spy-glass.

"Why, Ben," I said, "you can beat Captain Marvellous all hollow; and the story of the guano-ship is ahead of the story of the 'Hoop-snake' ten to one. As to your pirates, I don't believe a word of anything you have told me. And an old fellow like you, with one foot in the grave, ought to be ashamed of himself for inventing such falsehoods."

"Don't judge too harshly, Mr. Marline," said Ben, "lest you be judged yourself. All I have been telling you is as true as gospel; and I'm ready to swear to it whenever you please. If you don't like my story, why, let it end. There's no harm done, and your dog-watch is almost out."

"Go on, Ben," I said. "Let us hear how the guano-ship got into port, and I beg pardon for interrupting you. But you must confess it is rather a marvelous story."

"So it is, sir," said Ben. "And you would have thought it still more marvelous had you seen it as I did. The entire ship was covered in with branches, and red oak, white oak, and locust, that had sprouted from the treenails. There was hackmatack also, and even the masts had sprouted and were wearing pine-burs. Great attention had evidently been paid to keeping the decks clear; but here and there little patches of weeds might be seen, though a young lad was constantly going about with a shovel cutting them off. The effect of the whole was beautiful, and you might have imagined yourself in fairyland; for the birds of every clime through which the ship had passed had sought shelter in the branches, and built their nests there. Such a twittering I never did hear in all my days, and even the parrots were flying about in flocks among the topmast branches. Not a particle of sun ever got to the decks, and awnings were of no use whatever. The only difficulty the captain had during the voyage was in taking the sun, and to do that he had always to go upon the main-truck. He calculated to make more by his trees and birds than he would by the guano, though the latter was very high in the United States about that time.

"We asked him what he was going to do if he got a head wind. 'I ain't a-goin' to have nary one,' said the old salt. 'I'm just a-goin' to take her as slick into Bosting as if she war a steamboat; and if it does come a head wind, I'm a-goin' to lay to until it changes.'

"The name of this old gentleman was Captain Brownrig, of Pawtucket, and a prime old sailor he was. His wife and two daughters were on board with him, and he had a strong, steady crew of forty-five men, who all looked as if they could whip their weight in wild-

cats. The ship was frigate-built, and had been contracted for by the French government; but, as she turned out to be built of green timber, they refused to take her, and so she was put into the guano trade. She mounted a splendid battery of fourteen guns on her spar-deck, eight of which were the long twenty-fours originally intended for her. She had taken all her battery out with her when she sailed, but had sold the remainder to the Peruvians.

"How I wished that she had not sprouted, and had fallen in with that devil Parricidio! She would have made mincemeat of him in no time, though it is likely that the cunning devil would have avoided her when he made out her force.

"The captain, family, and crew all listened with wondering looks to our tale of misery and misfortune, and deep were the curses showered upon the pirate by the sailors for their cruelty to a woman. They only prayed that they might fall in with the scoundrel, and they promised to use him up, hampered as they were with trees and bushes.

"'Lord!' said old Brownrig, 'what a Tartar he would catch if he got our Sal!' (a tall, raw-boned, red-haired girl of about twenty-six.) 'She would harpoon him before he could say punkin-pie.'

"And Sal laughed, and said, 'And Patience could haul in the line after I struck him.'

"As the wind had been light during the last two days the pirate could not be more than thirty miles off, and Atherton assured us it would take twenty-four hours to repair damages, if the crew had got sober, which he was sure they had not, for the liquor was doubly drugged, and many of them, he thought, must be dead; he also told us that she was completely disabled as far as her armament was concerned, that he had spiked every gun with rat-tailed files, had thrown overboard every pistol that was in the arms-chest, and had knocked a plank out on each side of her two remaining boats.

"'How abouts does she bear do you think?' said the captain.

"'About northeast,' said Atherton.

"'Then,' said the old trump, 'this wind will do for her. Get your harpoon ready, Sal,' he said. And turning to the first mate, 'Put your helm up and steer northeast, and let Zeb and Ike take turn about at lookout till we see her. Get up shot, Mr. Longjaw, and see everything clear for the darndest fight you ever seen.'

"There was a heavy squall brewing to the southwest, and Mr. Longjaw thought 'the capting had better git the axes to work and wheetle down a leetle;' but Atherton, who was a man of good judgment, said the squall would favor us and surely dismast the schooner if it reached her. We went off rapidly before the wind, and when the squall did strike us the good ship seemed to fly through the water and never felt it in her hull, as the wind was right aft. But I thought the trees would be torn from the sides, they bent and cracked like every-

thing. The only damage done, however, was to a few birds'-nests that came tumbling on deck. These were soon replaced again, and we traveled along ten or twelve miles an hour.

"The squall did not last long, and after it was over we had a good steady five-knot breeze. That night we had the moon until four o'clock, and not an eye was closed during all the watches, so anxious was every one to get a sight of the schooner; but nothing was seen that night. At early daylight Atherton said we had overrun our distance, and proposed that we should lie to until the sun rose, so that we could see all around the horizon, and the captain rounded to in accordance with his wishes.

"Atherton's judgment proved to be correct, for as the sun rose above the horizon the joyful cry of 'Sail ho!' came from aloft; 'but I fear tain't her,' said Zeb (who was the lucky fellow to first see her), ''cause this here vessel is a small sloop-rigged thing, and hain't got no sail set.'

"'That's her!' said Atherton, his face beaming with joy; 'she has lost her mast in a squall, and the pirates have not found it out yet. How does she bear?' he shouted, and, not waiting for an answer, both he and his brother shinned aloft to the lookout.

"'That's her!' he shouted again, as soon as he laid eyes on her. 'I'd know the scoundrel among a thousand. Hard up and steer for him.'

"Off went the gallant 'Ichabod,' obedient to her helm, and as she got before the wind the men from aloft cried out 'Steady,' that we were running right for her.

"In a few minutes she was plainly visible from the deck, and in an hour we were within long range. A few men only could be seen moving about the decks, and our approach was evidently unnoticed. They no doubt took us for some small island towards which they were fast driving, and were getting the square-sail and fore-topsail set to run before the wind.

"Old Captain Brownrig could not resist his desire to let fly a shot at her. 'Come here, Longjaw,' he said, 'and see if you can't bring that feller's square-sail down. It is time to let him see who's in the bushes.'

"Longjaw cast loose the gun, which was already loaded, and depositing a large quid of tobacco (he took from his mouth) on the muzzle as a sight, and squaring himself, he pointed deliberately and fired; the shot fell about ten yards behind her, and, skipping along the water, went right through her stern frame, knocking the splinters right and left, and creating terrible confusion among the pirates, who were not prepared for so singular an attack.

"'Well behaved, Long jaw!' shouted old Brownrig. 'Now, boys, give 'em every gun that will bear, and when we kin git alongside I reckon we'll give 'em the darndest broadside they ever hearn tell on.'

"Shot after shot now struck the schooner from the 'Ichabod's' two bow guns, and one lucky ball brought the foresail on deck; next down came the foremast with all its gear, and the pirates were in our power.

"Ranging up alongside of her, we poured in broadside after broadside, until not a soul could be seen above the rail. They asked no quarter and we gave none. At length she began to settle, and two or three pirates jumped into the boats preparatory to lowering, and two persons, whom I recognized as Parricidio and Falsario, were lifted carefully into the stern-sheets. They were either wounded or suffering yet from their last debauch.

"Atherton laughed when he saw them get into the boat. 'The first oar they pull will snap in two,' he cried. 'For I sawed them all half through before I left the schooner, and the boat will sink as soon as she touches the water.' And indeed that brave fellow had left nothing undone to prevent them from following us.

"'Clear away two boats!' shouted old Brownrig. 'Eight men, each well armed.' As our boats touched the sea two boats were lowered from the schooner, and had no sooner left their tackles than they sunk nearly to the gunwales, half full of water. They tried to get the oars out to endeavor to reach the schooner again, but as fast as they put them in the rowlocks they snapped off, as Atherton foretold they would, and they were left completely at our mercy.

"'Now, boys,' said the captain, 'let us stand by to pick 'em up. We only want that feller's figure-head to make our voyage complete.'

"'And daddy,' says Sal, 'let me go with the harpoon, and take Betty with me to haul in the line when I strike?'

"'That you shall, gal,' said the old fellow. And not wishing to be outdone by a woman, I jumped into the boat with them.

"By this time the pirates were in the water, holding on to the gunwale of the boat, and as we pulled up they cried most piteously for quarter. The only answer they got was a volley from the men's pistols, and five of them sank to rise no more.

"The crew were pulling with all their might, and the boat went with such force that she struck the pirate's pinnace amidships, and shivered her nearly to pieces. Falsario jumped at the bow of our boat, and, holding a knife between his teeth, while his eyes flashed with rage, he succeeded in getting hold of the gunwale, and had clutched the knife in his right hand ready to strike, when Atherton, who was in the bow, drove the boat-hook into his brain, and with a yell of anguish he sank under the waters. The other wretches were soon disposed of, but Parricidio, who seemed determined to struggle to the last, swam off as fast as his strength would let him.

"'Now's your time, Sal,' said old Brownrig. 'Stand by to harpoon him.'

"With that Sal jumped into the bow, handling the harpoon with

the dexterity of an old whaler, while Patience stood by to haul in the line. 'Pull easy, boys, and stand by to starn all when I strike,' she coolly said. 'There now, oars.' And as the boat came within twenty feet of the pirate, the harpoon flew from her hand as unerring as a ball from a rifle, and pierced the villain Parricidio right through the heart. 'Stern all, men,' she ordered, 'and haul in the line, Patience. He won't want no line, daddy,' she said, patting the old man on the head. 'He's done for, and the lady is avenged.'

"We all took a look at the form and face of this once dreaded monster, and almost every one shuddered as they beheld him. His lips were swollen, and his eyes blood-red from the effects of his last drinking bout. But at last there was an end to his crimes. And so perished the dreaded Parricidio. Cutting the harpoon from his body, we left him as food for those same sharks which he had so often fed with the bodies of his numerous victims. There was no chance of saving the schooner. She was so riddled with shot that she sank before anything could be taken out of her, and with her perished every record of the numerous crimes committed by those who were in her. How many hapless cries went up for succor from those hounds of hell no one knows, but from what Atherton learned while he was on board, their atrocities must have beaten anything hitherto heard of.

"Well, Mr. Marline," said old Ben, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "your dog-watch is just out, and all that remains to be told is that the 'Ichabod' arrived safe in Boston, where thousands from all parts of the country flocked to see her.

"Mrs. Laroche took a house a short distance from Boston, where she devoted her life to the education of little Antoinette, and performed many noble acts of charity. When there was an end of the French revolution, and her brother-in-law was killed, she recovered part of her husband's estate, but preferred living in America to going back to France, where everything reminded her of her departed happiness.

"Antoinette grew up a beautiful young woman, and married a man every way worthy of her. She always cherished a kindness for me, and as my only parent died a short time after the occurrence of these events, I lived with them until my roving disposition induced me to go to sea, and I have been in the American navy ever since, and, God willing, intend to die in it."

Thus ended Ben's yarn, and I only regret that I cannot do full justice to it. I have sometimes thought that Ben drew upon his imagination for the guano-ship. I have looked over the papers of that time, but, though I saw the name of Captain Brownrig commanding the "Ichabod," I saw no mention of the curious events related to me by the old quartermaster. Others may, however, have better sources of information than I had, and I only give it as I heard it.

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN, FROM A GERMAN STAND-POINT.

"THERE being no information received up to the present time relative to the different positions occupied by individual corps at the end of the various skirmishes, it is taken for granted that the enemy has been everywhere forced to retire or defeated; therefore the forward movement is to be continued as early as possible to-morrow, and the enemy, wherever found on this side of the Meuse, is to be energetically attacked and pushed into the narrowest possible space between this river and the Belgian frontier. To the crown prince of Saxony is assigned the duty of cutting off the retreat of the enemy in an easterly direction, wherefore it is recommended that at least two corps be pressed forward to the right bank of the river, and that any force operating in the direction of Mouzon be attacked in flank and rear. The Third Army is intrusted with the surveillance of the front and right flank of the enemy. The artillery will take the strongest possible position on this side of the river-bank, in order to command and sweep with its fire the approach of the enemy and encampment on the valley of the right bank below Mouzon. Should the enemy enter Belgian territory without being previously disarmed, he is to be pursued without further delay. His majesty the king will leave here to-morrow at 8 A.M. for Sommauthe. Any changes made in the disposition of corps up to that hour will be reported to these headquarters."

The above orders were issued on the evening of the 30th of August, 1870, from the headquarters of his majesty the king of Prussia at Buzancy, and were made official by the signature of the chief of the general staff, the present field-marshal, Count von Moltke. These famous orders are, on the one hand, a testimony to the keenness with which the German headquarters scanned the military situation, and the quiet, decided manner in which it took its measures accordingly, while they offer, on the other hand, to the reader an interior view of the thrilling events of these stirring times.

Scarcely had fourteen days passed since the memorable 19th of July, when the French declaration of war was received in Berlin, before the German army stood on the western frontier of the Fatherland, ready

to defend it against French aggression. Prince Frederick Charles assembled the elements of the Second Army at the Hessian and Bavarian Palatinate. The First Army, commanded by General von Steinmetz, was posted on the Lower Saar. The crown prince of Prussia commanded the Third Army, and took position at Landau, his front facing south. This army was designed to cover the left flank of Prince Frederick Charles, and protect German territory in the south against French invasion.

In contrast to this promptness and activity the French were lamentably deficient, and the premature declaration of the French minister of war, that the imperial army was in perfect condition, and "complete even to the last button," proved to be wholly incorrect. Indeed, at the end of July four French corps stood between Metz and the German frontier, and two others between Saargemünd and Strasburg, but the officers in command officially declared that they were not properly equipped nor ready to engage in great military operations. The corps assembled at Belfort and the reserves that rendezvoused at the world-renowned camp of Châlons were in a much worse condition for war. This fortunate circumstance favorably influenced at the very beginning the conduct of the war on the part of the Germans. It decided the wavering states of Southern Germany to join the coalition against France, and the eagerness with which they placed their troops and munitions of war at the command of the Prussian king was a marked result. The reinforcements thus secured enabled him to take the offensive, and to carry the bloody realities of war into the very heart of the country whose people had so haughtily defied him.

The French attack on Saarbrück, on the 2d of August, was a genuine fanfaronade, though it occasioned great excitement throughout Germany, and timid souls predicted therefrom the invincibility of the Gaul, but the German troops received the enemy with such a withering fire that nothing living could withstand it, and the result was a glorious victory, standing out in bold relief in the history of wars for all time. Weissenburg, Wörth, Spichern, Colombey, Vionville, Gravelotte, Saint Privat! Who in Germany does not know these names, and who does not remember their meaning? Every father who fought in this war has again and again related to his listening family the terrors and hardships which were encountered, and the proud patriotism which filled every German breast during these times. The professor recalls them in his address to his pupils on the anniversary of these honorable and memorable days. Every German home is more or less linked to the remembrance of them. The inherent strength of the German army lies in the fact that the whole nation is represented in it, none of its sons being exempt from service; therefore not only the entire people as a unit, but each individual is directly interested in its conduct, and its losses in prestige or in numbers meet with universal sympathy, while

its successes give rise to national festivities. The greater part of the French army having been shattered and routed, and the rest of it with its hitherto victorious commander shut up within the walls of a fortress, the work of its destruction was already more than half completed.

The German leader now, with the bulk of his army, turned his attention to the neighborhood of Châlons, where the newly-assembled French levies already numbered one hundred and thirty thousand men. McMahon did not intend, as the Germans had a right to expect, to use this force for the immediate support of Napoleon, whose throne in Paris was now in a perilous condition, but he formed the bold resolution of uniting his forces with Bazaine's Army of the Rhine, which he assumed had by some chance escaped from Metz and was on its way westward. On the 23d of August the German army began its forward movement from the Meuse towards Paris, and the French moved on the same day from Rheims eastward. These two mighty columns would have passed each other, for McMahon felt it was essential to the success of his undertaking, viz., union with Bazaine, not to be detained on the way, had not the cavalry scouts that scoured the country in advance of the German column brought to the headquarters of the German army, on the evening of the 25th of August, reliable information of the march of the French in a contrary direction to that of their own. This caused the famous order, "column right," towards the north on the following morning.

The French were now obliged to abandon the direct line of march towards Metz, and consequently, as appeared daily clearer to the German headquarters, deflected steadily from their objective-point and pressed on towards the northern Belgian frontier. McMahon did not continue in this direction long before he was compelled by instructions from Paris to change his line of march to the west. He soon found himself forced by hard marches, constant and unfavorable skirmishing, and especially by the shattered condition of his army after the eight hours' battle of Beaumont, to concentrate his forces in the vicinity of the little fortress of Sedan. A junction of his troops with the Thirteenth Army Corps, mobilized at Mézières, and commanded by General Venoy, was yet possible, but in the delusive hope of being able at his pleasure to cut a way through either by the east or west, he postponed the opportune moment until it was too late. A manuscript afterwards found shows that he ordered the 1st of September to be a day of general rest, which his worn-out troops badly needed, and by this he precipitated his fate. The genial "we will" of the German headquarters, and the hearty co-operation of all its subordinate branches, appear the more conspicuous when contrasted with the vacillation and uncertainty of the French headquarters in regard to the military situation and the lack of unity and harmony among its officers. The military reader is already sufficiently acquainted with the internal organization of that

army, in which was represented almost every German clan, and which, under the command of the king of Prussia, sought to engage in decisive battle the last field army of the French empire. Without rendering it necessary to give here the minor details, suffice to say that the consolidated morning report of the strength of the army on the 22d of August shows that the Third and Meuse Armies mustered for duty one hundred and eighty-three thousand nine hundred and twenty-three infantry, thirty-five thousand three hundred and sixty-four cavalry, and eight hundred and one pieces of horse artillery. By rapid marches the Saxons gained possession of the passages of the Meuse between Dun and Stenay, and the other corps were pressed forward by forced marches from the south into the country between that river and the Aisne. The more the enemy could be pushed towards the frontier,—the narrower the space for the movements of the Army of Châlons,—the more unfavorable the conditions for his final effort, the more certain his annihilation.

The German leader, after mature deliberation, endeavored to bring about this state of affairs. His excellent strategic position was not due to chance, but to the masterly manner in which he handled his troops, after considering all things, the mistakes of the enemy, as well as the devotion and capability of the rank and file of his own forces. Much depends on the latter, for neither Frederick the Great, Napoleon, nor even Von Moltke could achieve victories if the subordinate officers and the rank and file of their armies had not been animated by an active and willing spirit to shed even the last drop of their blood, if required, in executing the orders of their superiors.

In the army of 1870 every man, from the highest in rank to the lowest, vied with his neighbor in the conscientious fulfillment of his duty. For the first time in many years the warriors of the several German states joined hands in common cause in a bloody conflict with an old enemy, felt themselves sons of a strong united nation, and learned to know and prize each other's virtues. The higher officers put aside all personal differences and jealousies, took the spirit of the orders received for their common interest and the rule of their thoughts and actions. This was right, for harmony and unity are essential elements of success. From this devotion and enthusiasm sprang the possibility of intrusting even the highest duties to the judgment, energy, and presence of mind of the generals, as well as reposing the greatest confidence in the readiness and capability of the troops. The commander-in-chief, freed from the many minor details of an army, with a far-reaching view to great and ultimate results, had only to assign to his generals tasks for which they were peculiarly adapted, and could be always certain of their hearty support and implicit obedience to his orders.

The battle of Sedan was the natural result of the combinations consequent upon the faithful execution of the orders issued two days pre-

vious, which are reproduced at the head of this article. While the Germans were converging on Sedan, Generals von Moltke, von Podbeilski, and von Blumenthal met at Chemery, the headquarters of the crown prince of Prussia, on the 31st of August, and held a short conference on the situation of affairs. Here the positions of the corps and plan of operations were matured. The crown prince made the necessary dispositions, communicated the same in their minutest details to the commander of the Army of the Meuse, who immediately issued orders to his army for the attack of the following morning. It seemed very probable to the general staff that the French would retreat westward by Mézières, it discovered the practicability of a hostile demonstration towards the east, while it scarcely credited that McMahon, in view of the conspicuously unfavorable condition, would risk a battle in the vicinity of Sedan.

The object of the Third Army was to gain possession of the Mézières road, and that of the crown prince of Saxony to obtain command of the outlet toward the east. Each commander was assured by the thunder of artillery, heard early on the morning of September 1, that the French army was attempting to escape by a route contrary to that anticipated; therefore each hastened his attack so as to hold him fast and draw upon himself a corresponding fraction of his army. This attempt of each to surround the enemy and at the same time to afford material assistance to the other completely succeeded, and contributed in a great measure in bringing about the battle of Sedan. The action of both armies in deploying so far to their right and left while only a few battalions remained south of the fortress seems open to criticism. It is, however, perfectly justifiable when the circumstances are taken into consideration, viz.,—the favorable natural features of the ground and the facilities offered for successful defense, although in front of a strongly fortified position, and the fact that in case the French should break through by the city and fortress southward, there was but a single bridge available for the purpose, their movements would be under constant observation, and therefore the necessary offensive measures could be taken at the proper moment.

The Army of Châlons comprised, according to the "Ordre de Bataille" of the 25th of August, one hundred and sixty-six battalions, one hundred and twelve squadrons, eighty-one batteries of four hundred and two pieces, and eighty-four mitrailleuse. On the 1st of September General McMahon had about one hundred and twenty-four thousand men under his command.

The position chosen by the French, offering three sides front, was well adapted for an obstinate defense, and especially so the ground still available should their present position be forced. They showed themselves during this war masters of the art of turning the ground to the very best advantage. The forest of Garonne, in connection with other

clusters of woods, ravines, and deep gulches, afforded many covered positions. The advance of the Germans from Donchery against the strong position of Floing was only possible by the Big Bend of the Meuse, around which there was but one road, and that for the most part wound about deep precipices; it was very narrow and rugged, besides being hemmed in between rocks and the river. The lowland above the fortress was flooded by a break in the river embankment. The strategic position of the French in case of reverse was desperate, and must inevitably lead to either complete destruction or an unconditional surrender.

The difficulties of the French army were enhanced by the frequent change in its commander-in-chief and by many other contingencies. Marshal McMahon was compelled to leave the field of battle about 8 A.M. on account of a wound received from the fragment of a shell, turned over the command to General Ducrot, thereby overslaughing many officers who were his seniors. Ducrot had only joined the previous evening at Carignan as commander of the First Corps. He knew nothing of the plans of the retiring marshal, nor was he acquainted with the military situation. The new commander issued orders at once for the massing of his army on the plateau of Illy, during the execution of which General Wimpffen claimed and assumed the chief command on the ground of an authority from the minister of war, Palikav, which he had until then withheld. Marching and countermarching, disorder and confusion resulted. The sardonic old French saying, "Ordre, contre-ordre, disordre," reigned supreme for the moment. However, the admirable troops did not lose heart; they defended every inch of ground with heroic obstinacy. Great gaps were made in the ranks of the storming Germans by the heavy artillery, whirring mitrailleuse, and the annihilating fire of the chassepots. Again and again did the French dash against the wall that held them in its iron grasp; squadrons charged as only French horse can charge, but in vain, and the fast-imprisoned and sorely-tried army must finally succumb in a glorious but despairing conflict. It saved its military honor in a most brilliant manner, and the heavy losses of the Germans—nearly nine thousand dead and wounded, among them four hundred and sixty-five officers—eloquently attest better than any description the severity of the action. On the evening of the 31st of August the German army had advanced close to the French position, and in some places was within feeling distance.

The crown prince of Saxony deployed his three corps and two cavalry divisions in the small space between the Meuse and the Belgian frontier, inclining to the east and southeast. The Third Army, consisting of four corps, one infantry and two cavalry divisions, was posted on the south, and was held in immediate readiness to repulse any possible attack of the enemy in that direction, or to fall on his flank should

he, passing over the bridges, attempt a retreat towards the west. The Sixth Army Corps at Attigny, and the Fifth Cavalry Division at Tourteron, were held intact, in rear of the German left flank, as a kind of general reserve.

General van der Tann advanced against Bazeilles, at 3 A.M. September 1, over the ponton bridges which had been laid the day before at Allicourt and over the railroad bridge farther down the river. He expected to take the town by surprise, or at least to meet with little resistance. Silently the Bavarians pressed forward to the warm reception that awaited them from the massive buildings of which the place for the most part is composed. Bazeilles had been carefully prepared for a stubborn defense, and the villa of Beurman in the northern suburbs had been turned into a veritable citadel. Here the well-known bloody battle raged with fiercest bitterness and terrible slaughter. On and on pressed the Bavarians with undaunted bravery, taking building after building, being at the same time exposed in flank and rear to the secret attacks of sympathizing inhabitants. General van der Tann was obliged by degrees to bring the greater part of his corps into the action, was finally reinforced by General von Hartman's corps, and the Eighth Prussian Division was transferred from Remilly to the right bank of the Meuse. If, on the one hand, the Bavarians did not succeed in capturing the town after hours of desperate fighting, on the other, the French, although having repeatedly received strong and fresh reinforcements, did not eject them from the position again.

The artillery, at the approach of darkness, energetically and successfully engaged in the action, and though late, made itself proportionately felt. The Twelfth Army Corps set out from Douzy at five in the morning, marched by Rulle to Lamecourt, and then advanced against Moncelle. The artillery unlimbered for action, and the town was soon in the hands of the brave Saxons, who also took possession of the heights on the west by a rapid and gallant onset. The possession of these now became the object of a fierce struggle, which ended with the Germans in command of the strategic point which they had so gallantly won. North and South Germany, in the persons of the Saxons and Bavarians, joined hands at Monvilliers in combat against an old foe. The French moved towards the forest of Chevalliers by Daigny, on whose bridges General Ducrot especially relied in case of retreat, but encountered the Saxon troops of the Twenty-fourth Division, who had not been engaged at Moncelle and Monvilliers. This division experienced great difficulty in holding their ground against the impetuous attacks of the French, but fresh troops coming soon to their assistance, the enemy was forced to retire, and the Saxons took possession of Daigny.

At daybreak of the 1st of September the Prussian Guard Corps, with the First Guard Infantry Division, advanced against Villers-Cer-

nay, and with the remaining troops afterwards against Franchval. Villers-Cernay was quickly wrested from the French, and Gavonne won in earnest combat; other detachments of the Guards took possession of Haybes, reinforced the Saxons in Daigny, and deployed farther to the right, in the direction of the cavalry of the Guards. The actions in which the Saxons and Bavarians participated were especially severe, and in the early stages in many instances the want of ammunition was greatly felt. Bazeilles was finally taken after hours of frightful carnage, and General von der Tann occupied it in force so as to be able to hold it in any event.

In the mean time a vigorous artillery and infantry fire raged all along the line, under the cover of which the Twelfth Corps was to advance against Saint Menges, and the Guard Corps against Fleigneux. These movements were not carried out to their full extent, for the skirmishing hussars of the Guards had already advanced within feeling distance of the Eleventh Army Corps at Olly. The emperor was at his post on the heights south of Frenois about 8.30 A.M., and the crown prince of Prussia had taken his position several hours earlier on the adjacent hills. When the thick fog which prevailed since the early morning had disappeared, the whole surrounding country, even the deeply hidden Bazeilles, was distinctly visible. The roar of artillery proceeding from that direction indicated that a hotly-contested battle was in progress. The crown prince therefore ordered a division of the Second Bavarian Army Corps to proceed there immediately. This division, later on, materially assisted in the capture of Balan. The only force left south of Sedan was the Fourth Bavarian Division. Small detachments of it advanced to the very works of the fortress at Torcey, others by Wadelincourt to the river-bank, and the artillery took position on the heights.

The Würtemberger Division, at daylight, crossed the river below on bridges thrown across it, near Dom le Mesnal, and served as a general reserve north of Donchery. Running fights with the French from Mézières led them at the close of the day to the very gates of that city. The Fifth and Eleventh Prussian Corps crossed to the left bank of the river on the 1st of September, in the darkness of the early morning, on the bridge at Donchery and on pontons that had been thrown across it to the west of that town. Here both corps received orders about 7.30 A.M. to advance around the bend of the river against Saint Menges, for the Mézières-Sedan road being free of the enemy, it was concluded he must be still in his position or in retreat to the east. The march was over the narrow and precipitious road already mentioned, the Eleventh Corps leading. Generally the Fifth Corps followed in rear of the left flank of the former, therefore its head was directed on Fleigneux by General von Kirckbach, its gallant commander. In the darkness of the morning some detachments lost their way, and several minor mis-

haps occurred while crossing the bridges, so that when the column debouched from the narrow defile north of the river bend it was found that a portion of the Eleventh had fallen in rear of the Fifth Corps. Saint Menges was taken in the first onset, after which the Eleventh Corps gained ground to the right and left and formed the first or front line of battle. The Fifth followed in close order, forming a general reserve, and the artillery of both corps as soon as practicable proceeded to crown the commanding heights. The Germans now gained ground only step by step, for the position was defended with great courage and stubborn tenacity, and here the weak German battalions unflinchingly withstood the many desperate onslaughts of the French, and especially the famous charge of Gallifert's brigade. They gallantly held their ground until about noon, when the rest of the column having emerged from the defiles took hand in the fray, the French were then forced to give way, and the Germans, after heavy losses, remained in possession of the Floing-Fleigneux line of defense. The brave commander of the Eleventh Corps, General von Gersdorff, was severely wounded in the very moment of victory. Small bodies of the enemy crossed over the Belgian frontier, many were turned back upon Illy, and the German horse took many prisoners.

The capture of Fleigneux, and the possession of the country to the south and east of Sedan, completed the iron circle around the doomed French army. The "Kettle-Battle," as a recent military writer aptly termed it, now reached its climax. The whole French army must shortly make one supreme struggle for life or death. For the moment an ominous silence prevailed,—a pause in the deadly conflict. It was the calm before the storm,—the concentration for the last effort to rend the chains that bound them,—the beginning of the end. The respite was short; suddenly the fire of seventy-one batteries burst upon the cooped-up French army. Its organization had already been loosened, itself shattered, and the division of General Liebert was the only force available to defend the remaining space of the strong position between Floing and Cazal. The fate of the day was now virtually decided, and General Wimpffen recognized the fact that he could no longer retain his present position. In the erroneous supposition that he could yet succeed in overthrowing the Bavarians, whom he considered somewhat shaken, and thus open a passage for his army to the east, he prepared for a desperate effort. The Twenty-fourth Division, on its way from Moncelle to attack Illy, met this suddenly improvised column, and the action resulted in the repulse of the French. The Germans continued to gain ground over a difficult country on the north and west fronts of the enemy. The spirited charges of the Margaritte Division on the plains between Floing and Cazal, led by General Gallifert, which were characterized by the greatest contempt of death, could delay, not stop, their victorious advance. Illy, Calvaire d'Illy, and Cazal fell into the

hands of the Germans. The forest of Garoenne was simultaneously attacked on all sides by battalions of the Prussian Guards and of the Eleventh, Fifth, and Twelfth Corps, who charged into this last refuge, which had already been for hours swept by artillery. General Wimpffen placed himself at a head of a small force and succeeded in reaching Balan, but was confronted by the Bavarians and Fourth Prussian Corps, who forced him back, and pursued him to the very glacis of the fortress.

The king of Prussia, who watched all these movements from his position, now perceived that his artillery completely commanded the narrow space in which the French army was inclosed. In order to hasten the certain result, the capitulation of the French, he ordered about 4 P.M. the town of Sedan to be shelled. It was soon on fire in several places, and the Bavarians began to scale the palisades at Lorcy. At 2 P.M. the white flag had been displayed on the tower of the fortress, but it must have been withdrawn; at any rate, the German did not see it. The French commander now ordered the white flag to be shown on the tower, but only after great urgency from the French emperor did the emblem of defeat float on the breeze. The fire gradually ceased, and the bloody duel was brought to an end. The bowed-down French emperor, hard hit by events, and surrounded by dying officers and soldiers who obstinately held to the belief that Bazaine was on his way to

Monsieur mon frère

N'ayant pas pu mourir
au milieu de mes troupes
il ne me reste qu'à remettre
mon épée entre les mains de
Votre Majesté

Je suis de Votre Majesté
le bon frère
Napoléon

Sedan le 1 Sept. 1870

their rescue, threw himself at the feet of his royal opponent in the following letter, the delivery of which, a very unpleasant task, was intrusted to General Peille: "Not having met death in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your majesty." The *fac-simile* of this letter, a most interesting relic, is given herewith. Now began the work of capitulation. Twenty thousand prisoners were taken in the detached fights around Sedan. By the capitulation eighty-three thousand men, one eagle, two colors, four hundred and nineteen cannon and mitrailleuse, one hundred and thirty-nine pieces of heavy artillery, one thousand and seventy-two transport-wagons, sixty-six thousand stands of arms, and about six thousand serviceable horses fell into the hands of the victors.

J. J. O'Connell,
Lieutenant U.S.A.

HOW "CHINESE GORDON" SAVED A "DOCKER."

Yes, "Chinese Gordon" (then a captain of Royal Engineers) very nearly had to put up with a "docker" for the China campaign of 1860. But perhaps, before relating the following anecdote, I ought to explain the meaning of the word "docker." It is the British soldier slang term for a war medal without clasps, and originated in the Crimea,—a medal only being awarded to soldiers who arrived after the docks were blown up on the evacuation of Sebastopol by the Russians. In like manner in China a medal only was awarded to soldiers who were in the country, but not present with the army before Pekin on October 6, 1860.

It is not necessary to relate how Captain Gordon was ordered to the seat of war, suffice it that he arrived by steamer from Hong-Kong at the Taku Forts some time during the day of the 4th of October, 1860, where he immediately heard of the taking of the forts, followed by the advance of the allied armies on Pekin. To join his comrades at the front and take part in the siege and occupation of the capital was his first thought, but how to get there was another thing. He was told that there was no conveyance faster than the usual convoy of all stores and spare ammunition, strongly guarded on account of the many desperate bands of la-la-longs (thieves, marauders) that are always to be found hanging on the outskirts of an advancing army in an enemy's country. But Charley Gordon was not the man to be denied. He skirmished round and eventually picked up a stray Tartar pony, brought it to the transport stables, got a bridle and numna there, put some ship's biscuits in his pocket, slung a water-bottle, buckled on his sword and revolver, jumped on the pony, and the next minute was going at a hand-gallop, amidst the cheering of the men, along the road leading to Pekin, which he had never seen, or heard, or read of before, and infested with thieves,—distant one hundred and fifty miles.

Well do I recollect the night of the 5th–6th of October, 1860, although now nearly twenty-four years ago. For two weeks we had been working hard getting the breaching guns into position, and on the morrow before dawn they were to open, when a breach being practicable,

we were to storm. A few of us were discussing our various positions in the morning's work, sitting and standing around the camp-fire, when an English officer covered with dust rode up on a woe-begone pony and inquired if this was the engineer camp. Before any could answer he threw himself off, saying, "How are you, Graham, old fellow?" seeing Major Graham,[1] Royal Engineers, who was one of our party, and an old comrade of Gordon's in the Crimea.

You may imagine our astonishment when we recognized in the newcomer "Charley Gordon." He had actually ridden the one hundred and fifty miles in seventeen hours, most of the time with revolver in one hand and sword in the other, and what between shooting and shouting he had managed to escape scot-free the many attempts that were made to capture him, arriving just in time to take part in the operations of the morning.

After a few minutes' conversation he went off arm in arm with his old friend to get some refreshment and an hour or two's sleep, for Graham was to lead the stormers in the morning, and it was largely surmised that Gordon would ask permission to accompany him.

It was a daring ride and the whole army talked of it, and how Gordon saved a "docker."

"UBIQUE."

WILLET'S POINT, NEW YORK HARBOR, January 18, 1884.

[1] Now Major-General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C.K.C.B., R.E., who lately commanded the Second Brigade, First Division, at "Tel-el-Kaber."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE salient feature of the Egyptian situation at the date of our last issue was the proposed evacuation of Khartoum, which, wisely or unwisely, as the event shall determine, was afterwards changed into a resolution to maintain its occupation, at least for a time. In so far as the situation has changed since we last referred to it, the change has been for the worse. General Baker, who was dispatched from Suakim with a badly-organized and poorly-equipped force to raise the siege of Sinkat, has met with a disastrous repulse, losing a very large portion of his command, and himself barely escaping with life. Tewfik Bey, commanding the beleaguered garrison, had, as a forlorn hope, attempted to cut his way out, and, together with four hundred of his troops, perished in the attempt. General Gordon, who has been made Governor-General of the Soudan, and whose experience and knowledge are greatly relied on for bringing about a peaceful solution of the troubles, was at last accounts *en route* for the Soudan, following the line of the Nile. The London *Spectator* of January 26, referring editorially to the mission of General Gordon, said,—

"This agent is the very best they could have found. The exceptional career of General Gordon, his unusual daring, and his old Puritan faith have combined to invest him in English eyes with a grandeur which is not altogether reasonable. A Gordon mythus is rapidly growing up. He put down the Taeping rebellion, but he did not form a permanent Chinese army; and though he introduced order into the Soudan, he did not break the power of the slave-dealers, for they are ruling there now. Still, he is the one Englishman thoroughly acquainted with that region; he is a soldier probably of genius, and certainly of great insight and originality; he is absolutely disinterested and fearless, and he has three further qualifications seldom united in a man of his type: he is one of those Europeans, never yet quite accounted for, who exercise a personal ascendency over Asiatics and Africans which seems to be irresistible and self-derived, and which makes of the most treacherous and cowardly of mankind brave and loyal followers; he can make soldiers as well as lead them, and that out of materials as bad as Clive's jail-birds or Lally's galley-slaves; and he has no hesitation whatever in inflicting the only penalty which

Orientals fear—death. He tried to execute Li Hung Chang with his own hand for breaking his word, and both in China and the Soudan oppressors, peculators, and, above all, mutineers found themselves hanged with a certainty and celerity which in Asia, at all events, is held to prove that the ruler is a true servant of God, who does not 'bear the sword of the Lord in vain.'

General Gordon is quite capable of ordering the sheik of the Bishareen, the most powerful chief near Suakim, to convey him to Khartoum; and the sheik, he knowing him, is quite capable of believing that if he did not do it unknown misfortunes would fall upon him and upon his tribe. The general will, therefore, in all human probability arrive at Khartoum, whether by Suakim or any other route; and once there, if the city has not been evacuated, he will speedily form an army. The officers will yield to the Queen's representative or be dismissed; the blacks, who know him and are brave, will obey his orders; the Egyptians, who are not brave, will be terrified into discipline; and there will be in a month an army capable of holding Khartoum against the tribes or marching to Suakim through any calculable amount of opposition. He has performed that feat already three times: once with Chinese conscripts, once with Egyptian conscripts, and once with liberated slaves, and intended to perform it once again upon the Congo. It is quite possible, indeed, that the great slave-traders, aware of General Gordon's unrelenting hostility, afraid of his power of attracting their slaves, and steadily beaten for five years, may be afraid to attack him, and either leave him in Khartoum unmolested or suffer him to march back to the coast in peace. At all events, if he arrives in time, as seems now possible, he will restore discipline, heart, and the capacity of fighting to the garrison; and these things, and not a mere bloodless retreat, are the things it is for the honor of England to secure."

We are exceedingly gratified to observe that the latest reports respecting General Grant's state of health represent him as being on the road to full recovery from the effects of the painful accident which befell him about Christmas-time. It would be sad, indeed, if the great captain, whose skill and courage brought to a successful issue the most momentous conflict of modern times, and who had passed unharmed through storms of shot and shell, should have a period put to his career by so prosaic a mishap as a slip upon an icy pavement. We have but one Grant, and the country is not yet ready to let him go. We may or may not need him again in public station, but if the fervent prayers of his fellow-citizens shall aught avail, his sun will be yet long above the horizon, and set, when set it must, as peacefully and painlessly as sinks the orb of day.

FROM the lonely delta of the Lena, across bleak Siberian steppes, through great capitals, flower-strewn and wreath-bedecked, honored everywhere, the sheeted forms of brave De Long and his heroic companions, tenderly cared for by the hands of brother-officers, have been brought over many a toilsome verst and weary mile, till now once more they float upon the element which erstwhile bore them, full of high emprise and noble aspiration, on their fateful voyage to the frozen North. Death has not had power to rob these heroes of the honor which was so justly the meed of their valor and devotion. All inanimate as they are, they return as conquerors to their native shore; kings, princes, warriors, high civic magistrates, and great masters in science, philosophy, and art vying with each other to show them honor as they pass. Their funeral cortege is in fact a procession of triumph. Pitifully as they may seem to have perished, dying one by one amid the awful solitudes of the Siberian wastes, the great heart of humanity recognizes their nobility, and pays it instinctive homage. In one sense victims, in a far higher and better one they are victors.

THE propriety of a naval officer declining the offered command of the Greely Relief Expedition is one of those questions that is not entirely easy to decide. If the proposed expedition was simply another of the kind justly deemed Quixotic by many common-sense people, having for its object what is called "the advancement of science," we should be inclined to hold any officer blameless, not only for feeling averse to undertaking the risk and discomforts incident to such a command, but for absolutely refusing anything short of an order to such duty. The expedition in question, however, is of a different kind. Its object is the rescue of a brother-officer and his companions. It seems to us to be a case to which applies the principle of *noblesse oblige*, and while it is not for us, who sit at home at ease, to dogmatically assert that it is the duty of any given man to undertake so perilous a mission, we think that an officer to whom such a command is tendered should carefully consider the question in all its bearings before deciding to decline the proffered honor.

THE army ration is, as compared with that of other armies, most liberal in quantity, and as well constituted, probably, as any that could be devised for our troops in campaign. Though not suitable as the sole subsistence for troops in permanent garrison, its deficiencies in this regard are amply compensated by the opportunities afforded troops of supplementing it with the produce of post gardens and purchases out of the company funds. For the regular soldier, therefore, all seems to

have been done that need be to insure him, both as to quantity and quality, a satisfactory food allowance. But there is no question that the ration as constituted for the regular soldier should be largely modified in its make-up for the National Guard on occasion of the annual encampments which are now common in most of the States. Men accustomed to the more varied and lighter viands which furnish the tables of even the humblest of the rank and file of the National Guard cannot, without detriment to their physical well-being, be suddenly placed on a diet of salt meats, beans, and potatoes. True, the open-air life and exercise incident to their camping out may do something towards stimulating their digestive powers, but the time allotted to these encampments is too short to permit of the perfect adjustment of the digestive apparatus to the unaccustomed diet, and it would be far better for the comfort and efficiency of the men if their food allowance were made to correspond as nearly as practicable with their ordinary diet at home.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

In the "Anecdotes of the Civil War," by Major-General E. D. Townsend, published by D. Appleton & Co., the author describes an interview between Generals Scott and Lee, on April 19, 1861, when the latter, in obedience to a summons from Scott, appeared at headquarters. He says,—

"Colonel Lee had commanded the military department of Texas, but was then on leave of absence, and was living at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Custis, on Arlington Heights. When Lee came in General Scott, it seems, secretly motioned Colonel Townsend to keep his seat, and the following conversation ensued: 'You are at present,' said General Scott, 'on leave of absence, Colonel Lee?' 'Yes, general,' was the reply; 'I am staying with my family at Arlington.' 'These are times,' General Scott went on, 'when every officer in the United States service should fully determine what course he shall pursue, and frankly declare it. No one should continue in government employ without being actively engaged.' To this Lee made no response, and after a pause Scott proceeded: 'Some of the Southern officers are resigning, possibly with the intention of taking part with their States. They make a fatal mistake. The contest may be long and severe, but eventually the issue must be in favor of the Union.' There was another pause, but no reply from Lee, whereupon Scott, seeing that the other had no disposition to declare himself loyal, came directly to the point. 'I suppose you will go with the rest. If you purpose to resign, it is proper you should do so at once; your present attitude is an equivocal one.' 'General,' Colonel Lee now answered, 'the property belonging to my children, all they possess, lies in Virginia. They will be ruined if they do not go with their State. I cannot raise my hand against my children.' The general then signified that he had nothing further to say, and Colonel Lee withdrew, and the next day tendered his resignation, which was accepted five days afterward."

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In connection with this anecdote we give the following from the *Macon Telegraph and Messenger* of a recent date:

"The following letter from Mrs. Lee is now published for the first time. Mrs. Lee was well informed as to her great husband's views, and would not have sent General Scott such a letter had there been such a scene as General Townsend describes in his recently published 'Anecdotes:'

"'ARLINGTON, May 5, 1861.

"'MY DEAR GENERAL,—Hearing that you desired to see the account of my husband's reception in Richmond, I have sent it to you. No honors can reconcile us to this fratricidal war, which we would have laid down our lives freely to avert. Nor can it ever terminate now till every heart in the whole South ceases to beat or they obtain the justice they demand. Whatever may happen, I feel that I may expect from your kindness all the protection you can in honor afford. More I would not ask nor expect. Nothing can ever make me forget your kind appreciation of Mr. Lee. If you knew all, you would not think so hardly of him. Were it not that I would not add one feather to his load of care, nothing would induce me to abandon my home. Oh, that you could command peace to our distracted country! Yours, in sadness and sorrow,

"'M. C. LEE.

"'TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT.'"

Colonel Townsend was at General Scott's headquarters when the dispatches came in announcing the rout of the Union forces in the first battle of Bull Run. In regard to the movement, by the way, which ended so disastrously, the author says that McDowell's plans were approved in detail by the President and his cabinet, and by General Scott and his staff. Among others to whom they were submitted, General Fremont was especially asked by the President if he perceived any objection or could suggest any improvement; not a word of criticism, however, was forthcoming from any source, and the unlucky programme was unanimously sanctioned in all its features.

"Amid the panic and confusion that followed the defeat, General Scott was at all events, it seems, unwavering as a rock. When reports were brought him that the rebels were advancing unopposed on Washington, and would soon be on the Long Bridge, the old soldier would calmly look on the informant and reply, 'It is impossible, sir! We are now tasting the first fruits of a war, and learning what a panic is. We must be prepared for all kinds of rumors. Why, sir, we shall soon hear that Jefferson Davis has crossed the Long Bridge at the head of a brigade of elephants, and is trampling our citizens under foot! He has no brigade of elephants; he cannot by any possibility get a brigade of elephants.' But, though Scott kept his head, hardly anybody else did, and 'for a time,' according to the author, 'there is little doubt that had a squad of men mounted on *black horses* (the Virginia troop of 'Black Horse' had been a bugbear for some weeks) appeared on the Long Bridge or in the streets of the city, there would have been a stampede worthy of a flock of sheep."

R. WORTHINGTON has ready a new book, "The Story of Chinese Gordon," by A. Egmont Hake, which gives a very interesting account of a remarkable adventurer, and is full of information concerning China and the adjacent countries.

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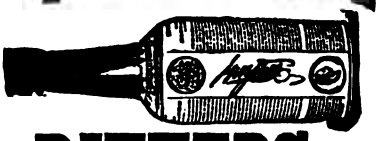

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DYNAMITE, AND THE ART OF WAR.

THE art of war, in common with all other arts, has been slowly evolved from very small beginnings. While the principles which underlie it remain the same, the methods by which they are made effective are constantly changing. These changes result less from improvements in old military methods than from the adaptation to military purposes of new agents and machines. Scientific discovery and mechanical invention are the principal fountains from which they flow.

Military history readily divides itself into periods. Each period measures the life of a system. To military students the system is generally known by the name of its military author. It is assumed to be his child,—a purely military creation, to the manner born. Frequently the assumption is incorrect. The system is an adaptation of ideas from some other department of science or art. The military author was merely the first to recognize their military qualities; the first to interpret their powers; the first to utilize them in war. Tactics were modified to meet the new conditions, and a new system appeared. The great masters of military art have been men of observation, capable of recognizing and able to utilize just such recruits.

The military student who confines himself exclusively to strategy and tactics may become a respectable practitioner, but never can become a master of his art. He will be at home with an adversary who fights according to rule, but entirely at sea when he meets an innovator. Braddock may have been a fair tactician at home, but he was a fool before the American Indian. Any commander who fights according to rule will soon find himself checkmated. A master of the art must be a man of emergency,—quick of apprehension, ready to act, the master

of every method, the slave of none. There is nothing narrow about military science. It is an *olla podrida* of sciences, with a strong flavor of strategy and tactics. In studying its problems, one eye should be kept on the laboratory and the other on the workshop: the hardest problems are apt to originate there.

Military men in all ages have been too conservative. Few of them have added any improvements to the tools of their trade. They are always ready with objections to new inventions. Wellington objected to the rifle, and I have heard of an American officer who opposed the introduction of the percussion cap. Be that as it may, the advent of a new agent or a new arm has generally been a surprise. The man-at-arms was surprised, and no doubt disgusted, at the advent of firearms. He was compelled to lay aside his armor and learn his trade anew. Europe was surprised by the needle-gun at Sadowa, and compelled to change its armament in a hurry, although the needle-gun had hardly been a secret for twenty years. The military engineer has been compelled to abandon his costly scarps and casemates of masonry, even before they were finished; the sailor has been forced to furl his sails; the somewhat boastful wooden walls which we have heard of were forced to put on iron overcoats, and are even now forced to consider the advisability of casting them off again; and all because of unexpected ideas born in the laboratory or the workshop. Frederick's interpretation of artillery and the musket went down before Napoleon's interpretation of artillery and the bayonet; the column of attack was driven from the battle-field by the long-range rifle; and close order was conquered by the breech-loading gun. In short, the weapon has been the cause and key-note of every tactical change.

There is no end to the art of war; there is no last chapter to the science; there is no final solution to its problems. The equation of the art is one of inequality. Its members are attack and defense. They can never be equal; now this, now that member has the advantage. There is no attack without a defense, and there are no impregnable positions. Those deemed so to-day are only those reserved for to-morrow. If attack and defense could be made permanently equal there would be an end to the art, the game would be blocked. This, however, cannot occur. An approach to equality produces a revolution in the art. Some innovator introduces a new element; equality is destroyed, and the art has to be reconstructed. The game of war is a kind of see-saw; now this side is up, now that. We can readily conceive of two men in armor, perfectly protected, each invulnerable to the weapons of the other; equilibrium seems almost established. Gunpowder appears, revolution follows. So with artillery and armor: now this, now that seemed to be ahead. The invulnerable ship was deemed a possibility, then the torpedo appeared and upset everything.

Arms are important factors in the problems of war. When Sa-

dowa was fought, great inequalities in this particular existed; since then there has been a wonderful development. To-day there is little to choose in the matter of arms,—equilibrium of armament is almost established. An effort, however, is being made to establish inequality by numbers. This process is limited in two ways: by population and by wealth. The second limitation acts first. Only a certain proportion of the manhood of a nation can be safely withdrawn from the productive industries. When that limit is reached the development must stop. If it does not, discontent and rebellion will result: patriotism cannot live upon poverty. The expense of European war establishments is eating the nations up. Disarmament is a necessity; peace is as burdensome as war. Without war there can be no disarmament. Then there must be war, unless something occurs to revolutionize the art and make peaceful disarmament possible.

There is undoubtedly much discontent in Europe to-day. The streams of emigration constantly pouring out of it prove the fact. Emigration is the safety-valve of high-pressure governments; it does the work rebellion would have done fifty years ago. Yet most of the governments look upon it with disfavor: it drains off the very material needed to maintain their military systems. If it continues something will break; if it be stopped something will blow up.

Rebellion, however, is hardly possible under existing conditions. The expensive outfit essential to successful war against an established government makes the organization and equipment of an insurgent force of adequate size simply impossible: the game of rebellion is absolutely blocked. If, however, our theory be true, it cannot remain blocked. Some new agent will be introduced to neutralize the expensive outfits of to-day, remove the blockade from rebellion, and revolutionize the art of war. Is any such agent visible?

The infernal machine can hardly be called a new invention. The explosive force of gunpowder was too destructive an agent to escape the notice of the disaffected. The shell no doubt suggested the Orsini bomb. It was destructive, but it was bulky. No man could carry many of them about his person. It was effective against individuals, but powerless against society. Against the weapons of organized governments it was as impotent as the knife. Shells thrown by hand were no match for shells thrown from cannon. Consequently, while Orsini bombs have been used with fatal effect against individuals, they have never faced the organized forces of society, and have had no effect upon the problems of war.

But science has been busy with explosives since Orsini's day. It has concocted compounds which develop ten times the destructive force of gunpowder; it has put into human hands the very thunderbolts of Jove. They can be carried in quantities about the person; they can be thrown by hand or with a sling. Nicety of aim is unnecessary.

Whatever they strike they pulverize, and kill all within a certain radius. They can be manufactured cheaply, secretly, and readily. Any manufacturer of bad smells in the basement of a soap-factory can turn out more means of destruction in a day than Krupp could in a century. Nay, the work can be done in any back-kitchen. If the devil delights in the horrors of war, he must be in ecstasies over these new inventions. They introduce us to a warlike outfit, cheap and easily manufactured, which every one can own and any one can use. Is it likely that the block upon the game of rebellion will be continued long? Are the guardians of society justified in ignoring the fact?

But the possibility of rebellion is not the subject toward which we propose to call attention. While it is in every way worthy of serious consideration, it belongs rather to the province of the statesman than that of the soldier. The effect of the introduction of powerful explosives upon the art of war, however, is a question which appeals directly to the soldier. If the thunderbolts of Jove are to form part of our military outfit, how are they to be used?

The proposal to discuss attack and defense by dynamite may seem quixotic. The question may be asked, What nation has yet armed itself with such an infernal agent? But that would surely be begging the question. A similar question might have been raised thirty years ago in relation to the breech-loader or the machine-gun. The word *infernal*, so generally applied to the new agent, is no sufficient bar to consideration. Most of the weapons of war might be called infernal. War itself is an infernal business, and destructiveness is a desirable quality in all its agents and machines. The agent referred to is superbly destructive. If it has not yet been regularly enlisted it ought to be; we rarely get such a likely recruit. But it has received some recognition,—it has been employed as a kind of contract soldier,—the torpedo corps has provisionally accepted its services. To be sure they are somewhat mysterious about it, but mystery has great attractions for some minds. The Prussians kept the needle-gun a secret for twenty years, and watched Herr Dreysse all his life lest he should tell, and after all the world knew their secret better than themselves. France met them, when the tug of battle came, with a better weapon than the needle-gun. So with Napoleon III.: he kept the mitrailleuse a secret even from his own army, and when war came few knew how to use it. The nation that can keep its defense a secret has very little to hide.

But dynamite declines the *rôle* of secrecy. It is a warrior by instinct. If it may not fight for the king it will for the cobbler, and the cobbler takes to it kindly. Its military qualities are sure of development,—if not in government service, then in the ranks of rebellion. The soldier will have to meet it in any event; to him it is the problem of the hour. Tacticians may as well trim their sails in time; when the storm has set in it may be impossible.

The breech-loading rifle has turned a good many military heads; they can see nothing beyond it. Artillery, they say, has lost its importance; it cannot live upon a modern battle-field within effective range; it is simply an incumbrance. So cavalry, except as mounted infantry and scouts, is worthless in war. There is nothing needed now but marksmanship and the long-range rifle; battles in future will be infantry contests. Of course we deny these assertions. If they were true, they could not remain so an hour. Attack and defense would be too nearly in equilibrium to last. The time would be come for a new departure, and, in spite of the unsoundness of the infantry idea, we believe the time has come,—a new era for cavalry, artillery, and even infantry is about to dawn. The problems of war must be resolved; the art of war must be reconstructed. Let us look at the question a little closer.

First, as to cavalry. We confess we feel ourselves on somewhat swampy ground here. We have never been able to get at what may be called the modern cavalry idea,—it is one of the mysteries of modern tacticians,—but we may go back to the experiences of our own war and find firm ground for a starting-point. We developed at least one new idea for which we have never received proper credit: the cavalry raid is an American invention; we were the pioneers of progress in that direction. To be sure we only had faint glimmerings of the possibilities of such an attack; all that can be said of our raids, perhaps, is that they were not utter failures,—they generally got away. Sometimes, when trammeled with a special task as patent to the enemy as to themselves, they were compelled to turn aside and abandon the undertaking. But they could ride around their adversary and traverse his territory at will. The raiding power of cavalry was fully proved during our war, although the purpose of a raid was poorly understood. Our raiders were too fond of fighting. Fighting is not the purpose of a raid, and should be avoided. "Destruction" should be its watchword, and "safety" its guide. The railways, roads, and telegraphs; bridges, factories, and mills; and all resources of the enemy—provisions, clothing, everything—are its objective-points. They can be found without much fighting; they cannot all be guarded; if they are, there cannot be many men at the front.

We did some neat destructive work during the war; we invented some handy instruments for the purpose, which have been favorably noted by eminent European soldiers; but, handy and useful as they were, they sink into utter insignificance when compared with the new age. With dynamite a raider can scatter destruction as he rides along. What might not be accomplished by ten thousand well-mounted raiders with such an auxiliary in their saddle-bags? If properly distributed and daringly led, the railroad and telegraph system of the enemy would be broken up; the common roads would be made impas-

sable to traffic; and all the sources of supply would be destroyed. With dynamite, or some kindred compound, in a safe, handy, manageable form, a body of raiders with no set task, no fixed objective, no lines of operation or retreat, free as the birds of the air, able to fight or run away as it thinks best, able to destroy the road behind it without having to halt or dismount, subsisted by the enemy, and, if it chose to enforce requisitions, paid by him also, and provided with remounts, would be a terrible weapon of war. And when we consider that many similar raids might be at work at the same time inside an enemy's territory, we have a military problem presented worthy of the gravest consideration. It will not do, because we find the problem a hard one, to scout at its premises as barbarian war. War is by its very nature barbarous. Those who prate about the legitimate in war conceive it to be a prize-ring exhibition, where the combatants agree to fight according to fixed rules. When a robber or murderer assails even a pugilist, however, the rules are held to be suspended. The pugilist will hit him under the belt, and even jump on him when he is down, without any conscientious scruples. And it is just so with nations: in every war at least one of the combatants is fighting for his property or his life, and will not be dictated to by the spectators. Of course humanity is as binding in war as in peace. In both cases it is a question for the conscience, and no man or nation is to be bound by any conscience but his or its own. Make war terrible and it will be avoided.

Damage such as that described would have a very material, if not decisive, effect upon the fortunes of war. Railways and telegraph lines are the arteries and nerves of a civilized nation. Destroy them, and the nation is paralyzed. Cities, towns, and districts are unable to report their dangers or contribute help. The government is isolated, separated from its armies, helpless. To bring a nation to such a condition is better than a battle won, and the nation that would hesitate to inflict such a blow in case of need, or to cultivate the power to inflict it, is morally mad and intellectually hide-bound. A well-trained, well-mounted, and daringly-led cavalry force, thoroughly equipped for destruction, and thrown into an enemy's country at the beginning of a war, would so impede the mobilization of his armies, distract his government, alarm his people, and break up his communications in all directions, that he would be thrown on the defensive from the very first, compelled to mobilize at a disadvantage, and forced to fight on his own soil when and where his adversary elected. Indeed, such a force, unless checkmated in some way, might enable the weaker to overcome the stronger combatant, beating his forces in detail before they could be mobilized, laying his country waste and his cities under contribution,—in short, conquering him without giving him a chance to fight. If there be any truth at all in the picture presented, the mission of cavalry is very far from being over, and it is difficult to see how the

infantry are going to interfere. There must, however, be a defense against such an attack, and history again comes to our assistance.

There was a time when raids were of common occurrence. They were not, perhaps, equipped for destruction as we have assumed our modern raiders to be. But there was less to destroy in those days. There were no railways and no telegraphs, and it would have been impossible to injure the common roads. But destruction was not the purpose of those raiders; meat was their objective. When the Scotch moss-trooper got out of meat, a raid over the border was in order. A declaration of war was unnecessary: the normal condition of the border was war. It was the condition of the larder which determined the raid; and as the English farmer had no opportunity of consulting that warlike barometer, he was obliged to be in constant readiness to defend himself. The squire and his retainers and the yeomanry of the district constituted its defense, and royal defenders they were. Well, we must restore the yeomanry of our country. The manhood of the nation must be armed. Obedience and marksmanship are all the training required, and the first could easily be dispensed with. Universal bushwhacking is the defense; or, to put it in civilized language, the universal use of irregular partisan troops,—a barbarous defense, perhaps, but the attack is desperate, and a more formal, hay-foot straw-foot, defense is impossible.

As regards artillery, the consequences are likely to be more momentous. If dynamite and kindred compounds can be safely used for artillery purposes,—and there seem to be no insurmountable obstacles in the way,—artillery as at present known will be swept out of existence, and a new system, based upon entirely new principles, will be created. That there is not only a possibility, but a strong probability that these compounds can be made sufficiently stable for use, at least as bursting agents, is conceded by experts; that they can never be used for projectile purposes, or in projectiles thrown from guns by the explosive force of gunpowder, is immaterial: there are many other ways of projecting bodies to considerable distances than by explosion.

The development of cannon during the last thirty years has been truly wonderful. Improvement has followed improvement in such rapid succession that few minds have been able to keep pace with the advance, and none have had time to properly examine the collateral questions connected with the subject. The object in view in all these improvements has been to increase the effective work resident in the projectile at the moment of impact; the resident effective work assumed being the energy of motion, or kinetic energy of the projectile. As this is half the product of the mass into the square of the velocity, the task of inventors has been to increase the value of the factors which enter into it. Consequently, the mass has been increased from the old 42-pound shot, which was considered a heavy projectile thirty years

ago, to the monster weighing a ton, which may well be considered the maximum possible. The other factor, the velocity, has also been increased, and although the increase has been relatively less, it has nevertheless been considerable; and the product of the two is enormous. The result is undoubtedly satisfactory, so far as power is concerned, but it has been attained at very great cost. Modern cannon of the first class are very expensive machines. They might very properly, like some of their ancestors, be labeled "*Ultima ratio regum*," for none but kings can afford to own them. And not only are they expensive to buy, but costly to keep, and perfectly ruinous to use. If cannon be essential to a military outfit, then war can be waged only by the wealthy, and poverty and oppression are the surest foundations for a throne. If that be true, then human progress has reached its limit, and civilization is on the wane. Rather let us rid ourselves of the incubus which perches like a hideous scientific nightmare on the art of war, and find in the adaptation of other less costly forces the means of protecting the liberties of nations and the rights of men.

We admit that where destructive work, such as is required of modern artillery, is to be done on a distant object the work must be carried there in a projectile of some kind; but we deny that the work must necessarily be in the form of *kinetic energy*. If for *kinetic* we substitute *potential energy*, such as is resident in explosives, immense possibilities are opened up. There is no question as to the power of the explosives under consideration. If they can be carried to the object, and exploded at the right moment, their destructive effect will be at least equal to the impact of our heaviest projectiles. Thus the necessity for a high velocity of impact at once disappears, and the only question to be answered is, Can dynamite inclosed in a shell or case be safely thrown to sufficient distances, and promptly exploded at the moment of impact?

That dynamite can ever be made sufficiently stable to be safely fired from cannon may well be doubted; that it may be safely thrown in rockets, however, is perfectly feasible. Rocket projectiles have been very much neglected; the ingenuity of the age, so far as projectiles are concerned, having been chiefly directed to cannon. Nevertheless rockets are no longer experimental; they have been used with some success in actual war. Shells have been thrown by the rocket with fair accuracy and to very long ranges,—considerably over a mile. There can be little doubt that if the spirit of invention had been turned toward the rocket with anything like the earnestness with which it took up the improvement of cannon, its range and accuracy would to-day compare favorably with any piece of artillery; and so cannon might be dispensed with, and national wrongs redressed, even against an ironclad enemy, without consuming the savings of a century, or mortgaging economy for a hundred years to come.

And what would be the effect upon artillery of the realization of this dynamite possibility? Cannon would disappear from sea-coast forts, and submarine and aerial torpedoes would take their places. In fact, the forts would also disappear, for rockets require no rampart beyond what nature can provide. Rocket batteries could be established anywhere and everywhere along the coast; they could be anchored at the entrance of, and along, all our navigable channels, and moved with facility to any threatened point. Give the submarine torpedo defense to the navy, and the aerial torpedo defense to the army, and what hostile ironclad would venture through a shoal of the one to meet a shower of the other? Of course the enemy would be similarly armed. He would soon abandon ironclads, and Greek would meet Greek on even terms. But the expensive outfit of forts, cannon, ammunition, and ironclads, those cankers on the economy of nations, would be abolished, and the world would be the better for it.

Then sieges would be impossible. To be cooped up in any place, be it fort or fortress, would simply be a preparation for slaughter or surrender. Thus another item, inland forts and fortresses, is expunged from the expenses of war.

Then the battle-field. Rockets to the right of them; rockets to the left of them; rockets in front of them; dynamite and death above and around them! Whew! Let the old soldier rejoice in that he is old, for the romance of war has departed. When a cripple could climb a tree and shoot a stalwart gentleman a thousand yards away, much of the charm of battle was gone; when he can shower destruction on half an acre at a time, its glory has entirely departed.

JAMES CHESTER,
Captain Third Artillery.

A NIGHT IN A TYPHOON.[1]

PROBABLY no other vessel in the navy has had so eventful though so short a career as the "Idaho." She was designed, during the later years of the war, as a steam frigate of the first class, to have a speed of fifteen knots an hour; her enthusiastic and confident projectors even guaranteeing to abate a hundred thousand dollars of her price for every knot less than fifteen, provided they should receive an equal sum for every one she might exceed that rate. Alas for human calculations! On her trial trip she was scarcely able to make nine. The well-known patriotism and undoubted integrity of the distinguished citizen who had contracted for her, the world-wide reputation of her builders, and the unrivaled beauty of her hull, determined the government to accept her as she was, and, removing her engines, she became and has ever since remained a sailing-vessel. The war was over, and the immediate need for steamers no longer existed; whence it happened that the problem was never solved whether engines of a different construction might not have accomplished other results.

The Navy Department had for some time been proposing to establish floating hospital- and store-ships at the headquarters of the several foreign stations, and the "Idaho" was deemed a proper vessel with which to make the experiment. She was accordingly fitted out with merely sufficient sail-power to carry her to her destination; and on the 1st day of November, 1867, she left New York for Nagasaki, in Japan, where she was "to be permanently stationed, and used in port as hospital- and store-ship for the Asiatic squadron."

In naval circles she was undoubtedly regarded as a costly failure. Her only appearance upon the ocean had been discreditable. Many even doubted whether she could reach her destination, and the excuse for refusing requests was more than once given that she would certainly be lost, and that there was no use of wasting more money upon her. The officers who joined her went on board with misgivings as to her powers, doing so with that growl of resignation which becomes a habit with men who lead that uncertain career, in which obedience to orders brings often more danger and discomfort than ease and pleasure. Her men superstitiously foreboded evil to her because she commenced her cruise on Friday. Scarcely, however, had she started on her long voyage ere she gave evidence of her extraordinary powers, and nobly did justice to the genius which had modeled her beautiful lines. Soon after leaving New York the wind drew ahead, and hour by hour she logged fourteen and a half knots with her yards braced almost as sharp

[1] From the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1870. Reprinted by request.

as they could be. Both crew and officers at once became enraptured with her; and, as if to merit the praises they lavished upon her, she made sixty-five knots (about seventy-five statute miles) in four hours, running down to Rio de Janeiro before the southeast trades,—a rate which she afterwards exceeded, on one occasion, in the South Indian Ocean, when she ran all the line off the reel, marking eighteen and a half knots before the sand had entirely left the glass, and when she was in all probability moving through the water twenty miles an hour. Nautical men, who have not personally inspected her log, need not be blamed for regarding speed so unparalleled as an idle boast or exaggeration. Even one who has stood upon her decks and witnessed how steadily she glided over the sea, cutting the billows noiselessly, leaving no wake of troubled foam, not even bending to the breeze, but standing upright as a steeple, would himself have been incredulous, until he had seen the chip thrown, and counted ten, twelve, and fifteen, with a recorded force of wind which would have impelled many another noble vessel, with proportionably greater spread of canvas, only six, eight, or nine.

But it was not all a summer day on board the "Idaho," nor her march one of only triumph. At two o'clock of the afternoon of November 22, just as the officers had finished their tiffin, and were lazily occupying themselves after their wont, reading, writing, smoking, or chatting, one of the passengers rushed up from the lower wardroom with uncovered head and blanched face, gasping out, "My God, the magazine is on fire!" and thick volumes of black smoke quickly following him showed that it was no false alarm. Immediately the fire-bell rang, and the crew hastened to their several stations, working with that desperate courage which characterizes the disciplined sailor, no matter what the emergency. All on board were conscious of their fearful peril. Trained from their entering into the service to be so careful in handling powder, that even when it is brought on board in securely-fastened copper tanks they extinguish every light and fire, however distant, and do not even go into the magazine with ordinary shoes lest the iron nails might strike a spark, here they saw the flames themselves fiercely playing around thousands of pounds of the dangerous explosive. The demon of fire had entered the very chamber of death, but brave men followed to do him battle, and toiled amid the smoke and the darkness and flame, without a hope of life for themselves, to save the lives of their shipmates on deck, who stood there, many with nothing to do, and all the more wretched therefore, greedily listening to the wild reports that came from below, that the fire was gaining, that the magazine cock could not be started,—that it was "all up with us." For ten minutes—hours they seemed—men looked death steadily in the face (later in the cruise we stared at him as many hours in reality), and thought of those dear ones at home whom they were never again to

meet, and of the agony they would suffer when they knew how they had been bereaved. Few men, I imagine, who have any one to love them, even at such a time, think of themselves or their own future, but pray for escape only for the sake of others dear,—mother or sister or wife. Gradually the flames subsided, the smoke became denser, and fainting and half-suffocated men, drawn up from below, announced the danger over. One seldom escapes a more imminent peril than this, but it was to be the lot of the "Idaho" to bear us still nearer the brink of eternity.

Having made the extraordinary run in the Indian Ocean already stated, the fickle wind, as though content with having given the ship an opportunity of showing her pace, deserted her. A succession of provoking calms and head-winds befell her, and the fastest sailing-vessel afloat in any sea made a passage of two hundred days to Japan,—one of the longest on record. She lingered fifty-three days among the straits and islands which constitute Ombay Passage, twenty of that time being consumed in making only seventeen miles. Her stay at Nagasaki was uneventful. The reports of her speed, and the remonstrances of officers that such a beautiful specimen of our naval architecture should be left to rot on duty for which she was so manifestly unfitted, finally determined the government to recall her, and she was ordered to Yokohama, prior to going to Hong-Kong to discharge her surplus stores, and then sailing for Panama with the invalids of the squadron, and ultimately for San Francisco, there to be repaired and refitted as a cruising vessel.

As anticipated, fifteen months' swinging at the same moorings in the harbor of Nagasaki had so fouled her bottom with sea-weed and barnacles that she did not exhibit anything of her famous speed on the passage to Yokohama. Her bad luck, however, still attended her, for in a course which led first south-southwest, then southeast, afterwards east, and finally north-northeast, she invariably experienced an opposing wind, and on the 19th of August encountered a typhoon, which, though it sorely strained her rotten sides, demonstrated her admirable qualities as a sea-boat. Notwithstanding the severity of the hurricane, which, as afterwards discovered, occasioned an immense amount of injury to the shipping at and near Yokohama and in Yeddo,—among other ravages, lifted a building one hundred feet long more than thirty feet into the air, and there blew it to pieces,—the "Idaho" did not lose a spar, nor scarcely shipped a sea. Seams were opened, bolts drawn, and beams broken, but she behaved nobly, and established her claim to be considered the paragon of sea-goers. Violent as was this hurricane, it was only a moderate gale compared with the ordeal soon to be undergone by the ship, and which it is the purpose of this paper to relate. Three hundred souls, which this gallant vessel bore within the very gates of eternity and brought safely back, have had an experience

vouchsafed few men, and hence their story has a claim to be put on record, if only in the interests of science.

Preliminary to the narration of these events, it may be desirable to explain to the non-professional reader something of the nature of typhoons. The term is of Chinese etymology, denoting in the original merely "a very great wind," and is accepted by mariners as expressive of the most violent of that class of hurricanes generically termed "cyclones," or revolving gales. They occur most frequently among the West India islands, in the Indian Ocean, and especially in the China Sea. In the latter region the prevailing winds, termed "monsoons," blow from May to September steadily from the southwest, and from October to April from the northeast. The seasons of the changes of the monsoons are especially fruitful of atmospheric disturbances, and particularly the time of the setting in of the northeast monsoon, which, coinciding with the autumnal equinox, is that when the most violent typhoons occur. There is a general tendency in all winds to move in a curvilinear direction, and in the case of hurricanes it becomes completely circular, and the gale, while advancing bodily over the face of the ocean in any one direction, at the same time revolves upon its centre, as the earth rotates upon its axis while speeding along in its orbit, or as a cart-wheel turns upon its axle-tree while rolling over the ground.

It is evident, therefore, that while the gale itself may be traveling, say to the northeast, the wind will be blowing from every point of the compass in the several parts of the circumference of the tornado, and of course in its opposite sides or semicircles, as they are technically called, in directly contrary directions. The diameter of a cyclone varies from one to several hundred miles, the velocity and intensity of the wind increasing from the exterior toward the centre, where it abruptly ceases. This centre of calm, or vortex of the whirlwind, may be so small that the wind shifts almost without lull from one direction to the opposite, or, as in the instance about to be narrated, when it was nearly two hours passing over the "Idaho," it may have a diameter of twenty miles. The extent of range of a revolving gale is often several thousand miles, over which it advances at a speed of ten to thirty miles an hour, while, independent of this progressive rate of the whole mass, the gyratory or rotatory velocity of the wind in the several planes of the gale itself may have every conceivable force, according to its nearness to or distance from the vortex.

On the 18th of September the "Idaho" was reported ready for sea, and the 20th was appointed her day for sailing for Hong-Kong. On board ship there was a very general desire to remain only a week longer, for two reasons,—the first, to await the arrival of the mail from home, that one only real pleasure in the lives of such exiles as ourselves; the other, because by that time the bad weather which usually attends the equinoctial period everywhere, and here invariably, would have

been over, with the additionally greater prospect of a favorable monsoon to urge us along, which even a week or fortnight at this particular season would have given. Friends afloat and on shore, sailors, naval officers, merchants, and insurance agents, advised and exclaimed against our indiscretion, and pointed out that a large number of merchant vessels, laden and ready for sea, were then detained in port only by the refusal of policies of insurance. But the decision did not rest with ourselves, and when we actually uttered our good-bys, they were responded to with many a "God bless you!" and many a prayer that we might escape the dangers there were so many chances of encountering. We sailed on the forenoon of the 20th, our "homeward-bound" pendant gayly streaming hundreds of feet beyond us toward our goal. The premonitions of impending bad weather dated from one o'clock that very morning, the barometer having fallen from 30.05 to 29.96 at eight o'clock, soon after which we commenced getting under way. The day was disagreeable, gloomy, and threatening. Some of the old residents and experts in signs of the weather had, even on the previous day, predicted a typhoon, and the event established the correctness of their prescience. We were taken in tow by the "Ashuelot," but the ship, as though ashamed of receiving such assistance, with a fresh, fair breeze blowing directly out of the harbor, quickly ran away with the little double-ender and compelled her to cast off her lines. The wind slightly freshened during the day, but held its direction from the northward and eastward. Toward afternoon the sky cleared up, and the spirits of those on board rose under the influence of the quick run we were making toward home; but the barometer slowly yet steadily fell. All night long the ship sped merrily along with studding-sails set, never making less than ten knots, and almost inducing us to believe that our forebodings had been groundless.

At daylight of the 21st a drizzling rain set in, and by eight o'clock in the morning the sea had become moderately rough, and the ship began to ride uneasily, though the force of the wind, now from the southward and eastward, had increased but little, and the fall of the barometer was so gradual that at noon the mercury still stood at 29.70. There was, however, no longer any doubt that a gale was approaching, and preparations were made to meet it. At one o'clock the topsails were close-reefed, and the wind freshened so rapidly that the mainsail and mizzen-topsail were soon after furled. Two hours later the foresail began to split and was taken in, and by four o'clock the ship was hove to on the port tack, under fore storm-sail and trysail and close-reefed maintopsail, heading southwest by south, a furious gale blowing from southeast, the barometer at 29.50, a fine, drizzling rain falling, and the sea rough and irregular. The ship rode as lightly as though she had been in port.

From this time the mercury fell rapidly, and the wind as rapidly

increased in violence, steadily maintaining its direction from southeast, and blowing in terrific gusts, which abated as though only to gather renewed force. The gale had become a hurricane. It was evident that it was quickly nearing us. A few minutes after five o'clock the main-yard, a piece of wood ninety-eight feet long and seven in circumference, was broken into three pieces with a thundering crash; and almost simultaneously with this disaster the maintopsail split with a succession of loud cracks like rapid volleys of musketry, and disappeared to leeward. The maintrysail was soon close-reefed and set, only to be blown into ribbons; and not long after the fore-trysail vanished in a twinkling, followed by the fringes of the storm-staysail. The hurricane had become a tornado; we were wrestling with the great scourge of the sea, the dreaded typhoon. It is a hopeless task to attempt to give an idea of one of these fearful convulsions of nature, even to nautical men who have not had the misfortune to experience one. The howling of the wind, which continually varies in tone and force, is like no other noise ever heard on earth, but is such as all the fiends in pandemonium, yelling in discord, might be supposed to make. It pained and deafened the ears and sent strange thrills of horror throughout the frame. The ship lay quietly over on her side, held there by the madly-rushing wind, which, at the same time, flattened down the sea, cutting off the tops of the waves and breaking them into fine white spray, which covered the ocean like a thick cloud as high as the topmast-heads. At times the mainmast was invisible from the quarter-deck. It was impossible to elevate the head above the rail or even to look to windward. The eyelids were driven together and the face stung by the fleetly driven salt spray. Men breathed it and became sickened. They crouched about the decks, clinging with all their strength to whatever seemed most secure. One or two had crawled upon the poop, but had to lie down at full length. Orders could not be heard by the man at your elbow; had they been, they could not have been executed. The ship lay almost on her beam-ends, with her helm up, stripped of even the sails, which had been furled upon the yards. Mortal hands could do nothing for her.

By half-past six o'clock the fury of the typhoon was indescribably awful. Each gust seemed unsurpassable in intensity, but was succeeded, after a pause that was not a lull, by one of still more terrific violence. The barometer indicated 27.82. Masts and yards came crashing down one after another, though the deafening howling of the wind almost drowned the noise of their fall. The ship began to labor heavily, shipping great seas at every lurch, which swept everything movable off the decks, carrying away boats and bulkheads, cabin, armory, and pantry, skylights and hammock-rail, and washing men and officers aft in one confused and helpless crowd. At half-past seven the barometer had fallen to 27.62, which of itself will satisfy nautical men—who watch

with intense interest the hourly changes of tenths and hundredths of the scale of this little monitor—that the elements were performing one of their grandest tragedies. A tremendous sea now came over the weather-bow and gangway, completing the destruction its predecessors had commenced, sweeping the decks clean, and tearing off the battens and tarpaulins which had been placed over the hatches to keep the water from below. The tempest was at its intensest fury. The darkness was impenetrable, save when lighted up by occasional flashes of lurid sheet-lightning, adding fresh horror to the spectacle, at which pallid, awe-stricken men silently and despairingly gazed. The ship quivered in every part, her timbers working and creaking as though she were every moment about to break in two.

Suddenly the mercury rose to 27.90, and with one wild, unearthly, soul-thrilling shriek the wind as suddenly dropped to a calm, and those who had been in these seas before knew that we were in the terrible vortex of the typhoon, the dreaded centre of the whirlwind. The ship had been fast filling with water, and fruitless efforts had been made to work the pumps; but when the wind died away the men jumped joyfully to the brakes, exclaiming, "The gale is broken; we are all safe!" For the officers there was no such feeling of exultation. They knew that if they did not perish in the vortex, they had still to encounter the opposite semicircle of the typhoon, and that with a disabled ship. It was as though a regiment of freshly wounded soldiers had been ordered to meet a new enemy in battle, and that without delay, for the cessation of the wind was not to be a period of rest. Till then the sea had been beaten down by the wind, and only boarded the vessel when she became completely unmanageable; but now the waters, relieved from all restraint, rose in their own might. Ghastly gleams of lightning revealed them piled up on every side in rough pyramidal masses mountain high,—the revolving circle of wind, which everywhere inclosed them, causing them to boil and tumble as though they were being stirred in some mighty caldron. The ship, no longer blown over on her side, rolled and pitched, and was tossed about like a cork. The sea rose, toppled over, and fell with crushing force upon her decks. Once she shipped immense bodies of water over both bows, both quarters, and the starboard gangway at the same moment. She sank under the enormous load, no one thought ever to rise again, and some making preparations for a few more minutes of life by seizing ladders and chests by which they might be buoyed up when she should disappear from beneath them. She trembled violently, paused, then slowly, wearily rose with four feet of water on her spar-deck. Her seams opened fore and aft, the water pouring through in broad sheets, and giving to those who were shut down by the closed hatches upon the deck below a feeling of the most wretched hopelessness. For them the situation was even more appalling than for those on deck, since for

them there was absolutely no prospect of escape. They saw the water streaming through the opening seams of the deck above, and watched it rising inch by inch in the pump-well,—once fifteen in less than an hour; they witnessed the contortions of the vessel, and looked at huge beams and sturdy knees breaking in half, stanchions fetching away, bolts drawing, butts opening, water-ways gaping, and masses of rotten wood dropping out from places where a smooth surface of paint and varnish had hidden the decay, and they knew that a single plank out of that ship's side would convert her into their coffin. In one place a man thrust his arm through a hole to the very outer planking. Both above and below men were pitched about the decks, and many of them injured. Some, with broken bones and dislocated limbs, crawled to the surgeons begging assistance.

At twenty minutes before eight o'clock the vessel entered the vortex; at twenty minutes past nine o'clock it had passed and the hurricane returned, blowing with renewed violence from the north, veering to the west.

The once noble ship, the pride not only of our own navy but of the whole craft of ship-builders over all the world, was now only an unmanageable wreck. There was little left for the wind to do but entangle the more the masses of broken spars, torn sails, and parted ropes which were held together by the wire rigging. One curious bundle, about four feet in thickness, of sail and cordage and lightning-rod, so knotted together that the efforts of a dozen men failed to undo it, has been preserved as a trophy of our battle with the winds, and a remarkable example of the mysterious effects they are able to accomplish. An hour or two later the tempest began sensibly to abate, and confidence increased in the ability of the ship to hold together. When daylight dawned the danger was over, and we first became aware of the astonishing amount of damage the ship had incurred in bearing us through the perils of that dreadful night. It was evident that she had sacrificed herself to save us.

All hands were soon hard at work clearing away the wreck, and rigging jury-masts and sails; and ere the sun again set the ship was slowly working back to Yokohama, whence she had sailed but a few hours before in all the trimness of a well-appointed man-of-war. There was something almost funereal about her return, for she was eight days crawling back over the distance she had so gayly sped in one, before she re-entered the harbor and reached the anchorage which she will probably never again leave. There she lies, condemned by the board of survey as unseaworthy, an interesting relic of our naval history, and a noble monument of that immortal genius which enabled man to cope successfully with the elements in one of their grandest contests.

ALBERT L. GIHON, A.M., M.D.,
Medical Director U.S.N.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY MARLINE; OR, NOTES FROM AN AMERICAN MIDSHIPMAN'S "LUCKY BAG."

(Concluded from page 829.)

CHAPTER XXV.

AND LAST.

ORDERS had been given to prepare the ship for sea, in consequence of instructions from the Navy Department to proceed to the coast of Syria and look after our missionaries in that quarter.

The Turks at Jerusalem had been interfering with the American missionaries and the Greek Catholics for indulging in a free fight,—a very common event in that quarter, for it is frequently the case that the different denominations of Christians clapper-claw each other over the tomb of the Saviour, while the Turks, though Mohammedans, treat the tomb with more veneration than some of the so-called Christian sects.

On an occasion of a quarrel over the tomb, the Turks thought it necessary to apply the bastinado to both parties, which effectually settled all difficulties. It is a universal panacea among the Turks for the adjustment of disputes, and might possibly be adopted elsewhere with advantage.

The mail had arrived from the United States, bringing us all tidings from sweet home, and also important political intelligence. Martin Van Buren had been elected President. "Who is he?" was the anxious inquiry, for hardly any one on board remembered hearing of him. We also learned that the Honorable Whalebone Broadbrim, of New Jersey, had been appointed Secretary of the Navy.

We were much more intimately interested in the latter personage than in the new President, and everybody was wondering who Broadbrim was and what sort of a Secretary he would make; but we could only learn that the Honorable Secretary was from the sandy regions of

New Jersey, had been largely engaged in the leather business, and was also an extensive dealer in rope, which latter circumstance, no doubt, drew attention to his naval abilities, and pointed him out as a person particularly qualified for the position of head of the Navy Department.

We were not at all surprised at having a man of whom we had never before heard appointed as head of a service which European nations think of sufficient importance to place under the direction of professional men. It only shows how effete these old worn-out despotisms have become, and how much wiser are we republicans, although we have not yet reached our centennial.

Instead of intrusting the appropriations for the navy to the hands of experts, who would probably expend them in building and equipping ships, we wisely put such matters in the hands of a civilian, who, although he probably knows nothing at all about naval matters, understands where to put the money "so that it will do the most good."

Mr. Whalebone Broadbrim was evidently the right man in the right place, and we soon learned that he had gone to work energetically to reform the navy. The first order he gave was to place every officer who was not at sea on furlough pay. He reduced the navy ration from twenty-five to twelve and a half cents, and expended what was thus saved in other directions. He gave the purchasing of all supplies to his grandmother, old Mrs. Bumble, an energetic lady, who kept a little shop somewhere in the wilds of Jersey, and it was not uncommon to see this venerable female purchasing anchors for a line-of-battle ship, a pair of oxen, or a dozen sail-needles at the same moment.

Under such a system the navy could not do otherwise than prosper, and as time wore on and the Honorable Whalebone Broadbrim became more familiar with the duties of his office, he launched out into various plans for the future benefit of the service.

Perhaps the most judicious order ever given by this distinguished man was that every ship in the navy, before sailing on a cruise, should proceed to New Jersey, or as close thereto as the depth of water would permit, and lay in a supply of sand and holy-stones to last for three years, the price of the sand in no case to exceed fifty cents a bushel, and that of the holy-stones not to be more than the contract price for live-oak.

The Honorable Whalebone Broadbrim very soon comprehended the wants of the service as regards building-places, and accordingly procured an act of Congress establishing two additional navy-yards, one at Perth Amboy and the other at South Amboy, so that, being only one mile apart, they could be a mutual support to each other, and in case one yard wanted anything the other would be able to supply the deficiency.

All ships of the navy were ordered to be built and repaired in these yards, and, notwithstanding the factious opposition made by the old

navy commissioners, the Secretary directed the keel of a five-decker, to be called the "New Jersey," to be laid forthwith.

This vessel was completed about the time the Honorable Whalebone Broadbrim went out of office; but in launching her she stuck on the ways, and there not being water enough to float her she laid on her side, and was finally "wrecked," as they call it, by the Barnegat pirates. To this day fragments of the hull may be seen in the huts along that coast.

I do not hesitate to say that the navy had never before received such an impetus as was produced by the appointment of the Honorable Whalebone Broadbrim. The night we heard the news we went to sleep with the satisfaction of knowing that a man had at last taken the helm who would steer the Department through "contract shoals" and "claim reefs," and that as long as he could keep his "tricks" at the wheel the navy and the country were safe.

As we became more familiar with the history of the Honorable Whalebone Broadbrim we learned to love and honor him, and hardly a night passed over our heads that fervent prayers did not ascend that the shadow of the Honorable Secretary "might never grow less;" that he might "live a thousand years;" that "a thousand tom-cats might defile the graves of his enemies," etc.

We have had many Secretaries since the days of Broadbrim, but none who ever quite came up to the Honorable Whalebone. When that distinguished statesman left the Department, the entire service bore it with Christian resignation, in the hope that the new chief might be as good a man as his predecessor.

I will give a little sketch, in this connection, of one or two others of our Secretaries, although it would take up too much space to enumerate all their virtues.

The immediate successor of the Honorable Whalebone Broadbrim was the Honorable Ebenezer Pinebur, and he hailed from the tar, pitch, and turpentine regions of North Carolina. Like his predecessor, he showed from the beginning an intimate knowledge of naval affairs, although some people thought he rather overdid the tar, pitch, and turpentine business.

The Honorable Secretary was no sooner installed than he issued an order that in future all ships should be built of North Carolina pine, and was very much surprised when a venerable old commodore rolled into his office and informed him that there was a board of navy commissioners appointed by law to supervise such matters, and that large supplies of live-oak had been collected with which to build vessels of war, that North Carolina pine was only used for the decks and planking, and for that reason comparatively little of it was required.

"We must reverse all that," said the Secretary. "We will build all the hulls, masts, etc., of North Carolina pine, and I will compro-

mise so far as to build the decks of live-oak." The same Secretary proposed to Congress to establish a navy-yard in Albemarle Sound, and met the objections of the navy commissioners, who told him there was not water enough in the place to float a schooner much less a ship of the line, by saying, "Well, then, we will abolish ships of the line and build schooners."

Now this was a style of argument for which these stupid old navy officers were not prepared, so they met in council to consider what was best to be done. They agreed to build a very large class of schooners, of little draught of water, and without any timbers whatever, constructed entirely of North Carolina pine. A vessel of this description was accordingly built and named the "Pawnee," which was for many years the delight of the navy and the admiration of the civilized world. We should have had a navy composed entirely of these beautiful vessels had not the Honorable Ebenezer Pinebur, broken down in health, been sent by the President as minister to the court of St. James.

Then came in an Honorable Secretary from Pennsylvania, and he, in the interest of all the coal and iron mines, directed that the ships of the navy should be constructed of iron, and that no fuel but coal should anywhere be consumed. This made a new set of galleys, or cook-stoves, necessary for all ships, and gave the iron trade of the Keystone State an impetus it had never known before.

The venerable Mrs. Bumble again came to the surface during this administration, for, although not the grandmother of the Honorable Secretary from Pennsylvania, she was nearly related, being second cousin to his wife's aunt, and she continued during his administration to supply oxen, anchors, galleys, hemp, sail-needles, etc., as of old.

We should in time have had the largest iron navy in the world, but, unfortunately, this Secretary accepted a mission to the king of Dahomey, and was killed and eaten at a feast given in honor of his Majesty's birthday.

Then the navy was delighted with the appointment of a very clever gentleman from Delaware, who did much for the advancement of the service. His first act was to abolish the use of the "cat" and to establish the whipping-post in accordance with the time-honored custom of his little State. He also established a navy-yard at Lewes and another at the Delaware Breakwater, and had these two places made ports of entry. There is no knowing how much benefit this gentleman would have conferred upon the navy had he stayed in the Department, but he was appointed minister to the Feejee Islands, and lived there for many years beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

Then we were favored with a Secretary from Maine. The first thing he did was to establish the Maine liquor law in the navy. This, although by no means a popular move, was one in the right direction. The Honorable Secretary substituted molasses and water in lieu of grog,

and in default of whisky this beverage became very popular. He also established codfish as part of the naval ration, which had several advantages: it induced the men to drink great quantities of water to quench their thirst, thereby familiarizing them with temperance drink, and in a fog the ships of war were enabled to tell each other's position by the smell of the codfish which was stowed in boxes under the tops.

These successive encroachments upon the duties of the old commissioners had a visible effect upon them: they gradually declined in health and finally died. The navy list decreased so rapidly that at length no more burly old commodores could be found of whom to make commissioners. So the useless office was abolished and the naval bureau system was adopted, under which the service has flourished so greatly since that time. Younger men were appointed to take charge of the bureaus, and the Secretaries took care to appoint officers who were not so opinionated and cared less what the head of the Department did with the appropriations. Some of these chiefs of bureaus remained in office for more than thirty years, and I remember one who stayed there so long that he thought the navy belonged to him. So when he died he bequeathed all the navy-yards to his eldest daughter, who had considerable architectural talent, and designed several of the ship-houses which adorn those establishments.

Strange to say, some of these distinguished Secretaries had their detractors among the few old commodores who were still in existence, and some of these ancient mariners are supposed to have started the following story.

It seems in fitting out the great naval armament, consisting of two sloops and a schooner, sent to wage war against the Qualla Battooans, it was found after the fleet had been twenty days at sea there were only two weeks' provisions left, and consequently the crews had to be put on one-quarter allowance. One of the vessels got separated from the rest, and being a dull sailer, expended all her provisions, and the ship's company, after terrible suffering, were compelled to cast lots to see who should help to prolong the existence of the others. The result was that finally the captain and an old quarter-gunner were the only persons left alive, they being too tough to be eaten. The fleet was also short of powder, and what they had, being made in Delaware, was of inferior quality, so that when the bombardment of Qualla Battoo commenced the shot only reached half-way to the shore. So the commodore was compelled to land his men and capture the place at the point of the bayonet, for the cartridges were so worthless that the musket-balls striking the natives in the stomach only doubled them up and enabled the sailors to take them alive, which circumstance will account for the small list of killed and wounded among the enemy.

These, however, were only trifling accidents liable to happen in the best-regulated navy; we conquered in every instance where we attempted

to make war, although I do not remember any great battle except that at Qualla Battoo; all I know is that great rejoicing took place on board the "Thunderbomb" at Naples when we heard of the appointment of the Honorable Whalebone Broadbrim, and we anticipated a brilliant future for our navy.

We were all sorry when it came time for us to leave Naples. The commodore considered that no officers had ever benefited so much by a sojourn in that quarter as his own, for in his opinion we had all learned to speak Italian fluently, and Sly had (as he informed an English captain) mastered two more languages in addition to the great number he already knew. The commodore often reminded us how much we owed to him by having the opportunity to revel in the study of beautiful art at Pompeii and Herculaneum, and promised us a visit to Pæstum, where we should see the temple of Jupiter Toenails and the celebrated Laycoon which had destroyed Hercules and swept out the Augean stables.

I bade adieu to Naples with a sigh. To me it was the most interesting city in the Mediterranean; with all its poverty and all its tyranny, it should be equally so to the philosopher, the antiquary, the poet, and the lover. Its glories are fast departing, though the numerous monuments of art will ever bear witness to the fact that here once rocked the cradle of science and of liberty. Poor down-trodden Naples, who can help but feel sympathy for thy suffering people, ground down and groaning under a despotism too terrible to bear? Well may we say, in the language of the poet,—

> "Italia, Italia, thou art but the grave,
> Where flowers luxuriate over the brave."

Adieu to thee and thy departed glories, thy classic groves and sculptured monuments. Nature never intended that such despotism should rule over scenes so fair and beautiful, trampling into dust every germ of liberty and knowledge, and filling the prisons with the groans of those who dare not attempt to rise above this miserable thraldom.

The land breeze was just beginning to fan our cheeks when we lifted our anchor to depart. The splash of the distant oar came faintly o'er the water as with the first breath of morning air the hardy fishermen put to sea intent upon their daily toil, and the faint hum of the moving city fell softly on the ear. Dawn had already yoked his dappled grays for the first slow stage, and jocund morn leaping from her bed took the ribbons in her rosy fingers, and, after a dram of dew, blew her bugle, and drove like blazes right on towards the gates of day. The topsails bellied to the breeze, while sail after sail was spread like magic aloft on the towering masts, and we glided quickly out of the bay. In plain English, reader, we got under way about daylight, with a fair wind, and on as lovely a morning as my eyes ever beheld.

Whether I shall have an opportunity of telling where we went, or what happened to me in the course of my sailings, remains to be seen. If these "Notes from a Lucky Bag" do not have the misfortune to be bought up by the trunk-makers, more of the same kind may find their way into the world hereafter.

Nineteen months had passed away up to this time since I first entered the navy, and I was rapidly growing into the clothes my disinterested friend Reckless had taken so much pains to see me measured for, at the same time I was reaping a harvest of knowledge well calculated to benefit me in the career I had chosen. I could cut down a hammock without being discovered with as much adroitness as any oldster on board; I could shy a boot from one steerage to the other with the precision of a Kentucky rifleman, and I could elude the vigilance of the officer of the deck as well as some who had been to sea over three years. Had I displayed half the industry in any other profession that I exhibited in learning the pranks of midshipmen, I might at this time have been at the top of the ladder, and in very comfortable, if not affluent circumstances. And I have lived to see pigheaded fellows (who were my inferiors and fags at school) ride by me in their carriages, while the extent of my driving is a sixpence-worth in an omnibus; they are living in Onnium Gatherum Square, perhaps in a neat brownstone front, every stone of which is their own, while I don't own a brick in the world, and have not laid by enough to buy the ground to bury me in. I plod along in the dull routine of naval duty, with the hope of commanding a ship some of these days at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years, when my great-grandson will likely be the respected head of a respectable insurance company, or be sending his dozen ships to China to bring home teas and fire-crackers.

You may laugh at the idea, "Young America," as much as you please, but it is no laughing matter I assure you; you may sit back on your high stool with that cigar in your mouth (which you are vainly endeavoring to smoke without being sick) and your morning paper before you, and chuckle to yourself at your luck in not having to serve your country, but you must not laugh at an old fellow who does part of your duty when he is one hundred and twenty years old: Respect his gray hairs, sir, if you don't respect his feelings.

Perhaps had I felt so inclined, "Young America," I might have been as well off as you are, enjoying myself in the pork business, or head of a respectable bone-boiling establishment on the great road to Boneville. An old friend of my grandfather, after I had been fifteen years in the service, offered me a share in the profits of his bone-boiling concern provided I would become a sleeping partner and advance him the modest sum of five thousand dollars (only think how cheap!); but as I had been so long in the habit of keeping watches, I came to the

conclusion that I was too wide awake an individual to be a sleeping partner in any scheme unless it was in the scheme of matrimony, when wife and I would be "bone of one flesh." So the bone-boiling business was rejected; "that cock would not fight."

Again, I ran a chance of making my fortune by going into a speculation for hatching chickens by steam, as they do in Egypt in ovens, but before I had compromised myself so far as to put my name to paper the boiler of the steam-engine burst, and nearly twenty thousand eggs (Lord, how eggs riz about that time!) were scattered to the winds of heaven, leaving in the county an odor of polecat which it has not got rid of to this day.

I once went so far as to commit myself seriously in a scheme for making molasses-candy on a large scale, and likely, if the first attempt had succeeded, the country would have lost the services of a very valuable officer. I should now without doubt be calmly contemplating that staid and venerable matron, Mrs. Marline, as she industriously wiped off the mahogany and made the fire comfortable for the morning; and my eldest son, Tom (I know I should have called him Tom), would likely now be about taking my place in the business, considering me entirely too old to attend to it properly. I should then be enjoying my *otium cum*, etc., behind a respectable newspaper, in a snug little study of my own, and with a fragrant Havana in my mouth (I have a great weakness for Havanas), while the aforesaid Mrs. M. would be kindly preparing something over the dining-room fire to relieve this infernal rheumatism which almost sets me crazy.

But that speculation was the deadest kind of failure; my kind friends Skinflint and Grinder, who invited me to go in with them, were unfortunate in losing the first cargo of molasses they shipped from the West Indies. The vessel was wrecked on the Florida Reefs, and not being insured was a loss to the whole concern; and as the original capital of one thousand dollars was all laid out in that unfortunate adventure, the molasses-candy scheme turned out a smash.

My next attempt at speculating drained my pockets of a few hundreds, but as I gained some experience in the matter, I did not regret it, and as the loss was trifling, I soon recovered from it, by going a three-years' cruise around Cape Horn in a four-gun schooner. I lived economically on codfish and potatoes, had all my clothes washed on board, gave up cigars and brandy-punches, and returned home a free man. It is true I might have gone to jail and worked the "dead horse" out there more to my comfort and satisfaction, but then that was not so respectable as taking a cruise round the Horn, and one has sometimes to consult appearances and the opinion of the world. The speculation I allude to was a good one, and would have succeeded but for the elements. There are accidents over which the keenest foresight can exercise no control, and this was one of them: a cousin of mine (Bob

Limberjaw) had invented a machine for catching and skinning eels to supply the New York market, and after a few trials he succeeded, with my assistance, in putting it into successful operation. One hundred thousand eels were caught in one day, were neatly skinned for market, and were on the point of being shipped, when in the year 18— (in that terrible hurricane which swept our coast) the patent self-regulating eel-skinner was driven to sea and across the ocean, up the St. George's Channel, and was finally picked up off Holyhead by some of the pilots. Not knowing what it was, it was subjected to the inspection of the government authorities, who at once pronounced it to be an infernal machine left in the channel by the Americans in the war of 1812, and it is preserved to this day in Somerset House as a specimen of our bloodthirstiness.

My last speculation made me resolve to stick to the service of my country; for though (I said to myself) republics are ungrateful, is not the navy the right arm of national defense? and what right have I to cripple the country's right arm by withdrawing myself from her service? Is it not bad enough (I asked myself) to have your own right arm crippled with rheumatism, and knowing how worthless you are without the use of it, without going to work to cripple your country's right arm when she most needs your services? Of course it is. At that time we were about to war with Qualla Battoo, and as two extra sloops were fitting out for the occasion and one schooner (the first lieutenancy of the schooner being offered to me), I declined the hand of one of the handsomest women in Buttermilk County, worth two hundred thousand dollars in her own right, and no kit or kin to trouble her. That was a great mistake in me, as I have since learned, but there is no use crying over spilt milk. Poor girl! she married a stone-quarry, who ran through her money in about six years; she took to drink in consequence, and was finally immured in a private madhouse, where, I am told, she raves of me incessantly, and bitterly curses the battle of Qualla Battoo for tearing me away from her arms.

There is no use in philosophizing over the past, or calculating what we might have been had Providence so ordained it. What matters it a thousand years hence whether I was a bone-boiler or an admiral of the blue? (we have admirals of the blue,—the blue noses) for there will be quite as much uncertainty about the spot where my bones lie as there now exists with regard to the mortal remains of Cheops, or those of Antony and Cleopatra.

The greatest disappointment I ever met with in the navy was in the occasion of inventing a cannon, a patent-leather, back-action, breech-loading, water-piercing, air-shaking piece of ordnance intended for shooting around a corner, over the top of a house or under it, above water or below water, in fact, anyhow and anywhere.

I did not care which way you wanted to fire with this gun, I stood

ready with a supply of algebraic formulæ to prove that it could be done. I had spent six years in perfecting my invention, which was not entirely original, as the chase, breech, and muzzle were taken from the French, while the breech-pin was Irish, and the carriage and implements were a mixture of the army and navy ordnance. The shell was the idea of a clever Yankee, though patented by Grouse, of the ordnance office, but the touch-hole was entirely mine, which I could swear to on a stack of shells twenty feet high.

I first presented my patent gun to the naval ordnance department, accompanied by a written communication, and by return mail received orders to proceed without delay to the coast of Africa in the brig "Swampus," that was to sail the next day for that pleasant station. I found when I got on board the brig that I was a supernumerary, and that the captain had been notified that I was demented on the subject of guns, and that he was under no circumstances to forward any letters to the ordnance bureau relating to my double-patent-back-action-shoot-round-the-corner gun.

I was kept on the coast of Africa three years, and, notwithstanding all the care of the Department, succeeded in perfecting my invention so as to shoot up under a vessel's bottom instead of through her sides, and the day I returned to the United States I forwarded a communication to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, which was immediately referred to the bureau of ordnance. By return mail I received preparatory orders back to the coast of Africa, but as the sloop-of-war "Damper" would not be ready to sail for some days, I got hold of the member of Congress from my district; for it was just then becoming the custom for every officer to adopt a member of Congress, and a most agreeable set of fellows they were, always ready to do a friend a good turn.

We called together on the Honorable Secretary, who had just been appointed from Texas on account of the vast amount of copper and live-oak that was supposed to exist in that quarter. Unfortunately, all the live-oak had been cut off before the Secretary assumed control of affairs, and what little copper was visible was at a place called Wolf Mountain, some two thousand miles from the coast, and under the immediate charge of a Comanche chief, who swore that he would scalp any pale-face Secretary of the Navy that dared to interfere with that property.

When my member entered the presence of the Secretary and told him he wanted me to stay on shore for a time, the Secretary remarked, "I am sorry to say that Mr. Marline has been guilty of a flagrant breach of discipline and violation of the articles of war, which particularly say, 'no one shall draw, or offer to draw,' etc. Now this officer has been drawing a patent back-action, self-loading, water-overcoming, leather-piercing gun, which invention interferes materially with the

bureau of ordnance, which claims the exclusive right to invent everything of that kind, and to make use of the inventions of others as it may suit their purposes, and though this officer has not received any formal rebuke from the Department, it was thought that he would take the hint by sending him to the coast of Africa; but instead of appreciating the forbearance of the Department, Mr. Marline no sooner arrived in the waters of the United States than he again wrote to the bureau in relation to certain improvements in his gun, and it therefore became necessary to order him immediately back to the coast of Africa. I can only do one thing," continued the Honorable Secretary, "and this I do only to oblige you, Mr. Bacon, member from Hominy district. If Mr. Marline will abstain from all further meddling in ordnance inventions I will revoke his orders, and give him permission to stay on shore for three months. He ought to know better than to interfere with the distinguished officer at the head of the bureau, who has taken out patents for every kind of gun that has ever been thought of, and he proposes that after his death his family shall be reimbursed for the sacrifices he has made and the genius he has manifested in the cause of his country."

I told the Honorable Secretary that I would willingly refrain from further troubling the bureau, but would not pledge myself not to apply to Congress to have my invention tested, as I considered that an inherent right of every American citizen, and my adopted member agreeing with me, the Secretary made no objection.

"I am satisfied," said the Honorable Secretary, "that you will get very sick of applying to Congress. I had a claim before them once for twenty years, during which time every member had been changed, and I grew to be the gray-headed old man you now see me, and finally had to give the matter up and run for Secretary of the Navy. I am convinced you will have no better success."

I thanked the venerable statesman and bade him good-by. As I opened the door I nearly knocked down Mr. Grouse, the chief clerk of the ordnance bureau, who was listening at the keyhole, and who scowled malignantly at me as I left the Department.

As it was now the long session, I made preparations to go before Congress with my gun and get my adopted member to introduce me to the chairman of the House naval committee, Mr. Wary, of Ironworks, Pennsylvania, and to the chairman of the Senate committee, Mr. Spitsbergen, and was informed that I must prepare a metallic model of my gun to lay before the committees. The honorable gentlemen seemed to be somewhat surprised when I explained to them that mine was a leather gun for shooting around corners, but they agreed that I should prepare a model for the use of the committee, and the day was appointed for me to appear before them.

I at once went to work, and prepared two models at a cost of fifty

dollars each, or a whole month's pay. On the appointed day I appeared at the House committee-room with my model under my arm. The committee were very busily discussing the merits of a fifteen-inch glass gun, the invention of an ingenious Yankee, one Denmark Wart, who also claimed to be the originator of the auger for boring square holes. As I entered the room I heard Mr. Wart say that he only wanted a million dollars to enable him to place one of his guns in complete order on board ship. The most original feature of Mr. Wart's gun seemed to be that it would burst just as a party of the enemy were attempting to board, the fragments of the gun acting as shrapnel against the attacking force. This idea struck the committee as being a decided novelty, and they began to look on Mr. Wart's invention with favor.

One of the members, however, asked a very foolish question as to whether the gun had ever been examined by any competent officers of the navy, such as would be called upon to use it in service, but he was promptly silenced by General Pogram, another member, who said, "What have the navy or navy officers got to do with ordnance?" which convincing argument effectually silenced all opposition, and Mr. Denmark Wart not only received a million dollars to experiment with his gun, but also an additional five hundred thousand to perfect a shell which he had no doubt could be sent a distance of twelve miles.

After Mr. Wart had bowed himself out, I approached the committee, and smiling complacently, laid the beautiful leather model of my gun on the table, saying to myself, "If that idiot with his glass gun gets along so well, what may I not expect with a leather one that will shoot around the corner?" but it appears the committee saw the matter in a different light.

One of the gentlemen said, "Commodore, you will please answer the questions asked, which answers will be taken down by a stenographer."

"I am not a commodore," I responded, "but only a lieutenant."

"All the same," said the gentleman. "Please answer the questions."

I complied with the request, and here give questions and answers for the benefit of future inventors:

Q. "How old are you?"

A. "Fifty-one years."

Q. "How long have you been in the navy?"

A. "Thirty-six years; entered at fifteen."

Q. "How long have you been at sea?"

A. "Thirty-three years."

Q. "Have you ever been in the bureau of ordnance?"

A. "No, sir."

Q. "If you have never been in the bureau, how can you know anything about guns?"

That was certainly a stumper, and I hesitated for some time, asking myself, "Well, how could I?" but on consideration I finally answered,—

"Well, sir, I learned it by the force of circumstances."

This seemed satisfactory, and the questioning continued.

Q. "Can you tell me the number of guns in the Chinese fleet?"

A. "I cannot."

Q. "Can you inform me whether the Chinese use leather guns?"

A. "I cannot."

Q. "Are you acquainted with the present emperor of China?"

A. "Yes, sir; Chang Fung."

Q. "Do you know the name of the empress?"

A. "Yes, sir; Yung Fung."

Q. "Do you know the population of Timbuctoo?"

A. "Yes, sir; nine millions."

Q. "What kind of guns do they use?"

A. "Leather, sir, if they use any."

Q. "Can you tell me the names of all the islands in the Pacific Ocean, their population, chief towns, and names of their chiefs?"

A. "Yes, sir; I know them all, and have dined on missionary's leg with every one of them."

The gentleman announced that he had no further questions to ask; my evidence was read over to me, and then another member took me up and propounded the following questions:

Q. "How many touch-holes has your gun?"

A. "Only one, sir."

"I wish the committee particularly to notice that the commodore says *only one touch-hole*," said the examiner.

Q. "Suppose, sir, that you were called upon to make a gun of nine feet diameter of shot and six feet thickness of leather, what would be the difference of weight between that and a cast-iron gun of the same size?"

A. "The iron gun will weigh 68.040 tons, and the difference of weight will be that between iron and leather."

Q. "What would be the cost of the iron gun?"

A. "Four millions of dollars."

Q. "What would be the cost of the leather gun?"

A. "Merely the price of the leather and the expense of sewing the same and boring out the touch-hole."

I could see that my answers rather bothered the committee, and I was much pleased at the favorable turn my affairs were taking, when another gentleman of the committee took up the examination.

Q. "Let us suppose that the enemy were to attempt to board a vessel armed with your gun, what would you do?"

A. "I would hang a sign over the quarter, 'No boarders taken

here,' and notify those anxious to board that we had nothing to eat but grape-shot soup and shell sass."

Q. "Don't you think the Denmark Wart glass gun would do more damage to the enemy by bursting in their faces than your leather gun would?"

A. "That depends on circumstances; if the glass gun were to burst inboard it might be unpleasant for our own men."

"Ah, yes," said the gentleman; "I believe I have no more questions to ask."

I was told to call next day, which I did, and kept calling every day for nine months, but somehow or other the committee never found any money which could be appropriated for my gun. My stay in Washington caused an attack of fever and ague, which took a month's pay for doctors' bills.

I didn't think it worth while to go near the Senate committee, for everybody told me that all wisdom on the subject of ordnance resided in the House committee, whose chairman was a man of judicial mind with a head like a bombshell, and when he opened on any subject it was like firing grape and canister.

I was advised to patent my invention, and at my death my wife could apply to Congress for remuneration. So with a sad heart I bade farewell to the metropolis as it is called, though I cannot tell for what reason, for instead of its being the chief city of the nation, it is the smallest-potato concern I ever lived in, and I hoped never to see it again.

That night, in company with nine other passengers, I took the stage for Baltimore, so sick that I could hardly hold my head up. I tossed around on the back seat to the infinite annoyance of the other passengers, one of whom finally broke out, "Sir, you act as if this stage belonged to you; you are inconveniencing everybody, and if you carry on in this way we shall have to put you out."

"My good sir," said I, faintly, "have patience with me for a little while; you see before you a dying man, for I cannot last much longer. I had a claim before Congress, and besieged the naval committee for nine months without avail. I took the chills and fever, paid the doctors one hundred dollars, and here I am the most miserable wretch on earth."

"Good God, sir!" replied my fellow-passenger, with horror depicted on his countenance, "if you lived nine months in Washington trying to get a claim through Congress, and took the fever 'n ager, and had them doctors working on you and paid a hundred dollars, I pity you from the bottom of my soul. You may wallop about in this here stage just as much as you please, for you've earned the right to do so." And thus did I encounter a liberal Christian, although I must confess he swore a little oftener than was absolutely necessary.

Since that eventful session of Congress I have never visited Wash-

ington nor written to the bureau of ordnance, notwithstanding I have made many valuable improvements in guns, besides devising an ingenious plan for getting in a ship's masts by heaving a vessel down and floating them on board, a method which I do not believe any other person ever thought of.

Some "Young America" may say as he reads these pages, "Thunder! governor, why didn't you get us a midshipman's appointment when you were member of Congress from Woodchuck County? What deuced fine fun those devils must have in the steerage, and what a jolly thing it is to be a commodore of the blue, leading your country's ships to glory and renown." The governor will likely ask "Young America" what the price of pork is that morning in market, and tell him to thank his stars that he was not in the battle of Graytown and limping about with a wooden leg. To be sure they do make those things so beautifully nowadays, with such harmonious musical-boxes on the inside, that it would be rather a pleasure to wear one, and a man advanced in life with a growing family around him (especially if they are musical) could not do better, in case of losing a leg, than to invest his money in one of the self-acting, heat-radiating, gum-elastic, calf-displaying, boot-saving, music-making wooden legs; they are guaranteed to last until they wear out, and calculated to play twenty of the most popular tunes, including the air of that old ballad, "The Ups and Downs of Life." On the whole, though, "Young America," I don't know but that it was wise in your governor not to have filled your noddle with martial notions; your life, it is true, has been one unvaried round of tameness from the time you swept out the country house until the present moment, when you are head clerk to "Dripping & Fat" in the pork business, with a yearly percentage on the profits, or third partner of "Beam, Scantling & Co.," with the privilege of shipping on your own account one load of timber yearly.

No doubt as a single man in the navy you would have been smiled on by Miss Araminta Taroil, daughter of the old and respected gentleman of the firm of Taroil & Junk in Grub Alley, and your imperial and moustache would have been thought perfection by Miss Crankum; but, Lord help you, young fellow, old Crankum would in his soul have damned all young men who wore "Napoleons," and in kindness to his daughter would have exerted his very best interest with Senator Sly, or the member from Bowling Green, to have you ordered to sea in the first ship that was fitting out; and if you were not sent to the West Indies in the fever season, you would likely go to the coast of Africa. The result, a bald head after a three-years' cruise and large increase of crow's feet, moustachios very wiry, and "Napoleon" shaved off.

I have not as yet amassed any amount of wealth (during my naval career), that talisman to which all doors fly open, and which in-

sures you a bow and a smile at almost every corner; indeed, I have often wondered where those little ravens came from that supplied my necessities in this wilderness of life. I have, however, in the hardest times carried with me an easy conscience, and that we are told is better by far than gold or diamonds.

At times, it is true, I have thought I did not act exactly right in that affair of Biddy Growler, at least I ought to have sent her "King Charles" back to her before it became all filled with tar and pitch; but then she was a very strong-minded person and with severe principles, and, Lord bless your soul! she did not feel it any more than she would crossing the Thames in a wherry. I have often pictured her to myself, sobbing and sighing at nights on her little white pillow, with her dumpling of a hand pressed to her throbbing brow, and her long eyelashes glistening with a tear, while she thought of the heartlessness of one Harry Marline; but, pshaw; what nonsense in me to talk so. Didn't I see her with Phizzlepop two days after the affair at her house quietly eating all kinds of good things near the Villa Reale? Didn't she laugh at me as I walked past her and put Phizzlepop's glass to her eye, and say she wondered how midshipmen could be such spooneys? and didn't she?— But never mind what, my conscience is quiet on that business, and I can calmly say there is nothing on it that can give me a moment's uneasiness. Had I been a merchant I might now have had cause to reproach myself for cutting the friend who had started me in life, because he had been unfortunate in business, and his account in bank not with so large a balance as mine. Had I been a lawyer of repute, I might in the course of my pleadings have talked away the life of a fellow-creature, or consigned him for ten years to a dark and dismal dungeon; or had I been a doctor,—but then doctors are not supposed to have conscience, and see so much of human misery that they become indifferent to it, as confectioners are to the sweetmeats and other good things which only tempt their customers,—if I slipped some old fellow off before his time, why it would all have been in the way of business, and nothing would be thought of so common an event.

What faults I have committed in the exercise of my duty I won't pretend to say. I have always endeavored to uphold the honor of the flag, and the most I can accuse myself of is coming on board ship now and then with a brick in my hat, my mind no doubt wandering to the subject of architecture, and being desirous of accumulating materials for a house when I should finally settle upon the future Mrs. Marline.

"Grim-visaged war" has called me to the ocean, but I can truly say, on the honor of a gentleman, that even in the heat of battle at Qualla Battoo (the only engagement I have ever been in) I never killed an innocent child or helpless woman, though the latter fought like tigers, and scratched our men's faces with their nails like cats (there

were no men in the town); and I don't blush to mention now that it was through my philanthropic feelings that the leaden covers to the shell fuses were not taken off, thereby preventing the shell from exploding and killing hundreds, an idea of my own entirely. It is true that a valuable invention for killing men was picked up by a British officer and sent home to the Admiralty, whereby they became possessed of our secret, but as they will likely use them against the French and never against us, why there is no harm done, and we will see how they work before we have cause to use them ourselves.

I may in these "Notes from a Lucky Bag" have been a little hard on some of my imaginary characters, if you may so please to call them, but then in a lucky bag one cannot very well discriminate in the articles, and the first thing that comes handy is tossed out without respect of persons. I might have smoothed over some little matters, but then what was to become of truth? Is that sacred principle to be tampered with out of a feeling of compassion? Truth has been the object I have aimed at throughout this journal, and if I have not hit it in the estimation of my readers, all I can say is that they are dull of comprehending me. I feel the importance of truth as much as Captain Marvellous ever did, and if I have said anything at all bearing the character of levity, I must throw myself on the charity of my readers and promise to do so no more.

And now, good friends, I must say good-night. I have no time at present to give you any more of my stray notes if I had the will,—I have this moment received orders to go round the Horn in command of the four-gun schooner "Pitchaway," having been executive officer in the same vessel in the above-mentioned battle of Qualla Battoo.

She is a wretched little affair, and the cabin is not big enough "to sling a cat around by the tail," but as I have no necessity or desire to sling a cat around by the tail in the above-mentioned cabin, no doubt I shall find it quite large enough for all practical purposes. There are shelves and lockers enough to put my papers in, and the country (with a liberality that does it credit) has supplied me with half a ream of foolscap, a bottle of ink, and a bunch of quills. What better use can I make of them than to jot down the tough yarns I hear in the Pacific? It shall be done, and, good reader, you and I may yet meet again.

AU REVOIR.

DESERTION.

THE question of desertion in the army is one which has for many years agitated the minds of the military authorities, not only of the United States, but of other nations. The causes of the evil have been diligently sought, with a view to its prevention, or at least to its amelioration. Many reasons for it have been suggested, and many remedies have been proposed. The greater number of the opinions expressed upon the subject have been by those farthest removed from immediate contact with the disease. Consequently, the views advanced are in many cases erroneous, and the remedies recommended, instead of having a tendency to mitigate, would, if adopted, be calculated to increase the difficulties they are designed to obviate. General Order No. 130, series of 1882, from the adjutant-general's office, is a move in the right direction. It will probably result, to a certain extent, in furnishing the War Department with the reasons assigned by the men for leaving the service, in violation of the solemn oath voluntarily taken by them at the time of their enlistment. But this, in my opinion, falls very far short of accomplishing the end desired. Suppose that, in every instance where a board is convened for the purpose of examining into the circumstances connected with the desertion of a soldier, it should succeed in obtaining the exact views of the deserter, the list of his grievances would be small. It would consist of too much work, complaint as to quantity or quality of food, maltreatment by non-commissioned officers, not being allowed to appeal to his company commander, and arbitrary punishments; but, on the contrary, in the large majority of instances, boards fail to discover any cause whatever for the unauthorized absence. The man has gone, nobody knows why. The evils enumerated (with the exception of the first-named, over which a company commander, as a general thing, has no control), where they are known to exist, could readily be remedied; and were they all, the question would soon be solved, and there would be no more desertions. But these may be considered the fewest and most unimportant, as far as their existence is concerned, for, with the exception already made, they very rarely occur now in our service.

There is no doubt that, should the proceedings of the boards provided for in the general order above referred to, now on file in the ad-

jutant-general's office, and the reports of inspectors be examined, it will be found that soldiers generally are well fed, well clothed, and justly treated.

Some of the most fruitful causes of desertion are drunkenness, worthlessness, and enlistments not made in good faith. Men with an insatiable desire for stimulants longingly look forward to pay-day, when, with a pocketful of money, they will have an opportunity of abandoning themselves to that which has almost become the sole object of their existence. In this connection it might not be inappropriate to state that the order prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors by post-traders has been a detriment to the service, rather than a benefit. Many of those whom it was intended to reach are forced by it into absence without leave and desertion, for they will have liquor at all hazards. Previous to the issuance of the order they procured it at the trader's store, and, although they woke up in the guard-house, they were not absent without leave, nor did they desert. Moreover, the commanding officer had the matter under his control, and could regulate the sale in such a way as to prevent the evil effects which result from dealing it out in unlimited quantities by irresponsible parties. This I know from personal experience, as, at a post which I once commanded, where on my assuming command drunkenness prevailed to a very large extent, I reduced it to the minimum, so that intoxication rarely ever occurred. This was accomplished by prohibiting the bar from being opened except at stated intervals, and then only for twenty minutes or half an hour, and by requiring the barkeeper to observe that each man who called received one drink only at each time the bar was open.

As has been stated, this class of men will have it in any event, and under the operation of the order referred to they are obliged often to go miles in order to procure it. They get drunk and remain so for a day or two. Upon returning to consciousness they discover they have been absent without leave, and supposing that they may have been reported as deserters, fear the consequences should they return, and thereupon remain absent, and become deserters in fact. These cases are very common.

The worthless class are those without energy, enterprise, or any object in life beyond a bare existence. They may be addicted to drunkenness or want. Their principal object in enlisting is that they may be fed and clothed. After having been in the service for a time, concluding that the requirements of a soldier's life call upon them for more exertion and energy than they feel disposed to put forth, they leave, having first accumulated sufficient pay to enable them to carry out their design. These, as a general thing, belong to the grand army of tramps.

Among those who enlist in bad faith are such as General Sherman mentions in his report: who enlist in the East for the purpose of having

transportation furnished them to the Western States, where, upon their arrival, or having remained in the service a sufficient length of time to accumulate two months' pay, they carry out the design conceived by them previous to enlistment and desert, going to the mines, to the railroads in Mexico, or elsewhere, as their tastes dictate. Others of this class already in the West, and who have not been very successful in civil pursuits, although they manage to get along pretty comfortably during the summer, feeling the necessity of seeking shelter and a comfortable place for the winter, enlist with the intention of deserting in the spring. Having been well fed and well clothed during the winter, and with a nice little sum of money in the spring, they find themselves in good condition for beginning life anew.

Added to the above are those who consider themselves absolved from their part of the contract by the impression they have formed that the government has violated its part in making laborers and mechanics of them instead of soldiers, as specified in the enlistment paper. Many, after their enlistment, are discovered to be mechanics of some kind or another, and as soon as the discovery is made are put to work at their trade, whatever it may be, thus imposing upon them in many instances the very thing which they enlisted to avoid, and, as is sometimes the case, instead of doing a soldier's duty, they are kept during the whole five years (provided they do not desert) at work at the bench. This also applies, with more or less force, to common labor performed by soldiers.

It will no doubt be found that the number of those who desert in consequence of ill treatment on the part of their officers or non-commissioned officers, or from not being provided with those comforts and conveniences which it is the intention of the government that they shall have, is the smallest possible: these instances rarely occur.

It would seem to be pretty clearly demonstrated that the reasons for desertion can be reduced to the five above mentioned. That being the case, it only remains to apply the remedy, though, of course, it is not expected that any course of treatment will effect an entire cure; but if the right medicines are diligently administered, accompanied by proper nursing, a vast improvement will doubtless result.

As regards the drunken, worthless, and dishonest, the first and most important thing is, as far as possible, to prevent them entering the service; secondly, finding them in the service, endeavor to reform them and teach them habits of industry, of usefulness.

With reference to the fourth class, they should not be required to perform any labor beyond that implied in the enlistment contract, that which immediately pertains to the duties of a soldier,—in garrison, such as is necessary for keeping grounds, yards, barracks, etc., neat and clean, loading and unloading government stores or supplies, and work of a kindred nature; in the field, or in operations against an enemy,

building or repairing roads and bridges over which wagon-trains or artillery belonging to the troops are required to pass, throwing up temporary fortifications, building temporary shelter for troops and animals, and the like. Permanent roads, bridges, fortifications, barracks, quarters,—in fact, all improvements of a permanent character,—should be performed by civilian labor, or, if by enlisted men, the enlistment should be made especially for that purpose, with a full understanding with the man to that effect at the time of enlistment. Such artificers as are required with the troops at all times should be special enlistments, and should be assigned to companies as necessity demanded. Enlistment papers should be made to conform to the exact contract in each case. It really matters little what the contract between the government and the soldier is, so that it is strictly carried out on the part of the government.

As has been before stated, the complaints of enlisted men with regard to the internal economy of the company in which they may be serving can readily be investigated and corrected.

Two of the remedies which I have seen recommended are shorter terms for re-enlistment and more pay, both of which would work injury to the service without producing any beneficial effect whatever. Short terms of enlistment are always detrimental. A soldier who has served five years and become so much attached to the service as to desire to continue in it will re-enlist as readily for five as three years. Five years should be the minimum, in the interest of efficiency. My own observation for over fifteen years satisfies me that to shorten the term would have little, if any, influence upon re-enlistments, and none at all upon desertions.

As to an increase of pay, no worse policy could be adopted. It would have a tendency to largely increase desertion, rather than diminish it. It would stimulate all classes of desertion, particularly under the bi-monthly system of payment. It would furnish every class above mentioned with greater facilities for making their desertion successful. In addition to assisting deserters in general to get away, it would stimulate dishonest enlistments. Those who advance the idea of increase of pay certainly cannot have given the matter mature thought. The probability is that, beyond the company commander and the paymaster, one will rarely be found who could answer the question as to the amount of pay that a soldier receives. The general idea is that the soldier's pay is thirteen dollars per month. The members of Congress who voted for the bill which became the act of May 15, 1872, in all probability, do not now know, if they did then, that the recruit in the third year of his enlistment receives fourteen dollars per month, in the fourth fifteen, and in the fifth year sixteen, and that after five years' service, by the provisions of the act of August 4, 1854, he receives eighteen, after ten years nineteen, and after fifteen years twenty

dollars per month. By reference to these figures, in connection with the fact that, in addition to this monthly pay, they are provided by the government with their food, clothing, fuel, bed, house-room, medicine, medical attendance and nursing when they are sick, and that their pay and allowances continue as well during sickness as when they are in health, it will be found that they are better paid and cared for than any class of men from among whom soldiers are enlisted. The government is now paying more than the market value for this kind of service, and should the expense in this particular be increased the result would be squandering money, and at the same time really doing the service an injury. Values are regulated by surrounding conditions and circumstances. When the government or a private individual pay more for a common commodity than it is actually worth they do themselves an injury, as well (as is often the case) as those from whom the purchase is made, or by whom the service is rendered. It destroys commercial equilibrium, is bad policy, and should always be avoided. The men do not complain of the amount of pay they receive. No dissatisfaction whatever is expressed on that score. It is never given as a reason for desertion. Three dollars more would never induce a man to remain in the service who belongs to the class who would desert.

There are a number of ways in which this deplorable evil could be remedied by the government, and it is principally to Congress and the War Department that we are to look for assistance in reducing this source of demoralization and expense to the minimum. The standard of non-commissioned officers should be raised to a position corresponding to the responsibility and importance of the officer. They—at least the sergeants—should be a connecting link between the officer and the private soldier. They should be inspired with a feeling of sympathy with the officer in promoting discipline and efficiency among the men, instead of, as at present, being in sympathy with the men, as is the case in the majority of instances, in shielding them from just punishment, conniving at desertion and all manner of breaches of discipline. An officer may be well satisfied that something is wrong in his company, but is unable to get at the bottom of it or discover the malcontent, for the reason that non-commissioned officers will not inform on them, or render the company commander any assistance whatever. They must have more pay, and a great deal more, than they are now receiving. No competent and reliable man will impose upon himself the duties and responsibilities of the office of non-commissioned officer for the pay at present allowed. An old soldier who is industrious and saving, and probably an artisan, although well qualified, will not accept an appointment, for the reason that by being placed on extra duty at thirty-five cents a day he will receive more pay than the first sergeant. While the government is now paying, probably, more than the market value for the services rendered by the private soldier, it is not paying

much more than half the value of the service expected from non-commissioned officers. It would be extremely unfortunate for the service should the bill proposed in the Senate during the last session of Congress as an amendment to the appropriation bill become a law, in which it was provided that privates, corporals, and sergeants should have an increase of three dollars per month, and first sergeants only two. The pay of the private soldier should by no means be increased, but that of all non-commissioned officers should be greatly advanced, and above all that of first sergeant.

Sutlers' or traders' stores should be done away with, and in their stead club rooms or canteens should be established and conducted upon principles similar to those prescribed in the regulations for the British military service, in connection with which should be a gymnasium, a variety of games, a well-constituted library, reading-room, etc.

A retired list for enlisted men should be provided for, and, as suggested in a bill introduced by Mr. Rogers in the present session of Congress, the fines imposed by sentences of garrison courts-martial, and the stoppage of twelve and a half cents per month from the soldier's pay, now collected by the paymaster, and which go to the support of the Soldiers' Home, should be transferred from that object and applied to the maintenance of such retired list. The money necessary to the support of the Soldiers' Home should be appropriated by Congress each year, provided it was considered necessary to continue that institution after the establishment of the retired list. The Soldiers' Home is far from being popular among the enlisted men of the army, an evidence of which is the small number who are inclined to take advantage of it.

The government actually assists and encourages desertion in at least two ways: First, by its pernicious system of bi-monthly payments, as has been above demonstrated; second, by supporting the judge-advocate's department as at present constituted. It is presumed that no one will venture the assertion that more frequent payments are either impossible or impracticable. It seems to have been successfully carried out in other armies, and why not in that of the United States, when there can be no question as to its beneficial results? Furthermore, whatever the manner of payment may be, a larger proportion of the pay of the private soldier should be retained until his discharge,—one-third at least, and perhaps one-half. Not so with non-commissioned officers, who should be men of character and reliability, more nearly approaching the commissioned officer, and whose pay ought to be at least twenty-five, thirty-five, and, for a first sergeant, forty-five dollars per month.

The judge-advocate's corps is an obstacle in the way of discipline, and always has been. In making this statement it is not the intention to reflect invidiously on the members of the corps. We might be willing to admit that they were all of the highest order of legal ability.

But gentlemen without a military education, no matter what their legal knowledge may be, must of necessity be at a loss when called upon to conduct and decide upon cases involving military discipline, and in rendering opinions upon the same. It is presumed many officers will call to mind several instances in point, occurring within the past year or two, in connection with trials of very great importance to the service, to say nothing of those less prominent.

The punishment for desertion has become so mild that it produces little or no dread in the mind of the deserter. In the first place, if he is shrewd, the chances are largely in favor of his not being apprehended; and, in the second place, he knows if he is caught he will only have two years to serve in the military prison, where the labor which he will have to perform is not heavy, where he will three times a day sit down to a table probably better supplied than that of any company in the army, with a luxurious bed to sleep upon, plenty of good and comfortable clothing, medical attendance, and all the comforts of life; and at the end of his term he goes out into the world with as much money as he had at the time of desertion, and becomes again a citizen, on an equality with the rest of the community, with no assurance that he will not repeat the same *rôle ad infinitum.*

With a judge-advocate's corps composed of officers having the requisite knowledge and experience, and disposition to sustain the courts in their endeavors to correct abuses and bring discipline up to the proper standard, a different state of affairs would no doubt exist. No matter what the sentence of the court may be, two years is the extent of the term of imprisonment, and, in addition to this, it has been argued that desertion ought to be included in the list of those cases coming under the statute of limitation,—that is, barring trial unless apprehension and prosecution should take place within two years from date of desertion.

Some means should be resorted to by which the crime of desertion would become odious. Let the penalty be established by statute, for the sake of uniformity, so that it is commensurate with the enormity of the offense. Some system should be adopted by which a man, having once deserted, would be discovered while undergoing the physical examination required previous to enlisting should he again offer himself. The suggestion of General Howard is a good one,—that of reviving the custom of indelibly marking. No injury or suffering results to the man, and the service is protected. It is impossible to conceive why the most ignominious of all crimes known to military law should be treated with such leniency. Much can be accomplished by the different branches of the government to mitigate this evil by the exertion of a little energy and determination.

O. W. Pollock,
Captain Twenty-third Infantry.

WAR NEWS IN AN OLD MAGAZINE.

MAGAZINE, the dictionary says, comes from the Arabic *al-makhzen*, the storehouse. We get it through the Spanish *magaçen*, and French *magazin*.

The dictionaries give, as one meaning of the word, "a periodical miscellaneous publication, distinct from a newspaper or review," and "a pamphlet periodically published, containing miscellaneous papers or compositions."

The earliest publications of the magazine species in our language were the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, started by Cave in 1731, published in London, and still in existence; the *London Magazine*, established in the succeeding year, which had an existence of forty years; and the *Scots' Magazine*, established in 1739.

We say *magazine species*, because other periodicals and literary ventures, such as *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, *Ramblers*, *Mercuries*, and *Monthly Chronicles*, were not entitled to be classed as such, however interesting in their way.

On our own continent there were published, chiefly in Philadelphia and Boston, magazines almost as early in date as those above named. B. Franklin published the *General Magazine* in Philadelphia from January to June, 1741.

Bradford made a venture with the *American Magazine* in the same year, which was even more short-lived, reaching only the third number. Another *American Magazine* was published by W. Bradford, from March, 1757, to November, 1758, in Philadelphia; and it was continued for about a year longer at Woodbridge, New Jersey.

The *American Magazine*, published in Boston, existed for three years, from 1742 to 1745. The *Pennsylvania Magazine*, or *American Monthly Museum*, had an existence which lasted from January, 1775, to January, 1776; and the *United States Magazine* was issued in 1779, but only reached a few numbers. The times were not propitious for literary ventures.

The original contributions to the early periodicals of this class were generally short and often unimportant, printed with great wealth of capital letters, italics, and long *s*'s, of course, and the communications signed by "Sylvius," "Alumnus," "Nic. Machiavel," and our old

friend the "Constant Reader,"—dreary things, most of them, but they faithfully reflect the spirit of the time, as from a thousand facets.

These magazines combined communications and essays on political subjects, morals and manners, news foreign and domestic, the gazette of military and naval promotions, ecclesiastical preferments, the course of the stocks, the bills of mortality, bankruptcies, births, deaths, and marriages, *et qui busdam aliis.*

The language used in some of the essays is often coarse, and sometimes blasphemous, so that in these more refined days it would be impossible to print some of it.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested by a volume of the *London Magazine* for 1740, which lies before us as we write, and which contains many communications and notices of the capture of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon, interesting especially to naval and military readers, who may there see how "our own correspondent" reported battles one hundred and forty years ago. Porto Bello fell in November, 1739, but it was not until the middle of the following March that the officer who bore the dispatches concerning the action reached England, and reported himself, not at the Admiralty, but to the Duke of Newcastle, his Majesty's principal Secretary of State.

The news was received with vast enthusiasm, and Vernon was the hero of the hour. Everything was Vernon; horses, babies, and pothouses were alike named after the "brave admiral," and to his exploits we shall return, after making some general extracts from the volume in question.

In the year of grace 1740, George, the second of the name, was king, and in his auspicious reign more than two hundred offenses were punishable by death. General Oglethorpe was struggling with the Spaniards in Florida, and laying the foundation of the great State of Georgia, of which it can be no harm to regret that it had not a better godfather than George. In 1740, Charles Francis of Austria passed away,—the last of the male line of Hapsburg,—and Maria Theresa's troubles began. In 1740 the Czarina Anna Iwanowna died, leaving as heir to the great empire of Russia a baby of a few months old; but, most important of all, in 1740 the great Frederick came to the throne of a third-class state, and began the marvelous work which has ended in raising the Hohenzollerns to the position they occupy today.

The magazine at which we are looking was carefully edited, that is very certain. What we should call defects are the fault of the times, and not of the conductor, who is addressed sometimes by his name, Caleb D'Anvers, or as "the *author* of the *London Magazine*," or simply as "Sir."

And now for some of the contents. In the first place, it is evident that the navy is the favorite service with the public, as was natural in

a Vernon year. Slurs upon the army are not infrequent, and there are some communications in regard to that branch of the service intended to be withering in sarcasm; but the playfulness is generally as clumsy as are the antics of a mule. On the contrary, we find contributors, just as in the present day, writing serious essays upon "ways and means to man the navy" and kindred topics.

One of them says, "I am convinced no Example can be found, of our having ever made Draughts from regular, well-disciplined Regiments, in order to employ them as Marines on board our Navy. I must beg leave, sir, to say that, in my Opinion, it would be ridiculous: for I cannot but think that newly-raised Troops are as good on board a Man-of-war as well-disciplined Soldiers. In fighting a ship there are no Marches or Counter-Marches; there is no part of the Land Discipline required but that of loading and firing the Musket: and a Country Fellow from the Plough, may in three days, be taught to do this as adroitly as the most expert Soldier in the Army. It seems to be granted of all Sides, sir, that the raising of a body of Marines is necessary.

"In the War in the late Queen's Time, we were so far from making Draughts from our old Regiments for the Service of our Navy, that we not only raised Six Regiments of Marines, but also Six Regiments of Land Soldiers to serve on board our Ships of War."

On the 5th of February (of course before the news of Porto Bello) a proclamation was posted "For the Encouragement of Seamen to enter his Majestie's Service; wherein every able Sailor above the Age of 18 and under 54, who shall voluntarily enter on board of any of his Majesty's Ships of War before the 18th of *March* next, is to receive two Guineas as Bounty Money; and every ordinary Man 30*s*., and be further entitled to six Months' Pay, provided there should not be an Occasion for their Service for so long a time. After the said 15th day of March, Constables are to have two Guineas for every Sea-faring Man impress'd by them."

If he was to be "press'd," it was better for "Jack" to press himself, evidently.

In the February number of the magazine we have a notice of a Captain Dumaresque, of a New England privateer, capturing a most valuable prize, the "Nuestra Senora del Pilar," in sight of the Canaries. This name, slightly altered, has been known very favorably, if we are not mistaken, in privateer and merchant service within the present century.

In one of the numbers the appointment of Horace Mann as resident to the Grand Duke of Tuscany is announced, and Walpole's gossiping letters seem to have been the principal result.

Among the marriage notices we find "Jno: Rawlinson, Esqre, a gentleman of great Estate in *Oxfordshire*, to Miss *Locke*, daughter of Sir *John Locke*, whose Fortune, 'tis said, will be little less than 100,000 *l*."

The portions are generally given when they are above five thousand pounds. The usual form is "Miss Anne Smith, a 20,000 *l.* fortune." The lady is often described as the "sister of so and so."

The obituary notices are just as quaint in the eyes of the present generation:

"The Right Honourable the Earl of Delorain, a Scotch Peer, and lately a *Captain* of a Man of War, suddenly in his *Chariot.*"

"Lieut: General *Evans*, first General of Horse; Colonel of a Regiment of Horse, and Governor of *Chelsea College.* He was a brave old officer, and distinguished himself at the battle of *Sheriffmuir*, where he received a dangerous wound on the head, with a *Cutlass*, from a *Highlander*, to whom he ordered the Dragoons to give Quarter, for the fellow's bravery, when one of them was going to shoot him thro' the Head, for attacking the General, at the head of his Regiment."

"Died. Sir W^m^. Culpeper, Bart: He lost a good Estate by Gaming. The title is now extinct."

As if to have a due representation in all departments of the periodical in this "Vernon year," we find two death notices of the admiral's family: "At Chatham, M^r^. Best, Brewer to the Navy, and Father of the brave Adm^l^. *Vernon's* lady." Not long after we have a notice of the death of the admiral's youngest son, aged eleven years, of the smallpox.

"Death. In *Southwark*, Sir *John Lade*, Bart: aged near 80, reckon'd one of the best *Justices* in *England*, and worth 100,000 *l.* He has left his Estate to a Nephew, about 9 yrs. of age; but the Title falls to another *Nephew*, a Marine at *Portsmouth*, to whom Sir John has left 20 *s.* a Week for his Life."

It would be curious to know what became of the private marine. Was he pensioned by the other nephew, or did he go on being roused out by the corporal for the relief?

"M^rs^. Barbara Hyde, aged 87, a single Gentlewoman, Daughter of Dr. Alexander Hyde, Bishop of *Salisbury*, in Chas: II.'s time."

In all the notices there is a free use of the word *eminent*,—"eminent" soap-boilers, eminent bellows-menders, and so forth; never eminent generals or eminent lawyers: they are described as "brave" or "learned."

"Eminent" appears to have been used in the same way that "prominent" is just now with us. Future generations will laugh at our use of *prominent* in connection with ward politicians, dealers in fertilizers, and dancing-masters, all of whom have representatives who are *prominent*, according to the daily newspapers.

They seem to have been afflicted with pension agents in 1740, just as we are. We read that "one O'Brian, an Attorney, stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, for forging pension certificates." He had, also, "a year in Newgate, a fine of five pounds, and to give security for good

behavior." When we consider what a confinement in Newgate was, and what the relative value of money was, the sentence was a severe one, even for so mean a crime.

In our magazine death sentences at the different assizes are regularly given, but seldom the names of the sufferers, still less their deportment or the particulars of the breakfast eaten on the morning of execution; nor do bouquets appear to have been regularly sent to them.

"A woman for stealing a silver tankard." "Two for the highway." "Two for horse-stealing." "One for murder." "One for robbing a man on the highway of three farthings."

A remarkable Oxford assize is noticed, called a *maiden*, because there was no capital conviction. The same week two footpads rob the Worcester mail near Tyburn turnpike.

To turn to other matters, a Mrs. Stephens received five thousand pounds, by act of Parliament, "for the discovery of her medicines for the stone, and proofs made of their utility, efficacy, and Dissolving power."

Much public sympathy was about this time shown for a certain Captain Peddie, of the navy, who had been shipwrecked in his vessel, the "Prince of Orange," in Margate Roads. He had just before had a severe fight with a Spanish vessel of superior force, beating her off. Public sympathy was worth something in his case, for it not only got him another command at once,—the "Basilisk" bomb-ketch,—but the profits of a play *acted for his benefit* are "said to have reached a thousand pounds."

The following extract shows that they were not so lenient to theatrical delinquents as the present generation:

"Wednesday 23rd. This Night a Disturbance happen'd at Drury Lane Playhouse, occasion'd by two of the principal Dancers not being there to dance at the End of the Entertainment, whereupon several Gentlemen in the Boxes and Pit pull'd up the Seats and Flooring of the same, tore down the Hangings, broke down the Partitions, and all the Glasses and Sconces; the King's Arms over the middle front Box was pull'd down and broke to pieces; they also destroy'd the Harpsichord, Bass Viol, and other Instruments in the Orchestra; the Curtain they cut to pieces with their swords, forc'd their way into the lesser Green-Room, where they broke the Glasses, *et cætera*, and after destroying every Thing they could well get asunder, to the Amount of about 3 or £400 Damage, left the House in a very ruinous condition."

"Ruinous," quoth 'a! We should say so. The foregoing little "item" is given without a single word of comment, just as one should mention a disastrous fire or a hard frost, one of the things which are inevitable, and we should put up with in a proper spirit.

In the March number a long account is given of a "Negro Insur-

rection in South Carolina," which happened "some time since," and which was "composed" by General Oglethorpe. The negroes were headed by some Angola blacks, many of whom spoke Portuguese, "which language is near as *Spanish* as *Scotch* is to *English*." Many of them escaped to the Spaniards at St. Augustine, to the huge disgust of the doughty general.

But enough of "*faits divers*," let us see about Admiral Vernon and Porto Bello.

Edward Vernon, who rose to be vice-admiral of the blue in the English navy, came of an ancient family in Staffordshire. His father was Secretary of State to William and Mary. He received a classical education, and was reluctantly permitted by his father to enter the navy. He saw much and continuous service at Vigo under Admiral Hopson, under Sir George Rooke in the West Indies and Mediterranean (both excellent officers), and again in the West Indies under Sir Charles Wager.

On the accession of George the Second, in 1727, he was a member of Parliament for Penryn, but he soon went afloat again. In 1739 he was appointed vice-admiral of the blue, and commander-in-chief of the squadron fitted out to destroy the Spanish settlements in the West Indies.

He sailed from Spithead on the 23d of July of that year, and on the 20th of the following November arrived in sight of Porto Bello. He had in the mean time touched at Jamaica to receive supplies and embark some troops.

Porto Bello is not so far from the modern town of Aspinwall, and at that time was the key to the immensely valuable trans-isthmian traffic with Panama. As we shall see farther on the cotemporary estimate of his action at Porto Bello, we will now sketch Vernon's subsequent history in a few words.

In the spring of 1741 he made an attack upon Carthagena, in conjunction with General Wentworth. This was a disastrous failure. It would now be forgotten but for the genius of Smollett, who served in the expedition as a surgeon's mate, and who describes it in "Roderick Random."

During the rebellion of 1745, Admiral Vernon served upon the coast of England very creditably, but afterwards he had a quarrel with the Admiralty, the Lords disagreeing with him concerning the appointment of a gunner.

In spite of his services and of his high rank, he was unceremoniously struck from the list, and thenceforth retired from all public affairs, except the representation of Ipswich in the House of Commons. He died quite suddenly at his seat at Nacton, in October, 1757, in the seventy-third year of his age. His estate at Nacton was contiguous to that of the Brokes, and Sir Philip Broke, of the "Shannon," lies

buried in the same parish church where, as a boy, he must often have looked upon Admiral Vernon's monument.

The British people were most anxiously waiting for news of some successful stroke against the haughty Don, and we find in the January number of the magazine the following effusion, which is given as a specimen of how the "agony was piled up" and public enthusiasm stimulated:

"ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

"Britannia long Iberia's insults bore,
And the check'd thunders slumber'd on the shore,
While Britain's genius saw with silent pain
Her rights invaded and her sons complain.
In vain the gen'rous merchant seeks relief,
Her cities mourn, her sailors pine with grief,
While ghosts of ancient heroes haunt the shores,
And *Raleigh's* injured shade revenge implores.
Ev'n *Neptune* frown'd, and with indignant smile,
And eyes up-cast, accus'd his fav'rite isle;
Then with his trident struck the coral ground,
And call'd up all his Tritons at the sound.
To arms! to arms! the scaly kingdom rung;
To arms! to arms! the tuneful Nereids sung.
* * * * * * * * *
Now ships, long moor'd, their rusty anchors weigh,
Their stiffen'd flags unfurl, and wing to sea.
* * * * * * * * *
Hid in his port the trembling coward keeps,
Lowers his sail, nor ventures to the deeps."

Et cætera, et cætera, for about fifty lines more.

In February a vague report is published to the effect that Admiral Vernon with a body of troops had made a descent upon the island of Cuba, and taken a post defended by twelve pieces of cannon.

Then, on March 13th, arrived the great news that the admiral with six ships had taken Porto Bello on the 21st of November preceding, upon which all England went wild with excitement, although the action had been in truth almost a bloodless one. There were six ships engaged, viz.: the "Burford" (70), the flag-ship; the "Hampton Court" (70), the "Princess Louisa" (60), "Worcester" (60), "Strafford" (60), and "Norwich" (50). There were three killed and three wounded on board the flag-ship, and the "Worcester" had the same. One man was wounded on board the "Hampton Court," and two soldiers were wounded in the landing, one mortally. The "Princess Louisa" lost her main-topgallantmast.

The admiral's report was brought to England by Captain Rentone, who had distinguished himself in the action, and was put in command of a snow captured in the port to bring the news "express."

The report of the operations is in the usual form, giving an ac-

count of the conduct of officers, the articles of capitulation, the capture of *guarda costas*, the mining and destruction of the forts, the release of some factors of the South Sea Company held as prisoners by the Spaniards, and a sort of bird's-eye view and chart of the place, showing the vessels enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and the forts the same. The editor of the magazine gives an account of Porto Bello, which will show, he says, of how much importance it was to the Spaniards:

"Porto Bello is on the North Side of the famous *Isthmus of America*, commonly call'd the Isthmus of Darien, which running in a manner from East to West, between the *North* and *South Seas*, joins the two vast continents of *North* and *South America*. It is about 18 leagues from *Panama*, which lies on the South Side of the said *Isthmus*. Porto Bello is a very fair, large and commodious Harbour, affording good Anchoring and good Shelter for Ships, having a narrow mouth, and spreading wider within. How it was fortify'd and defended, may sufficiently appear from the brave Exploits of Admiral Vernon. At the Bottom of the Harbour lies the Town, bending along the Shore like a Half-moon. It is long and narrow, having two principal Streets, besides those that go across; with a small Parade about the Middle of it, surrounded with pretty fair Houses. The Town lies open to the Country, and at the East End of it, where the Road to *Panama* goes out (because of Hills that lie to the Southward of the Town, and obstruct the direct Passage), there lies a long Stable running North and South from the Town, to which it joins. This is the King's stable for the Mules that are employed in the Road betwixt this and Panama. Porto Bello is an unhealthy Place (tho' not so bad as *Nombre de Dios*, where the Business transacted at Porto Bello was formerly carried on). The East Side is low and swampy, and the Sea at low-water leaves the Shore within the Harbour bare, a great way from the Houses; which having a black filthy Mud, it stinks very much, and breeds noisom Vapours thro' the heat of the climate, it lying in the 10th Degree of North Latitude. For this Reason it is but thinly peopled, tho' in the Time of the Trade there were more people than are to be seen in any place in all *South America* at one Time. For what this place was particularly fam'd for, is the *Spanish* Galloons coming thither yearly from *Old Spain*. When they are near the Coast, Notice is given by an Advice-Boat to the place they are before, that the Fleet is coming: Immediately Posts are sent to *Carthagena, Panama, Lima* in *Peru*, etc., to give Notice, and to hasten the King's Treasure. After which it was wonderful to see in how short a Time and with what Quantities of Money and Goods the Merchants flock'd from all Parts to *Porto Bello*. Immediately there was not a Lodging or a Warehouse to be had for Money, and a Garret able to hold but a Bed and some Chests of Money would cost 50 Crowns Rent, but for 20 Days Use of it. The *Indian* merchants (of whom there are many, and some very wealthy) set up

Tents and Hammocks, and encamp'd without the Town. Great Numbers of Periaguas and Canoos, and also Sloops and Barks, us'd to come down the *Rio Chagre*, and bring their Goods that way by Water, which is but a little from Porto Bello to the West. But the Plate, or Gold and Silver, us'd to be carried all the Way by Land upon Mules (some say 2000) from *Panama* to *Porto Bello*. When the Galloons unloaded the Fair began; and 'twas a surprizing Sight to see, that in less than 20 Days the Trade would rise to such a Height that the Galloons would take 20 or 25 Millions of Pieces of Eight on Board, besides the Quantity of Cochineal, Indico, etc., loaded afterwards; and all dispatch'd with the greatest Order and Ease imaginable, the Consignments all regular, the Money duly register'd, with the Marks and Numbers distinct and all settled: And in a Month now the Ships set Sail, and the place began to look empty again as it was before. The Method was for the Galloons to return to Carthagena and from thence to sail to the Havana in the Island of *Cuba* to meet the Flota from Vera Cruz, in order to proceed together thro' the Gulf of *Florida* for *Old Spain*. This is not the first time that Porto Bello was taken by the *English*, for Sir Francis Drake took it in the reign of Queen Elizbeth, and Sir Henry Morgan in 1668."

We are also informed that "by the blowing up the Forts at the Harbour of Porto Bello 'twill be in the Power of *Great Britain*, by sending only a 20 Gun Ship once in 2 months from Jamaica, easily to prevent the *Spaniards* from fortifying or rendering the Harbour of any Service to them for the future."

And now let us see what "our own correspondent" had to say about Porto Bello. It is very evident that he was not afforded "facilities" for sending his letter by the snow which bore the dispatches, and which took about ninety days in getting home; for it is not until the April number of the magazine that we have a letter from "Mr. W^m. Richardson, who was on board the 'Burford' at the Taking of Porto Bello." His account is quite graphic, and worthy of a correspondent of later days:

"On the auspicious 5th of *November* last, we weighed Anchor, and sailed from *Jamaica* for *Porto Bello*. The '*Burford*,' Admiral Vernon; the '*Hampton Court*,' Commodore Brown; the '*Louisa*,' Captain Waterhouse; the '*Strafford*,' Captain Trevor; the '*Worcester*,' Captain Main; and the '*Norwich*,' Captain Herbert; being 2 of 70, 3 of 60, and 1 of 50 Guns." We may remark that each of the 70-gun ships carried about 500 men; the 60's had 400, and the 50-gun ship a complement of 300.

"On the 21st in the afternoon, we came up with *Porto Bello* Harbour. The town is situate in the Bottom of a Bay, above a Mile deep, and near half a Mile broad at the Mouth of the Harbour, where a strong Castle and Fort stood on the Side of a steep Rock, with 300 Men, and 100 great Guns, called the *Iron Castle*. On the opposite

Side, but about a Mile farther up, stood Castle *Gloria*, larger than the other, having 400 Men, and 120 Guns, most of them the largest ever seen. This was also situate on the Side of a high Rock, and under the Cannon of it, and of Fort St. *Hieronymo*, which was a strong *Battery* nearly opposite; all the Ships belonging to the Harbour rode at Anchor. On the *Iron Castle* the *Spaniards* hoisted up the Flag of Defiance; and, as we were told by themselves afterwards, they wish'd earnestly for our attempting to come in, as believing they could sink us all immediately; but said, they found we were only making a second *Bastimento* Expedition, and would not give them the Pleasure of engaging us.

"But they were soon gratify'd in their Wishes; for the '*Hampton Court*' made directly opposite to the Castle, being in the Van; and, as the Wind had died away, she dropp'd her Anchor before it, receiving a very brisk Fire from the *Spaniards* at the Distance of little more than a Cable's Length. She soon convinced them that she was both willing and able to return it, for in about 25 Minutes she fir'd above 400 Shot against the Castle; so that nothing was to be seen but Fire and Smoke on both Sides. The '*Norwich*' then came up next, who met with the same *Reception;* and altho' she did not fire quite so quick as the '*Hampton Court*,' yet we could observe that her Shot was so well aim'd as to put the *Spaniards* a good deal off their Metal, hardly returning her one gun for three. In 28 Minutes the '*Worcester*' got up also, who anchoring close by the other two, did no small Execution against the Castle, in a little Time knocking down the higher Part of it, and driving many of the *Spaniards* from their Guns.

"We made all the Sail possible, and came before the Castle with the Blue Flag at our Fore-Top-Mast Head, and the Bloody Flag at the Main-Top-Mast Head, in 20 Minutes after the '*Worcester*.' The Admiral, whose Conduct and Courage is hardly to be parallel'd, order'd our Anchor to be dropp'd within half a Cable's Length of the Castle, as being resolv'd to convince them we were no Way afraid of all they could do. Notwithstanding they had discharg'd very few Guns for some Minutes before we came up; yet, as if they had resolv'd to summon up all their Courage against the Flag, they welcom'd us with a terrible Volley, which, being at so short a Distance, took Place with almost every Shot. One struck away the stern of our Barge; another broke a large Gun upon our upper Deck; a third went thro' our Fore-Top-Mast; and a fourth, passing thro' the Arning within two inches of our Main-Mast, broke down the Barricado of our Quarter Deck, very near the Admiral, and kill'd 3 Men in a Moment, wounding 5 others which stood by them. This look'd as if we should have bloody Work, but was far from discouraging our brave Fellows, (who in every Ship were so zealous as hardly to be restrain'd from firing,) for we return'd their Salute in such a Manner, that altho' they fired a Shot

now and then, yet they never did us the least Damage afterwards. We drove them from all their lower Guns the first Broad Side; and by a Spring upon our Cable, bringing about our Starboard Guns, we gave them another in 3 Minutes, and so on for 6 or 7 Rounds, which made them quite sick of the Affair, and we could observe them flying for Refuge into the Ambuscades. The Admiral, taking advantage of this Remission, order'd out the Boats with our third Lieutenant Mr. *Broderick*, and about 40 Sailors, as also a Company of Marines and their Officers, whom he commanded to land under the Fire of our Guns in the very Front of the lower Battery; and making a Signal for two other Ships to follow the Example, they all landed safe but 2 soldiers, who were killed by the Small Guns from the Castle. One man set himself close under an Embrassier, whilst another climb'd upon his shoulders and enter'd under the Mouth of a Great Gun. This so dismay'd the *Spaniards*, that they threw down their Arms and fled to the Top of the Castle; from whence scaling backwards, we could see them run into the Woods by hundreds, and fly for their Lives. All the Boats Crews were on the Platform in three Minutes after landing, and struck the *Spanish* Flag of Defiance, hoisting the *English* colours."

Another "correspondent" says that when Captain Downing, who commanded the shore party, wanted to halt the men at this juncture, to get them into some kind of order, the headmost seaman sang out, "with a great oath," "Never let us Halt before we are Lame, Captain!"—on which followed a grand huzza, and the upper batteries were stormed. If there had been any real defense, the captain might have regretted giving way to the headlong dash of his sailors. "The Capitano and Officers which were taken in the Castle shut themselves up in a strong Lodgement; but upon our Lieutenant's firing a Gun or two thro' the Door, they quickly open'd it, and begg'd Quarter. Thus the *Iron Castle* was taken by four *English* Ships (for the '*Louisa*' and '*Strafford*' were not come up) in two Hours, which, in the Hands of so many Englishmen, might have been defended against all the Naval Force of *Spain*. The *Gloria* and *Hyeronymo* Forts kept firing towards us all the Time of Action, but most of their Shot fell short, or flew over our Rigging. After we had got Possession of the *Iron Castle*, we tried to reach them with our lower Deck Guns, and could observe, that in a few Minutes we were so fortunate, as to have struck down their Flag-Staff at the *Gloria Castle*, and beat down several Houses in the Town: we also sunk a Sloop near Fort St. *Hyeronymo* and the *Gloria*. The Contest lasting till night, put an End to the Engagement; when it was resolved in full Council, that as there was no Wind, every Ship should warp up to the Fortifications, and come to Action as soon as possible in the Morning; but just as we began to move about Break of Day, we observed a Boat coming towards us with a Flag of Truce and Terms of Capitulation, viz., that the Government would deliver up all the

Fortifications, provided they might be allow'd to march out with the Honours of War; have an Indemnity for themselves, the Town, and the Inhabitants; and be permitted to enjoy all the Ships in the Harbour. This last alone was rejected; for the Admiral resolved to have all the Ships, being the *very Ships* which had done our Merchants all the Injuries complain'd of in these Coasts; as also the *English* Factors and Effects of the *South-Sea* Company, deliver'd up to us." We may here remark the South Sea shares, which had been at 94, went up to 102½ after the receipt of the news of the capture of Porto Bello.

"They readily complied, and we took Possession of the Ships and Forts accordingly. In the *Gloria* we found 120 Guns, 200 Small Arms and Blunderbusses, as many Swords, 200 Barrels of Powder, four Large Mortars, Thousands of Iron and Copper Balls, with the Guns. and Ammunition in the *Iron Castle*, of which about 87 (in all) are of Brass, together with two Men-of-War of 24 Guns, one Snow of 14, four good Sloops, a Periaguay, and Half-Galley. We have also had the good Luck to find about $10,000 belonging to the King of *Spain*, which the Admiral distributed among his Majesty's Forces for their Encouragement.

"We have broke the Trunnions of all the Iron Guns, which will render them useless, and blasted all the Foundations, and burnt the Superstructures of the Castles, so that some Millions would hardly compensate the Damage. It is absolutely impossible ever to restore them to the Condition in which we found them, because the Foundations are so much shatter'd and split by Mining as to render it impracticable to attempt rebuilding them on the same Spot."

Another correspondent says that at the close of the day's fighting the crews of the Spanish men-of-war, seeing the fate of the Iron Fort, and despairing of being able to defend themselves, fell to plundering the town on the night of the 21st, and committed great outrages upon the inhabitants. Also, that among those who surrendered was the very man who "had some time before cut off Captain Jenkins' ears and otherwise inhumanly used him." The fellow escaped punishment, as the admiral had pledged himself that all who surrendered "should be safe." Jenkins was one of the English merchant captains who had persisted in trading on the Spanish Main in spite of the Spaniards; and when they cut his ears off for doing so they told him to go and show them to the English king, saying they would serve him and his officers the same way.

As this does not profess to be an historical sketch, but only a series of extracts from a magazine, we must now leave Admiral Vernon, without comment upon his victory and its results, and without referring to half the notices he received in the single volume under consideration.

But we cannot close without some notice of the ballad of "Admiral

Hosier's Ghost," which appears in the June number, a ditty which was a favorite one, both afloat and ashore, for years after George the Second slept with his fathers, and was even sung in the fleet during the early part of the present century.

In 1726, during hostilities between England and Spain, Admiral Hosier, a gallant officer of high reputation, was sent out to the Spanish Main in command of a fine fleet, and much was expected of him by the public. The Spaniards heard of his coming, landed the treasure which was already on board their galleons, shut themselves up in their fortified ports, and simply *waited*. The English histories do not enlarge upon this episode of that war, but it is plain that Hosier and his officers and men were sacrificed to a short-sighted, timid, and temporizing policy which did not govern those who sent out Vernon. Hosier was so hampered by instructions, or want of instructions, that he was unable to take measures to protect English trade in that quarter, much less to go in and capture the forts and galleons.

His fine fleet lay at anchor on an unhealthy coast until inaction, disgust, and hope delayed, as well as bad beef, weevilly bread, and a short allowance of water, had brought on scurvy and the fever, and the ships' companies simply melted away. At last Hosier himself died,—it is said of a broken heart,—and was buried in the coast waters like the rest. His men appear never to have lost confidence in him during the worst of their trials, and seem to have regarded him as a martyr to duty and to the policy of a home ministry, who had sent a large fleet out to "persuade" rather than compel their enemy. The Spaniards retaliated for the sending of this fleet of Hosier's by the siege for the recovery of Gibraltar, and after that failed there was a temporary peace again, which was broken in 1739.

After Vernon's success a ballad appeared entitled "Admiral Hosier's Ghost." It is contained in our magazine, as we have said, and there appears anonymously, but it is known to have been written by Richard Glover, a poet who has left behind him several volumes, now consigned to the upper shelves of old libraries.

There seems a peculiar fitness in a Glover writing about a Hosier, and here are the verses:

"As near Porto Bello lying,
  On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
  Our triumphant navy rode;
There where Vernon sate, all glorious
  From the Spaniard's late defeat,
And his crew, with shouts victorious,
  Drank success to England's fleet,
On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
  Hideous yells and shrieks were heard.
Then, each heart with fears confounding,
  A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
  Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
  Frowning on that hostile shore.
On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
  When the shade of *Hosier* brave
His pale band was seen to muster,
  Rising from their wat'ry grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him
  Where the 'Burford' reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
  And in groans did *Vernon* hail.
'Heed, oh, heed my fatal story!
  I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchas'd glory
  At this place where I was lost,
Tho' in Porto Bello's ruin
  You now triumph, free from fears,
Yet to hear of my undoing
  You will mix your joys with tears.
See yon mournful spectres sweeping,
  Ghastly, o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping?
  These were English captains brave;
And these numbers, pale and horrid,
  Were my sailors once so bold.
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead
  While his dismal fate is told.
I, by twenty sail attended,
  Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended.
  But my orders not to fight.
O that, with my wrath complying,
  I had cast them in the Main,
Then, no more inactive lying,
  I had low'red the pride of Spain!
For resistance I could fear none,
  But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
  Didst achieve with *six alone.*
Then the Bastimentos never
  Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
  Of these gallant men had been.
Then, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
  And her galleons leading home,
Tho', condemned for disobeying,
  I had met a traytor's doom.
To have fall'n, my country crying,
  "*He has play'd an English part,*'
Had been better far than dying
  Of a griev'd and broken heart.
Unrepining at thy glory,
  Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story
  When to Britain back you sail.

All your country's foes subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me!' "

In the July number of the magazine we have an answer from "Vernon to Hosier's ghost," in which the former says,—

"Hosier! with indignant sorrow
I have heard thy mournful tale;"

and promises, in revenge, that

"Carthagena, tow'ring wonder,
At the daring deed dismay'd,
Shall ere long by Britain's thunder
Smoking in the dust be laid."

But this prediction, as we have seen, was not fulfilled, while Vernon and his men narrowly escaped the fate of Hosier and his seamen.

E. SHIPPEN.

PHILADELPHIA, February, 1884.

"*ALL'S WELL.*"

CHAPTER I.

WHEW! how it blows! Slam, bang, split, spit! howling down the chimney, eddying round the house, whirling the snow here, there, everywhere before it has time to touch the cold brown earth that pitifully bares its frozen bosom, shivering in the blasts, as if begging the protection of the soft white flakes which, in angry remonstrance at the rough treatment they are receiving, cling desperately to the man or beast so unfortunate as to be out in this raging Western blizzard. Thus it was that the big yellow ambulance, the four sturdy mules, and the buffalo-skin-enveloped soldier driving them looked as if they had been riding through the clouds, so covered were they with the refugee snow, while the ground was as bare as possible.

"My dear, there's the ambulance," said a rather shrill voice, and a pair of greenish eyes cautiously peered into a cheery room, in which a base-burner was roaring gloriously, red hot, sending the temperature way up into the nineties, but making the general aspect most pleasant to behold in contrast to the wintry scene outside. The storm, the heat, the voice were all unheeded by the little man addressed, who, with music-stand beside him and violin in hand, was squeak, squeak, squeaking on one high string until one wondered how his own nerves stood the strain.

"General, it's time for you to start: do you hear?" again said the voice, which must have unconsciously taken its pitch from the Paganini performance alluded to, its owner this time coming into the room.

"Yes, my dear. I think I've got it! I think I have got it at last," was the general's only response.

"Yes, but it won't last," sighed the lady. "You have thought you had it these twenty years, but you always lose it."

"Just listen to the tone of that string!" continued the general, not noticing the discouraging reply. "Hear how it sings! That's the true quality," as the tortured catgut gave forth a wailing howl. "Ah! the world will for the first time know a really good violin when mine is finished. I'll go right to work and get through with it: it won't

take long now. Suppose you sit down at the piano and give me a chord in G major, Rachel."

"But, my dear," repeated the long-suffering wife, "the ambulance is at the door, and you must go to the station."

"Oh! Ah, the station? I don't want to go to the station to-day. Ugh! I wouldn't keep a mule out in such a storm. *Do, re, mi!* You see, it's very difficult to finish a violin when you make even the strings yourself,—out of your own cats, too,—very difficult indeed." And the sweet-faced old gentleman hummed contentedly without thought of fanning the wrath that so soon was to descend on his devoted head; for the mention of the cats was literally a bone of contention between them, he having sacrificed a pet tabby to his chimerical notion of making violin-strings, and with every assurance in his own powers to overcome all difficulties in the completion of the beloved violin that had occupied him now for twenty years, the making of which had become a passion, but never once had interfered with his military duties or discipline, as many an unlucky youngster could testify, who, taking advantage of the general's musical absorption to neglect some routine work, found himself caught up on the point of the bow, as it were, and well rosined.

"General Cello, will you leave the house this instant?" almost shrieked the rasping voice, a steely glitter coming into the long green eyes.

"Leave the house, my dear? Why?" calmly adjusting a bridge.

"Is your memory failing entirely? Don't you know Anice is coming on the Eastern train? didn't you get a telegram saying she would be here to-day? didn't you write and ask her to come,—nay, insist upon it when her father demurred?"

"Ah! Anice is coming, that's a fact. Well, the child can ride up in the ambulance. Ralph will make her very comfortable. Perhaps Colston would go down, if he isn't officer of the day."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cello, with the calmness of despair, "let Anice arrive in this howling wilderness alone; let her drive five miles in this blinding storm with only a soldier for an escort; let her write home a glowing account of the way this frontier hospitality strikes her, and then, in four years, when you have to retire and want the governorship of the 'Soldiers' Home,' you ask Anice's father to get it for you, and see what he will say. Or, worse, let her first meet that arch-flirt Colston under the to her romantic circumstances of a blizzard and a long drive in an ambulance; let him look into her eyes and beguile her with his seductive speeches until the musty ambulance becomes a golden chariot, the frozen prairie blooms in flowers, the howling winds soften into gentle zephyrs, and before she has a chance to realize the hardships of this barbaric life have her so deeply in love she will think life not worth living unless she can go careering through it in an ambulance drawn by four mules in a snow blizzard, with Colston wrapping her up

in buffalo robes. Send Colston after her indeed! For my part I wish you would keep him in close arrest until after Anice's visit. Why you ever ordered him here just at this time is more than I can tell."

To which the general—on whom his wife's eloquence had had the effect of arousing him to a sense of his duty, inasmuch as he was now arrayed in buffalo overcoat, hat, and gloves, which, with his diminutive size, gave him decidedly the appearance of an Esquimaux—replied, with one of those rare glimpses of humor at his wife's expense,—

"I wanted to make it pleasant for Anice."

"You have succeeded, general. Captain Colston will undoubtedly make it exceedingly pleasant for Anice; and Anice's father will make it exceedingly pleasant for you, in gratitude for settling her so advantageously in life." And with this withering sarcasm, Mrs. Cello shut the poor general out into the raging storm, where the mules were patiently waiting, and the driver was blowing his fingers, stamping his feet, and otherwise bestirring himself to keep from freezing, while expressing in true teamster vernacular his displeasure at the general's usual dilatoriness.

"Now, Ralph, it's later than I thought,—we have only twenty minutes to reach the station; think we can do it?"

"Perhaps, general, if I may swear at the critters, savin' your presence: they've thick hides and short memories," said Ralph, who was a character and stood in awe of nothing save the general, the mildest specimen, man or beast, with which he had to deal.

"Swear away, only get there in time."

And Ralph 'swore away,' a blue streak with scarce an intermission during the five miles. The air grew almost sulphurous, the snow actually melted around him.

"Kind o' warms a fellow up!" he muttered, launching forth another volley.

"By George, there's the whistle!" cried the general, forgetting his dignity, and suddenly realizing the effect on Anice in arriving alone in such a deserted place. "Poor little thing! she will be frightened," he thought. The general's heart was in the right place, and his first care was for Anice, although there did mingle with his concern the hope that Anice's father might not hear of the delay and be influenced against him when he should ask for the home governorship.

The train was just moving off when the ambulance dashed into sight. On the station platform, surrounded by an admiring group of railroad hands and miners, stood an apparition rarely seen in this distant clime.

A dark-green redingote trimmed with shaggy fur snugly fitted a slight, gracefully-rounded form; a cloth turban of the same hue rested lightly on a head of childish curls; a pair of soft brown eyes looked out from under a broad white brow; a *mignon* mouth, a straight little

nose, and a charmingly fresh, healthful complexion were a sight to make an old man young on such a day as this. And when with a glad little cry she bounded toward the general, exclaiming, "I thought you had forgotten me!" and with the native grace and courtesy that made her remarkable even in diplomatic drawing-rooms in Washington she turned and thanked the assembled men for their help and interest in getting her safely landed, each mother's son, raising his tattered cap, swore inwardly to live and die, if need be, in her service.

As for Ralph, he forgot to swear once, although the mules lagged dreadfully on the return trip, and the cold grew more intense as the short winter afternoon faded into night.

CHAPTER II.

"I HOPE you are not very tired, Anice, my dear?" said Mrs. Cello, an hour later, opening the door in that peculiar catlike manner of hers. She was very like a cat this woman, with her gentle ways and shrill voice; she could purr occasionally when the ends of some of her ambitious schemes were compassed.

It was said she had made the general, and indeed this grasping world might easily have gotten the better of the guileless, childlike old soldier, but it would take more than this world to get ahead of Mrs. General. She just a little startled the girl, who, comfortably disposed in wrapper and slippers, was leaning against the window-frame watching the storm. There was nothing else to see,—even the barracks and the guard-house were hidden by the snow,—and the face turned quickly toward Mrs. Cello bore slight traces of homesickness; for, although the visit had been eagerly anticipated, and the Cellos old friends, the first impressions of this new life were not so favorable as they might have been.

"Oh, no; I am not in the least tired. I slept delightfully on the train last night. I only wish it were not snowing, so that I could see something of this queer place before dark."

"It won't take you long to see it when it clears off, as it will tomorrow. There is so little of interest here I almost despair of making your visit pleasant. I am afraid we were very selfish to insist on your leaving Washington just at this time; we have nothing to offer you in return for the pleasure you give us."

"If you only knew how glad I was to leave! I am so tired of the Washington season, although this is only my second winter. I enjoy myself much more in the fall and spring when the official life is over. During the season I have to hold such big receptions and go to so many dinners, I feel like a dowager by Lent. It is not a pleasant life for a girl without a mother," and Anice's voice trembled, though she had

never known a mother's love or care. "But," brightening, "surely there are some agreeable people at the fort?"

"Yes, I think you will find them so. I am glad you are not fatigued; I have invited some of them in to-night to meet you. The major and his wife are quite interesting; both are over sixty, and both are very flirtatious. His old-fashioned gallantries will amuse you, and his wife's coquetries with the younger officers are laughable. Of course, Anice, as you are the only young lady in garrison, you will be the object of the most devoted attention; and although to a girl who has received so much admiration from such men as you have at home, your head will scarcely be turned by the devotion of the young officers here, there are one or two older men who are more handsome and just as fascinating as any one you have ever met, and while I don't think it necessary to warn you, my dear, still you will meet them in a much more informal manner and see more of them than you would in a dozen seasons in Washington, and under, perhaps, to you romantic circumstances. Don't let them seriously engage your affections. I hope the life you see here will *désillusionné* you of any longings young girls are apt to have for army life. Put on your prettiest dress and look your loveliest this evening. I don't care how captivating you are, or how many heartaches you cause, only keep fancy free yourself."

"I am in no danger, I assure you, Mrs. Cello," said Anice, with that calm assurance and superiority girls assume who, having reached the advanced age of nineteen years, have never yet felt Cupid's dart. "Papa says I am quite heartless," which was the mildest expression "papa" had used when, on Anice's first winter in society, she had refused the first secretary of the English Legation, a *bona fide* "lord" with a rent-roll of fifty thousand pounds, who was only playing at diplomacy "foreign countries for to see,"—withal a good man and a thorough English gentleman, ready to lay himself, his titles, and his shekels at the feet of the Secretary's pretty daughter, who had only flirted mercilessly with him and then turned a deaf ear to his pleadings. Having refused this brilliant offer, Anice felt herself to be fire-proof, and not all likely to be moved by any frontiersman, who had probably never even received the polish resulting from a long tour of duty in Washington, consisting of arduous labor at receptions and germans.

What a glorious thing is youth and health! There was Anice, after a four days' railroad trip, as the drum rolled off tattoo, dressed and in the parlor, ready to assist Mrs. Cello in "receiving," arrayed in a bewildering French costume of pink silk and creamy lace, calculated to inspire the deepest envy among the ladies at the post, whose dresses, gotten the last time they were East "on leave," immediately by contrast looked old and dowdy, and equally to excite the wildest admiration in the hearts of the male portion of the community, even if the bright eyes, brilliant cheeks, and fascinating manners of this little

belle were not enough to complete the conquest. With much difficulty the general had been induced to leave his cherished "fiddle" and put on a dress uniform coat, but only on condition that Anice would listen to the whole history of the violin and assist him with chords the next morning.

The major and his wife were the first to arrive. "They always come in before the music and go out after it," whispered Mrs. Cello, as they were announced.

Mrs. Major gave Anice the merest nod, and ambled directly up to the general, as the only available man present, blushing prettily and wanting to know "all about that dear violin;" while the major bowed so low Anice doubted if he would ever rise again, and felt like helping him. His admiration, intended to be too deep for words, was expressed in long-drawn sighs and tender glances. Offering his arm, he was just about to lead Anice to a secluded corner, where he would undoubtedly have monopolized her for the evening, had not Mrs. Cello interfered by bringing up four or five young gentlemen, who considered themselves fortunate in happening to be at the fort just now on a general court-martial. Punctiliously arrayed in full regimentals, they were a pleasant, gentlemanly set of young fellows, a year or two from West Point, sighing dismally at their present social isolation, and ready for any amount of fun and flirtation.

Two of them Anice had known at West Point the summer she had spent there the year before she was "out," when her acme of happiness consisted in meandering down "Flirtation Walk" with a suit of gray and bell buttons, the man inside not making much difference while this severe attack of "cadet fever" lasted.

In this out-of-the-way place Anice and the whilom cadets met as old friends. They all had mutual acquaintances, and Anice felt in her native element, seated on the low ottoman, surrounded by brass buttons, quite like a diplomatic reception at the White House.

Mrs. Cello moved here and there among her guests, her face indicative of intense satisfaction as she glanced at the merry party in the centre of the room.

Anice was evidently enjoying herself. There was no actual danger in the pleasant but ordinary group surrounding her, and Mrs. Cello devoutly hoped Captain Colston would not come. He sometimes affected to despise ladies' society, he openly abhorred young girls, and since that ugly affair in Canada prudent mammas had carefully avoided Captain Colston; for, no matter how great his indifference, the girls thought him too interesting for anything, and indeed it was a moral impossibility for the captain to speak to any woman without throwing a tone of utmost devotion in his voice, and as for his eyes, they spoke volumes.

Anice, suddenly looking up after a gay repartee to some sally from

one of the lieutenants, her cheeks dimpling, her eyes laughing, her attitude expressive of the utmost grace and arch beauty, met full the astonished gaze of a pair of dark blue eyes belonging to the grandest-looking man it had ever been her fortune to behold. He was bowing low over Mrs. Cello's hand, and was saying something that made even that distrustful lady smile. He completely dwarfed every other man in the room.

He was officer of the day, and the additional uniform he was obliged to wear made him more striking, even if his six feet two, his magnificent bearing, his perfect face, and crown of snow-white hair had not lifted him above all ordinary men.

Colston's white hair was a mystery; he was only thirty-five, and certainly at twenty his raven tresses had shown no signs of bleaching. It was darkly whispered that remorse had not only preyed upon his damask cheek, but had withered with age his ambrosial curls. It was true, after the Canadian escapade was hushed up, the captain had been granted a year's leave with permission to go beyond seas, but to what seas he had gone beyond none ever knew. It was said he had embarked on a sailing-vessel bound for Egypt, and, arriving there and joining a caravan, had wandered many months in the great desert, coming back so changed his brother-officers failed to recognize him. All this was years ago. His face now bore no sign of inward struggle, and the thick white hair only added to the wondrous charm always felt while in this man's presence.

Mrs. Cello immediately presented him to Mrs. Graves, a pretty bride, whose new husband had just been ordered out on a winter scout, and who was most disconsolate over this her first experience of army life. "If I can only keep him away from Anice until the evening is nearly over," thought Mrs. Cello, uneasily, for she noticed that Anice seemed a trifle absent in her manner.

"Why don't you ask who the latest arrival is?" asked Lieutenant Burbank, also noticing the direction of Anice's glance.

"Suppose I don't want to know?" she answered, bringing herself back from contemplating the new Apollo.

"Ah, you can't deceive me," answered the rather ruffled lieutenant. "You haven't looked at us since he came in. I am sure you want to know his name."

"I shall probably hear it in the course of time," said Anice, with dignity. This assumption of knowing her inmost thoughts was slightly presumptuous, and must be quelled at the start.

"But tell me," she continued, relapsing into her former brightness, "some more of this queer life you lead. I shall depend on you, Mr. Hargrove, to teach me the 'calls.' I know the last one,—those three little mournful strikes on the drum,—'taps,' is it not? I always feel so sorry for the poor soldiers to have to go to bed then whether they

want to or not, and have to be in the dark no matter how interested they may be in book or work!"

The officers smiled indulgently, not enlightening her as to the many offenders reprimanded every morning for being out after "taps."

"And you, Mr. Burbank, will teach me to ride cavalry horses? I have been through a course of training at the New York riding-school, but I suppose that will go for naught on these fiery steeds. Be sure and send the pieces to papa. I don't think he ever expected me to come back entirely whole."

Thus, in idle talk and light-hearted laughter, the evening wore away. The simple refreshments the limited resources of the commissary afforded were handed around, and still were Captain Colston and Anice far apart. Cards were now brought out. Anice, boldly avowing utter stupidity at whist, was left out. Several of the lieutenants were called away to make up hands. The major's wife had captured one fledgling in barless shoulder-straps, to whom she was making eyes and life a burden at one and the same time. Captain Colston was becoming wearied of the bride's ceaseless bewailing the cruelties of army life in general, and her lot in particular,—"So different from my life at home, you know, where 'pa' never allowed a wish of mine to be crossed." And Anice was at the tender mercies of the major, who would kiss her hand at every other word. The general came to the rescue. He liked Colston,—he was a splendid officer, a bright fellow,—and as the dear general never believed harm of any one, he placed no confidence in the ill-natured rumors concerning the captain. He was proud of Colston and he was proud of Anice, and he wanted them to meet. So, playfully accusing Colston of monopolizing the bride, and gravely inviting her into his music-room, "knowing she was such an accomplished musician," the artful old flatterer linked his arm in Colston's and, presto! he was presented to Miss Arleigh. The major was whisked out of the way, and those two were left alone to begin in the most conventional manner a friendship that forever afterward was to leave its impress on their lives. To lead her to one of the low, broad, cushioned window-seats, to draw up a camp-stool and seat himself directly in front, where every play of her features could be watched by him alone, was another minute's work, and there he had her, poor little bird! safe in his toils if he chose. Ah, Anice, you will need all your society training, learned in a school which for hollowness and vanity is not surpassed the world over, all your defensive wiles and clear head and free heart to bear against that caressing voice and deep eyes filled with such a sad, respectful admiration.

The merest commonplaces he uttered took deeper meaning than such phrases would when spoken by other men. He seemed to believe so thoroughly in himself and what he said, to accuse him of flippancy was almost sacrilege.

"It was kind in you, Miss Arleigh, to leave the splendors of a Washington January to bring a breath of Southern sunshine, tropical flowers, and civilization to this desolate spot. Looking at you I almost catch a glimpse of the gay, careless, happy life of pleasure at this moment going on in your home. If I should draw this curtain a trifle," pulling the heavy rep so as to entirely screen her from view in the room, "I can imagine myself at some reception,—perhaps at your father's house. The air is heavy with the perfume of violets, soft strains of music rise above the hum of myriad voices. We are in the conservatory, and amid the splash, splash of the fountain is heard the tender trill of a nightingale in the aviary, singing in his native orange groves. Over us is shed a pale radiance like moonlight, and we are alone, apart from the madding crowd, who cannot think our thoughts now realize the height of ideal pleasure we derive from this soothing isolation. Does the picture please you?"

Anice had closed her eyes, realizing with every tone the probability of such a scene, even the perfume of violets. How could he know she always filled the house with violets when it was opened to welcome chosen guests?—not the huge state affairs, when her tired feet ached with long standing, and her arm was almost paralyzed with the constant shaking required as part of the official martyrdom when the unwashed demand admittance to the luxury they have helped the great man to attain.

At those smaller parties she had often stolen to the quiet conservatory, had listened to the fountain splash, had heard the nightingale trill, but never was the reality half so sweet as this fancy picture drawn by the handsome soldier at her feet, while the bare government quarters faded away, the raging storm outside was forgotten, and the howling coyotes unheeded so long as the musical voice held sway.

Most of the guests had departed; the most untiring devotees of whist were preparing to leave. Mrs. Graves had escaped from the general's musical tirade, and Mrs. Cello, looking into the parlor, saw that it was deserted save for Colston, who, still seated in the camp-chair, with only his profile visible, expressed in face and attitude an animation never seen by the good people of the fort. And Anice was invisible; but the sharp green eyes, traveling rapidly over the room, came back to the captain, and there amid the folds of the crimson curtain was a pale-pink silk. Horrors! Anice alone in such close proximity to the dangerous captain for perhaps an hour! What might he not have said to her in that time? The poor child completely fascinated; her father's rage,—it was too much for Mrs. Cello. Raising her voice to its highest pitch she literally squealed, "Captain Colston!" causing that gentleman to start from his chair with a shock that upset it and almost knocked Anice out of the window. Then, remembering her character of hostess, Mrs. Cello lowered her voice, and gliding across

the room she affectionately laid her hand on Anice's shoulder, actually purring,—

"I don't want to seem inhospitable, captain, but this dear child has been traveling four nights, and so many plans for her enjoyment have been arranged by kind friends here, she will need all her strength to enable them to be fully carried out. You look tired, my dear," unflinchingly gazing at Anice's fresh face and bright eyes; "and Mr. Burbank has promised to take you riding to-morrow."

"How very kind," faintly murmured Anice.

"And——"

"The devil he has!" ejaculated the captain. "Beg ten thousand pardons," he exclaimed, horrified himself at such a breach of etiquette, not only before Anice but to the Mrs. General's face; "but I had just arranged to take Miss Arleigh out on Black Hawk,—he was originally a lady's horse, you know."

"But too unmanageable to remain one, I fear," smiled Mrs. Cello. "I would hardly like to take the responsibility of allowing Miss Arleigh to ride your handsome Black Hawk. Ah, captain, you will not have to sit up to-night to visit the guard," pointing to the clock that had just chimed one.

"No, thank heaven! and I cannot realize that the hours which so often have passed on leaden feet should this time have vanished like a dream. Well,"—in an undertone to Anice, as Mrs. Cello began impatiently to close the piano and set the card-tables back,—"it is worth a tramp in Erebus for such a glimpse of Paradise as I have had to-night,—but the ride? I am bitterly disappointed."

"I can go with you on another horse some time," gently answered Anice. And then the good-nights were said, and as Anice sank to rest among the snowy pillows she was dimly conscious of voices far and near repeating, "Two o'clock, and all's well! all's well! all's well!"

CHAPTER III.

ANICE awoke with a start from dreams in which snow-storms, Washington drawing-rooms, violets, Black Hawk, and Captain Colston mingled in the most inextricable manner with firing of cannon, beating of drums, and general confusion; so that when her scattered senses were returned her first thought was Indians. Springing from the bed she rushed to the window, expecting nothing less than to see the house surrounded by redskins; for had not Mr. Burbank told her the savages attacked just at daylight? The dawn was just breaking as she cautiously peered from behind the curtains. Figuratively speaking, "All was quiet along the Potomac." A few men were running back from the large cannon, adjusting a long pole; the drum-corps were quietly

marching off the parade-ground; a great many men in front of the barracks were turning in; most of the officers she had seen the night before were returning home,—yes, and there in front of the guard-house stood Colston, while a fully-armed man seemed to be respectfully listening to some orders from the captain. Presently, with a mutual salute, they too disappeared, and the outlook contained no sign of life, save the sentry pacing up and down across the road. "Must have been a false alarm," thought Anice; and as nobody else seemed excited, she too again retired.

"Come, Anice!" cried Mrs. Cello, some three hours later. "I am sure you want to see guard-mounting, and you will hardly have time to dress and eat your breakfast now." Breakfast was just finished as the first call sounded.

"Now, will you please tell me, general," began Anice, as they moved to the front porch, "what all that excitement was about early this morning? I am not sure, but I think I heard a cannon fired, the drums were beaten, all the soldiers turned out, and you don't know how frightened I was; but it seemed to be a false alarm. Tell me, truly, is there any danger from Indians here?" And Anice looked as if on the answer depended whether or not she would take the next train East.

By this time General Cello was almost speechless with laughter.

"My dear," he replied, "you will probably hear that alarm every morning of your stay until you get used to it, as I have done. Have you never heard of 'reveille'?"

"Oh, how stupid in me!" she laughed. "Why, of course; but I forgot it came at daybreak. And this is guard-mounting? What does that mean? they don't seem to be mounting anything. Ah, Mr. Burbank," she cried, as that officer appeared, "won't you enlighten my ignorance? the general only laughed at me. Tell me what that guard is supposed to be mounting?"

"They are going to mount post, Miss Arleigh, to relieve the old guard, of which Captain Colston had charge. Mr. Hargrove is officer of the day to-day,—see, there he is, relieving the captain."

"And now what must Captain Colston do?"

"He must dismiss the old guard, and then his arduous duties will be over for the week. But when are we to take our ride, Miss Arleigh? I think we had better start early. Although it is beautifully clear now, it will probably turn cold this afternoon; and as I am officer of the day myself to-morrow, I wouldn't like anything to prevent our going this morning."

"Yes, certainly," said Anice, blushing, hesitating, and trying to muster courage to propose something she had determined upon the night before. She feared Burbank would be offended at the proposition; she was equally sure Colston would be reproachful, if nothing else, if she rode without him, so, making a desperate effort, she said,—

"Mr. Burbank, when you were so kindly arranging for my pleasure with Mrs. Cello last evening, Captain Colston was at the same time asking me to ride a wonderful horse of his called Black Hawk, which I promised to do; but Mrs. Cello objected to my riding that horse, so all I could say"—appealingly—"was, that I would go on some other horse with him. Then, when I heard of your kindness, I hardly knew which was the first engagement. It has greatly worried me, and I have just thought perhaps we might all go together." Oh, Anice, Anice, when were you ever guilty of so graceless a want of tact? But, as Mrs. Cello feared, Colston's influence was already so great that she would dare almost any displeasure rather than run the risk of annoying him.

"The captain might take my place,—he would probably be more acceptable," stiffly responded Burbank. And indeed his prospects were not cheerful: he well knew the important part he would play in the trio, with Colston entirely absorbing Miss Arleigh's attention, and she only too ready to be absorbed.

"Well, indeed, if three are going,—and you know the old proverb, —just to make an even four, I am sure I shall be delighted to join the party," cried a mincing voice, and, turning, they beheld Mrs. Major, who, in all the glories of a "Mother Hubbard tea gown" adorned with pink ribbons, had probably been listening to the whole conversation, and now saw a golden opportunity to indulge her giddy propensity for youthful diversions.

Burbank actually groaned; he saw only too clearly how it would be: Anice and Colston galloping off, leaving him to take charge of Mrs. Major, who, to tell the truth, was horribly afraid of horses, but turned her trepidation into girlish affright, giving vent to coy shrieks, playful clutches at her escort's arm, and otherwise making life a burden to her unhappy knight.

Anice's quick wit immediately saw the confusion into which she had plunged every one. The dolorous expression of Burbank's face was too much for her kind heart, and, already mortified by the construction strangers might put on her evident desire for Colston's society, she quickly said, "No doubt, Mrs. Major, Captain Colston will be most happy to accompany you if he rides to-day; but as Mr. Burbank has already offered me his services, you surely will not expect me to be generous enough to give him up," and smiling sweetly at Burbank, she continued, "If you will order the horses I will be ready in about ten minutes." Bowing to Mrs. Major, she hastily left the porch, reaching her room with burning cheeks and eyes filled with hot, angry tears. "Oh, how could I have ever said *that?*" she cried, burying her face in the pillow for very shame. "Mr. Burbank—yes, and the captain too—will think I am throwing myself at him,—I, Anice Arleigh! The idea! I must be a sickly, sentimental goose to be so anxious for the

society of a man of whose existence I was ignorant twenty-four hours ago. Well, neither he nor Mr. Burbank will ever suspect me again of manœuvring for any one's escort. I am just as bad as that hateful woman on the porch, angling for a man to ride with." And Anice viciously settled the jaunty riding-cap on the bonny brown curls, and seizing her whip rushed down-stairs, taking pleasure in lashing herself at every step. The horses were at the door, Burbank equipped for riding, and Colston was standing on the steps, gnawing his moustache in angry amazement at this state of affairs.

"Ah, good-morning, Captain Colston!" exclaimed Anice, giving him a cool little nod. "Won't you rejoice with me that we have such a pleasant day and I can take my first ride under such pleasant auspices?" coquettishly glancing at Mr. Burbank. "Why, Mrs. Major," she continued, "still in morning costume! Don't you ride?"

With a frantic gesture Mrs. Major stopped her. The poor old lady stood in mortal awe of Captain Colston. A ride with him, even if he proffered his services,—which was a most unlikely event,—would have been a trying ordeal, and she could not bear to have him think she had even suggested monopolizing him, when in truth she had not: it was for the younger cavalier her verdant heart longed.

Colston helped Anice to mount, and watched her as she rode off, nodding a saucy good-by to those she left behind, and laughing and chatting with Burbank, who was evidently lost in admiration for the dainty, graceful creature by his side. Turning on his heel with an impatient gesture, the captain marched away without one word for the group of ladies gathered on the general's porch, which was the usual rendezvous for watching guard-mount,—a sight never missed by any one stationed at the fort, and although of daily occurrence, year in and year out, seemed to possess unfailing interest, and unbounded energy was displayed in the endeavor to finish breakfast in time for "guard-mounting."

"Why should they not be happy?" thought Colston, as he again caught sight of Anice, just outside the fort, galloping a little in front of Burbank, and calling to him over her shoulder to race with her. "They are young, handsome, evidently congenial. Their future smiles before them; their past contains nothing but monotonous school-days; this present is a perfect contentment. For them no dark shadow, the spectre of an unhappy past, lurks forever near, ready to appear at the first sign of forgetfulness, and, with its ghostly finger pointing to the dead ashes of a ruined life, exclaim with hollow voice, 'Remember!'" Yes, remember that for one youthful folly he had vowed never to let the cup of happiness touch his lips in all his life to come,—never have the joy of calling any woman wife; never to speak of love to any woman to whom the word meant all it should of deep and holy happiness, and was not a catchword, bandied here and there to express anything, from

the merest flirtation to the most hollow, conventional "*mariage de convenance.*"

Colston kept his vow to the letter. He never seriously spoke of love to any woman he thought capable of understanding his lofty ideal of the word, but he had caused many hearts to flutter who, if frivolous now, were capable of much higher emotions if only taught them by the handsome captain.

Sometimes, in his hard and bitter moments, he cried out against his fate, and said, as every man since Adam has said, "He was not to blame, —the woman did it."

It was true she was older than he, more experienced in the ways of the world,—an alluring, beautiful siren,—and what to him was a passion to her was only a little episode tinged with excitement outside the rather dreary monotony of her married life.

She really had not intended matters should go so far,—she was just a trifle touched herself. The lad was very handsome; his notes were tender, poetic fancies in which she was the divine inspiring muse. She ought to have burned them, of course,—she always intended to until it was too late,—and the coarse, brutal English husband found them, read them, and in his mad rage went out, vowing to kill the American officer who had thus ruined his home. And the woman, crazed with fright, knowing her good name gone, fearing she might be the actual murderess of one, if not two, lives, in a moment of insane desperation swallowed poison. She who had so often played with fire, who had lured so many men to the brink of ruin, when the retribution came and she was singed could not bear the shame. So, on the duelling-ground where the enraged husband and passionate youth met to wipe out with blood the bitter wrong done, before the first shot was fired, a messenger came with white, scared face to tell them she who was the cause of all this weal had gone to be judged by a higher tribunal than any earthly power. And as they could not, in that awful presence, add murder to suicide, the men parted never to meet but once again, when the explanation showed that, save for some foolish words, a few more foolish notes, and a foolish woman's flattered vanity, there had been no harm.

And yet the blackest villain on the face of the earth never judged himself so hardly as did Colston. In his eyes, he alone had been to blame,—he, with his high sense of truth, honor, and purity, to be so flattered by a pretty woman's smiles, and led to invade the sanctity of a home, cause an innocent woman's death, wreck a husband's happiness, and go unscathed himself.

No punishment could be too great. Why had not the husband sent a bullet through his heart? Better death, far better anything than this life-long remorse. So thought Colston when he lashed himself, as he did this morning, into such an agony of regret. Then, again, as it has been said, he grew cynical. Why should he not take revenge

on womankind? This girl from Washington, this heartless society coquette, why not make her suffer for her love of him? if suffer she could under that exterior of fashionable *savoir*.

And so he had deliberately, and with malice prepense, set to work to fascinate Anice, until, led on by her evident admiration, womanly sympathy, and her wondrous beauty, he said more than even he intended, and suddenly realized he had interested her. Well, why not? He had been mistaken in her character, that was all. She was sweet and womanly, why not deepen the impression already made? "Let the dead past bury its dead." He was still young, in years at least. Why not woo and win this sweet flower, and taste some of this world's joy before he died? But then his vow! "Can I be true to nothing?" he muttered. So the weary night passed, and at reveille, the time when Anice was watching him walk across the frozen parade-ground, he was saying to himself "he would give her up."

"Give her up?" he laughed aloud. "Give up a girl of three hours' acquaintance? Well, at least he would not see her again." And with this resolution his eyes closed in the first slumber he had known that night.

How he kept his resolution has been seen in his evident chagrin at Anice for riding with Burbank, and her cool reception of him completely puzzled him. "I believe I am a conceited fool," he soliloquized. "She was probably setting me down for an old bore, when I thought I was so entrancing her in the window-seat. Well, as I am the only one who is likely to be in danger, I will enter the lists with Burbank; he may carry off the prize, but I will have diversion at least." And he had Black Hawk brought to the back of the house, and tried him for an hour with a saddle-blanket for a skirt, determined that Anice should ride his horse, Mrs. Cello to the contrary.

CHAPTER IV.

ANICE came home from that ride in the most wonderful spirits. For the first time in her life she had felt the exhilaration of galloping for miles over a boundless prairie, with the strong, fresh prairie wind blowing in her face, and the glorious sense of freedom engendered by the vastness of earth and air and sky, in which we and our petty cares seem so insignificant that the most natural thing for us to do is to forget ourselves and our belongings, merging our identity into the almost awesome grandeur of the nature surrounding us.

"Let us ride over to those hills, they seem very near," she proposed at first. Burbank smilingly assented, as indeed he would if she had intimated a desire to ride to San Francisco.

On and on they went, and the farther they rode the more distant the hills became.

"Why, how tantalizing!" exclaimed Anice. "They are farther away than ever, and yet they seem to beckon me to come just a trifle nearer, then run on a step or two, so that I can never reach them. Are they much more than a mile away now?"

"They are just about a hundred miles away," laughed Burbank. And then he told her the old story—new to her—of the two men who tried to walk to Pike's Peak from Denver; and as the snow-crowned mountain, like a will-o'-the-wisp, danced before them, ever receding, one became discouraged, and finally refused to jump across a tiny stream; "For how do I know," he said, "but the darned thing may widen out a mile or two just as I am about to jump, as seems to be the way in this pesky country?"

The ten miles they had ridden scarcely seemed like two, and the air of General Cello's sitting-room was like a fiery furnace to Anice, with all the warm rich blood coursing through her veins lashed into unusual heat by the invigorating exercise.

"Ah, Anice, I rather begrudged you your ride this morning," was the general's innocently selfish greeting. "I have needed a little help with the piano, and Mrs. Cello is strangely impatient whenever I mention the violin; though why she should be contemptuous of that which is to bring us fame and fortune I don't see." And the dear old man sighed.

Anice's heart was touched with pity at this one weakness in so sweet a character. It was but natural he should be fond of music, and, indeed, of all there was refined and gentle; but it was pitiful he should have the taste and not the talent, the energy and not the genius, for great achievements.

"Perhaps Mrs. Cello is jealous of your fame as a soldier," replied Anice, seating herself at the piano, "and does not want you to do anything that would cast that fame in the shade."

"Yes, my dear, perhaps," doubtfully assented the general. "But, you see, military fame is all very well, but it is not as profitable as it might be, and this will bring us fortune; although I would forego the fortune to insure the success of the violin. However, we must not moralize, we must work. Now a high C, Anice, if you please."

For two mortal hours did the devoted girl assist the general in his rambling, unmethodical work, until sight and nerves giving way, she merrily laid hands on the general's sacred instrument, and taking it from him, said, "Don't you want to hear me sing? We are both too tired too accomplish anything more to-day." Without waiting for an answer she struck a firm chord, played a gentle prelude, and then the fresh young voice burst forth in a quaint German ballad. Song followed song; the general was an appreciative listener; even Mrs. Cello,

who was always "cumbered with many cares," stole toward the music-room and listened; while outside Colston, attracted by the silvery tones, leaned moodily against a tree-box, furiously puffing a cigar and battling against the inclination to walk in and demand to see Anice, if only to be snubbed by her, as he was not at all sure he might not be, considering her cool and airy treatment of the morning.

The wild desire to see her getting the better of his dignity, he walked boldly to the door and asked to see Miss Arleigh.

The singing had ceased; the family were at luncheon; but the captain entered, knowing the informality of garrison life would either ask him in to share the lunch or let him wait until the meal was finished.

"Captain Colston?" snapped Mrs. Cello, as the servant delivered his message. "I will see him in a few minutes."

"I think he asked for me," said Anice, rising and blushing at her own temerity; but the pleasure of a special visit from the captain was not to be foregone, even if it were necessary to brave Mrs. Cello's displeasure. And thus did Anice's independent resolutions of the morning vanish.

"Of course it is Anice he wants to see," chimed in the general, ever on youth and beauty's side. "Go into the parlor, Anice, and be as agreeable as possible: Colston is a fine fellow," he called after her.

"General Cello, are you demented?" demanded the long-suffering woman as the door closed on Anice. "Why will you encourage the girl in the folly that is already overtaking her? Would you, if you had a daughter, give her to Captain Colston, knowing him as you do?"

"I know him to be a brave officer and true gentleman," rather sternly replied the general. He did not like his judgment to be called into account. "And I would gladly give the happiness of any woman into his keeping, if he loved her well enough to ask for it; but what nonsense we are talking! Three meetings are not likely to result in a marriage, unless, as Rory O'More says, 'there's luck in odd numbers.'" And the general walked out, gayly humming a refrain from one of Anice's songs.

"He is mad," commented his wife, "mad as a March hare, or Anice has bewitched him as well as all the other men. Whatever Colston now is, he *has* a dark stain on his name, and the general knows it must be the knight *sans peur et sans reproche* to whom the Secretary gives his daughter. He will be furious if this flirtation amounts to anything. His wrath will be visited on our heads; and rather than lose his friendship, lose the influence I want him to exert on our behalf, I will nip this incipient love-affair, even if it comes to fastening another disgrace on the gay captain." And the thin lips closed in a cruel curve that boded ill for the lovers, if such they were ever to be.

The general would not have been mortal if he had forborne glanc-

ing into the parlor on his way to his music-room, and from what he saw he began to think there might be more "luck," as he termed it, in three meetings than even his watchful wife dreamed.

To the casual observer it was only a highly decorous young lady and gentleman enveloped in the formalities of a morning call; but it was the expression of Anice's tell-tale happy face and Captain Colston's eager attitude as he bent forward to look straight into the shy brown eyes—albeit he was only telling her how well Black Hawk stood the saddle-blanket flapping about his legs—that to the general's recently awakened perceptions told all. Poor little Anice! it was strange how childish and helpless she felt before this man.

As she entered the room she tried to preserve the nonchalant manner she had adopted in the morning; but what was so easy before the crowd and Burbank's searching eyes became well-nigh impossible when alone with this man, who was so respectful yet so tender, giving a world of meaning to the formal greeting, and with a little air of humility and self-abasement that instinctively told her he had noticed and felt the morning's coolness, but from her would submit to unjust treatment if she saw fit thus to use him.

"They are getting up a hop for to-morrow night,—in your honor of course,—and it will give me great pleasure if you will allow me to be your escort, Miss Arleigh," announced the captain, after Black Hawk's virtues had been thoroughly discussed. "The young men will feel like shooting me for getting in ahead of them, especially as I have eschewed all festivities of that kind for so long; but if I might make my re-entree into society, my second début, under your chaperonage, I should be happy indeed, and would try to obliterate myself from your notice as much as possible, as some compensation to you for not having a younger and brighter escort."

"Why have you eschewed society?" asked the unconscious Anice. "Surely not voluntarily? I suppose you have not considered these frontier festivities as worthy your attention; for any one who could bring so vividly to mind a Washington reception by mere word-painting, as you did last night, must have had an intimate acquaintance with the inner circles of social life."

"No," replied the captain; "I did not eschew it voluntarily. I"—with a bitter laugh—"was forced to, partly by my own vow and partly by my dearest friends, who shunned me. You have probably been warned against me?"

Anice blushed deeply, remembering Mrs. Cello's caution about the fascinating man.

"Ah, I thought as much," said the captain, who had made the last remark on a venture. "Miss Arleigh, it is useless to try to live down a mistake. I— But of course you know nothing about it. You know there is some shadow hanging over me, something that makes prudent

mammas and anxious chaperones avoid me. I have even heard that they do me the honor to consider me dangerous."

"Yes, that is it!" cried the girl, clasping and unclasping her hands, in agonizing doubt as to how she should tell him the nature of the warning she had received, and assure him of her entire ignorance and disbelief of anything derogatory to his character. "They think you are different in appearance from most men. You have the reputation of being something of a flirt, and perhaps some silly girls might mistake little attentions from you as meaning something deeper; and indeed that is all I have ever heard, and I don't believe that, and think it very foolish in you to shut yourself up on that account. Why, most men would be proud of the power you possess and would use it, notwithstanding the cautious mammas," ending with a little laugh to cover her embarrassment. "Perhaps they consider me one of the foolish maidens,"—her self-possession returning and a strange air of worldly experience coming over her, in curious contrast to the childishness of her manner a few minutes before,—"I, who have come unscathed through nearly two Washington seasons, which, you know, is a broad and liberal education to even a girl of nineteen."

"Yes," answered the captain, smiling in spite of himself, as much for relief in finding her still ignorant of the dark story of his life as at the artless manner in which she laid bare her tender little heart and lovely, truthful character to his gaze, for all her boasted worldly wisdom; "and few women have come through that hot-bed of artificiality as pure and truthful as you; for, little girl, you have kept your child-like heart, if you are the belle and beauty and the head of a great man's household. You have seen much of this world, but it has been from the proscenium boxes: you have yet to make your *début* on the stage of life. So Mrs. Cello warned you against me? She knows me," a dark cloud settling on the handsome brow. "She will no doubt object to my visiting you, and as for your accepting my escort to this ball, such unheard-of imprudence is not to be tolerated."

"I hardly think Mrs. Cello will object to any gentleman who visits her house, and whom she introduced to me, showing me ordinary civilities. I have already accepted your invitation, Captain Colston, and it will be impossible for you to withdraw it now; although, if you should run away, Mr. Burbank might take pity on me and supply your place."

That settled it. Burbank held up to the captain as a possible rival seemed too ridiculous, yet there was just that spice of coquetry in Anice's manner which left the captain in doubt whether she might not prefer, or at least enjoy the younger man's society quite as much as his. He determined to take her to the party, dance with her, keep other men at bay, and, in fact, if possible, completely monopolize her, in the face of Mrs. Cello, angry rivals, and, if need be, the whole War Department.

"You will find our garrison hops very unique affairs, Miss Arleigh, after Marini's decorated rooms, spring floors, and brilliant lights. Tallow candles are our only illuminating power. We had gasoline, but the paternal government, knowing us to be irresponsible children, and fearing we might blow up our precious lives, and wishing to reserve that light entirely to itself, issued an order discontinuing its use. The floor is covered with canvas, which is horribly heavy to dance on, but hides the splinters; and the only thing we can boast of is the music: that is quite equal to the Marine Band, and I think, if the truth were known, contains more talented musicians."

"The more different everything is from the usual society routine the better I shall be pleased. I came here for novelty,—not that I am exactly *blasé*, but I feared I might be if I stayed another season," laughed Anice.

The "assembly" call for retreat startled them from their pleasant converse. The conversation ever and again touched dangerous topics, but Anice, as well as Colston, determined, for the present at least, there should be nothing beyond commonplace; and the knowledge that they were in perfect sympathy, that at a word the most delightfully interesting subjects could be discussed, lent an added charm to their intercourse, and time passed unheeded.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Cello herself was amazed at the way it came about, but there had been a quiet take-it-for-granted air about Anice when she announced her intention of going to the ball with Captain Colston which even Mrs. Cello found hard to set aside, especially in a guest of three days, and this with the general's hearty approval threw the usually triumphant Mrs. Cello into the background. She raged furiously. She uttered dark warnings, at which the general only laughed. That laugh confounded the madam. Never in all their married life had the general laughed when she was serious; she could not understand it. Were those two, Anice and her husband, in league against her? Did they intend to defy her? Had that impudent little chit come all the way from Washington to sow discord in a nice, happy home? Perhaps she intended to beguile the general,—wean his affections from the wife of his bosom! There was no telling what those Washington girls would do. And this innocent-looking puss,—they were always the worst kind,—brought up without a mother too, to what depths of infamy might she not descend?

"Ah, let her try to interfere with me!" cried the woman, a sharp pang of jealousy springing out of her disordered imagination, in which

she imputed to Anice thoughts and motives the child would not have understood, much less undertaken.

"She to set her will in opposition to mine!" for that after all was the main offense in Mrs. Cello's mind. "I will show her! I will make her suffer." And then the consequences of making Anice suffer rose before her. She had much common sense and knew human nature thoroughly; knew, too, that any slight to his daughter would be visited by the heavy wrath of the Secretary, and he was in a position to do them so much harm or good. That "home governorship" was the dream of Mrs. Cello's life,—not a lofty ambition, but it meant a life of ease and competence, a beautiful home, and a position to which the general was fully entitled, but, without the aid of that mysterious influence in certain quarters, not at all likely to fall to the war-worn soldier's lot. Could she afford, just for a spite against a girl, to lose that necessary influence? Let her go on if she pleased; let her break her heart for Colston, or let her, against all opposition, marry him and be wretched ever afterward; for Mrs. Cello was sincere in her utter want of faith in Colston. It was what the Secretary might have expected when he let her come to a military post. And it was what she might have foreseen when she invited Anice to come, promising in that suave letter to the Secretary to be a mother for the time to his little girl, making her, with a wealth of love and interest, happy and contented, and show her a phase of life which, if hard and not desirable to live, was interesting and unique to lookers-on; then, in the confidential part of the letter, assuring the Secretary that he need fear no entanglement of the heart: there were only a few bright, pleasant enough young officers at the fort, not at all dangerous to a girl of Anice's wide experience.

"Knowing as I do," she concluded, with pleasant flattery, "she inherits the clear head and deep insight into character of her distinguished father, I think I can return her to you, not only in better health and happy for this little rest, but heart whole and fancy free."

The Secretary thought so too, not supposing for an instant the dangers of an army post were to be compared to the dangers at home, where fascinating fortune-hunters and place-seekers roamed at will, making easy matrimonial victims of the daughters of high officials. Mrs. Cello was in earnest when she wrote. Colston had been ordered to the fort afterward, and from that time she was full of anxious fears. She thought once of postponing Anice's visit on some trivial excuse, or of frankly warning the Secretary of the danger; but that might have offended him, and then the prospect of placing the Secretary under obligations to her for lavish hospitality to the daughter was too alluring to be foregone. No; she must sheath her claws; she must purr and glide about, shielding Anice from danger unknown to herself. She must not let her see she was beginning to hate her; she must rather ingratiate herself into her affections, and by gentle words show the girl

the folly of her ways, and by motherly love win her to forget that other love. All this she must do, arching her back and purring when she would like to have spit and scratched. She might as well have done so. What was the tender care, even the well-simulated love of an old green-eyed woman, to the love that now thrilled and palpitated through Anice's being, raising her to an ecstasy of delight at the mere touch of a hand, the sound of a voice,—the love that was coming, had come over her, lifting her in its rosy clouds of happiness to a height of bliss from which she looked down with pity in her heart to those who could not share her joy? All this Anice did not acknowledge to herself now, nor indeed until long afterward; she did not try to analyze her feelings. She only knew she was sweetly, unutterably happy as she stood in front of the small glass, surrounded by three kerosene-lamps and four candles, giving the finishing touches to her dress before going down to meet—— Ah, there! the tell-tale blood came rushing to her face; but she put the thought away. It was not that: she was happy because she looked so well, happier than when, in her own handsome chamber at home, standing before the long cheval mirror, she had seen the entire reflection of herself in glittering array, the countless gas-jets giving back in iridescent hues the crystal trimmings amid the billowy lace of her dress, a French *artiste* touching here and there, with magic taste, a puff of hair or fold of the train, from whence she had gone forth to make the conquest of an English earl. And who was there here for whom she should be glad she was beautiful? glad the simple coil of hair became her as well as the more elaborate coiffure, the clinging gown of white China crêpe serve as effectually for a background to her brilliant beauty as the crystal lace had done? There was no one here to dress for. Those burning cheeks and flashing eyes would all be unappreciated in this wild frontier. Anice laughed a low happy laugh as, catching her fur cloak, she ran lightly to the parlor, where the general, miserable in full uniform, Mrs. Cello, stiff and unbending in black moire antique, and Colston, also in uniform, awaited her coming. Ah, was her beauty all for naught? At least no noted belle or beauty ever created a more decided sensation. The general was loud and outspoken in his admiration; even Mrs. Cello was startled by this new revelation of beauty, and glanced sharply at Colston to note the effect on him. There was effect enough: he first turned deadly pale, made a step forward, then, catching his breath, merely bowed profoundly. But Anice, sweeping past the others, went up to him, and extending her long-gloved hand, said, simply, "You will button this for me?" smiling into his face. She was mistress of the situation, and she knew it. Mrs. Cello thought there was a look of defiance in her eye as she glanced at her; but she was mistaken: it was only the unconscious confidence born of beauty, youth, and conscious power.

Colston's fingers trembled as he essayed to fasten the three tiny buttons. It was well they did not extend the whole length of the glove; if they had, he should, he knew, have done something desperate,—have taken the little figure in his arms and kissed the *riante* face lifted so tantalizingly to his.

"You madden me!" was all he said, bending low over the glove, his whole soul in his brave blue eyes. Could flattery have been sweeter, more sincere?

It is safe to say that every unencumbered man at the fort had requested the honor of being Miss Arleigh's escort, including the major, who was far too gallant to even consider his wife an encumbrance, and great was the amazement and deep the imprecations when it was learned that Colston was the chosen hero.

"Didn't suppose he knew we were going to have a hop," grumbled Hargrove.

"He must have heard us talking about it at the sutler store this morning," suggested one.

"Well, it was sly, devilish sly, I say," cried Burbank, who had more reason for feeling alarmed about it than the others.

"Oh, Burbank, you needn't complain," they said. "You had her off for hours the other day: why didn't you engage her then for all the possible hops, all the waltzes, and all the rides while she is here? You missed your opportunity, old fellow."

"Why didn't you engage her for life?" sneered a little "sub" to whom Anice had scarcely spoken.

"Well, I won't miss the opportunity now," sternly replied Burbank, drawing himself up, "of reminding you that, however much you choose to abuse Colston, this is no time nor place to bring a lady's name into the discussion."

"That's so; you're right, Burbank," they all cried, with that readiness to acknowledge a mistake characteristic of an officer and a gentleman. "We only wanted to tease you."

"Because Colston walks over to the hop-room with a young lady is no reason why we shouldn't have a jolly time to-night. I am going to get ready. Ta ta!" And the light-hearted Mr. Hargrove departed to perform his toilet undisturbed by jealous fears.

Burbank saw abundant reason why that very fact would prevent his having a jolly time. He had been rather "spoons" on Anice when she was only a little school-girl at West Point, but the excitement of graduating and the first year's experience of real soldier-life had driven her somewhat from his mind; but now to meet her again in all the glory of successful young ladyhood, twice as handsome, three times as entertaining as when she had caused his susceptible cadet heart to throb under the bell buttons, is it strange that this heart, still susceptible, should again be set to beating wildly at her glance? Although now the

more dignified regulation brass and army blue covered it, it was the same heart.

All this mischief Anice had caused in three days, and she had come to stay three months!

Anice might have been forgiven a little amusement, on entering the hop-room, at the primitive arrangements for the few hours' social enjoyment on the frontier. The room, a long, bare apartment with whitewashed walls and raftered roof, was nothing more nor less than a wing of the hospital. But no opportunity was here offered for those who wished to moralize on the contrast of the walls, now ringing to the sounds of music and merriment, once echoing with the groans of the wounded and the dying. There never had been any dying here, not even a sick man, and the only solemn tones heard within were those of the chaplain, who sometimes read the morning service there. The hospital was an immense rambling building, no doubt built with benevolent intent, but in such an abnormally healthful climate there were seldom any patients. The only deaths among the soldiers were caused by freezing, when some old warrior, filled with good-fellowship and rum, starting from the tavern near the station to walk home, with the laudable intention of slipping in before reveille, would be overtaken by a sudden snow-storm and answer "present" to his name at the roll-call of another world. So to what better use could the deserted wing be put than to fit up one end as a private theatre, where a wonderful amount of histrionic talent was developed, and devote the large remaining space to Terpsichore? The rough boards of the floor were covered, to be sure, with canvas,—not one wide sheet, but tents sewed together, the seams requiring long practice and much dexterity to skip in waltzing, the novice at the art generally landing on the floor in a position as undignified as it was ungraceful. But the *couleur de rose* through which Anice looked to-night prevented her from seeing anything ludicrous, and the good points caught her instant admiration. The flags draped on the walls were beautiful, the shields and stars of bayonets were a most original and exquisite form of decoration,—one which she would suggest to the Army and Navy German Club at home. She even refused to laugh at the tallow candles in tin sconces around the walls: they were artistic. Hadn't the Madison Square, a perfect *bijou* of a theatre, adopted just such a manner of lighting the auditorium? only theirs were imitation china candles, through which gas-jets ran,—but they were in tin sconces, and the effect was the same, —and these were real.

"And that is what I like in everything," she said, emphatically, startling Burbank, on whose arm she was leaning, promenading after the last waltz. "I hate shams, imitation effects, perhaps because I see so much of them in men and women, more than anything else. I like it here; one breathes more freely. There are no deceptions; the people

are whole-hearted and true. There is not the everlasting scheming after place, power, and money. I feel natural among you here. I am not afraid to say what I think, for fear it will be distorted into a newspaper interview with my father. I feel that I am liked for myself, and not for the dinners and parties I can give," which was rather an exalted view to take of the small community. Primitive as it appeared, it was composed of worldly men and women, just as ready to scheme and plan and hate and fight as in the larger circle from which Anice had come. "Oh, I dare say you would be just as bad after a season in Washington. I have noticed it often in young officers coming from the West, fresh and enthusiastic, ready for a happy social winter, liking everybody, and not at first glance distinguishing the different cliques; but first the girls take them up and spoil them, and then they get anxious to be seen only at certain houses, and fall down and worship any and everybody who can advance their interests, until in two months they are insufferable. I don't mean you would become insufferable," she added, feeling the last speech was not quite polite, "at least not to me,"—oh, those bewildering deceitful upward glances!—"but you might be to your old friends."

"Much I'd care for my old friends if you would look at me like that," muttered Burbank.

"Yes," said Anice, whose quick ear had caught the scarcely audible sound, "that is just what I was saying: you wouldn't care for your old friends. Now I am not going to look at you again this evening, for you might count me among your old friends by the time you come to Washington; but if you did, wouldn't I punish you! Oh, dear, there comes the major! I promised him this dance. He said he didn't waltz, but he would have it changed to a polka, a dance I detest. Can't you hide me?" cried the inconsistent Anice, giving him another look.

"I will tell him he is mistaken, this is my dance, if you will let me."

"What! to your superior officer?—that is a term I learned to-day. No; I must bow to fate. Does he cut pigeon-wings,—the major I mean,—and dance on the ends of his toes I wonder? Farewell!" she cried, with a comic look of resignation on her face as the major led her away, just touching her hand with the tips of his fingers, and prancing along on his toes as if he were walking on egg-shells and feared to break them.

"Are we to dance the minuet?" gasped Anice, dismayed at this elaborate preparation.

"No, no, my dear young lady; only the polka redowa to slow music,—a most charming movement, and one to which you will lend an added grace."

Here the major dropped her hand and made her a profound bow. Anice also bowed, not knowing what to say. The music began, not as slowly as might have been expected. Anice noticed that no one else

was dancing; they were looking on to see the fun, all except Colston, who deliberately turned his back, evidently disgusted with the state of affairs. But once started she forgot everything in her endeavors to keep up with the major's remarkable hops, skips, and jumps. "Was the man crazy?" She could not stop him. "What was the matter with the music?" The musicians were laughing. Hopperty hop went the major, dragging Anice with him, when, coming to one of the canvas seams, his agile little toe caught; there was a stumble, a crash, a whirr in Anice's ears, and then she lay perfectly still for a second with her eyes closed. She felt two strong arms lift her, a voice breathed over her something very like "Damned fool!" then "Darling!" and lifting her lids she gazed straight into Colston's angry, anxious blue eyes.

They all came crowding round her, with cries and exclamations of "Are you hurt?" "Is she insensible?" "Bathe her face," until Anice struggled to her feet, protesting she was not hurt, and choking back her laughter at the major, who, on his knees in front of her, was actually crying with mortification and despair at having been the cause of such a contretemps.

In the mean time Mrs. Major, who had made several ineffectual attempts to faint in the arms of a young lieutenant, who resolutely refused to hold her, now pounced plump down on the kneeling major, and quite comfortably swooned away. There she lay, in her green satin, with the inevitable pink ribbons floating around her, deaf to all entreaties until the hospital steward was called, who, instead of bringing sal volatile, maliciously suggested pouring cold water over her, which brought the lady to her senses and saved the satin gown.

(To be continued.)

SHIPS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PART I.

"God hath many ships upon the sea!
His are the merchantmen that carry treasure,
The men-of-war, all bannered gallantly,
The little fisher-boats and barks of pleasure.
* * * * * * * * * *
The winds go up and down upon the sea,
And some they lightly clasp, entreating kindly,
And waft them to the port where they would be,
And other ships they buffet long and blindly."

CARL SPENCER.

"Build me swift, O worthy master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle."

LONGFELLOW.

General Remarks—Iron Vessels of the Nineteenth Century—The British and French Navies, 1800–1850, compared—Some Notes about the British Navy, 1800–1888—The Russian Flag crosses the Equator, 1803—The Turkish Navy, 1806—Miscellaneous—The United States Frigate "Essex," 1799–1814—The United States Frigate "Boston," 1799–1814.

IN no other period or cycle of the world's history since the ark floated upon the largest ocean the world has ever known have there been such changes and improvements in shipping as in the nineteenth century. The bluff-bowed, square-sterned, kettle-bottomed, short ships in vogue at the commencement of the century, which it was jokingly said were built by the mile down East and cut off in lengths to suit the purchasers, have been replaced by long, narrow, clipper-built ships, with sharp, knife-like bow, clean runs, and gracefully-rounded sterns. Admiral Lewis, R.N., suggested round sterns for ships immediately after the Lord Howe action in 1794. Sir Robert Sepping in 1816 proposed to make them curvilinear like the bows, only more flat. The rigs of sailing-vessels have also been essentially changed or modified. Fore- and after-sails have in a great measure taken the place of square, and the hermaphrodite and full-rigged brigs and topsail schooners, once so

numerous in our ports, have become almost obsolete, at least on this side of the Atlantic, and their places taken by two-, three-, and even four-masted schooners, many of them exceeding in tonnage the largest ship-rigged merchant vessels of the eighteenth century, and now my time-honored friend, R. B. Forbes, proposes still another change, viz.: that all of these fore- and aft-sails but one shall be set on stays, and not suspended from gaffs, for which he gives cogent reasons. Should his idea become a fact the poet can no more sing,—

> "They swung around her boom
> When the wind blew piff-paff,
> For she was a little schooner,
> And she sailed with a *gaff*."

While I am writing I read in my daily paper the following notice: "SHIP-BUILDING.—The largest four-masted schooner ever built in this country is now on the ways at the ship-yard of E. Porter Keen at East Weymouth, nearly ready for launching. Her burden will be about fourteen hundred tons, with a capacity for carrying five thousand bales of cotton. She is intended for the cotton trade between Galveston and Providence. She will be named 'Heraldine,' in compliment to the daughter of Harold Peck, Esq., one of the principal owners." —*Boston Herald*, December 30, 1883.

The marine record of Boston, Massachusetts, shows that at the commencement of the eighteenth century the largest ocean vessels rarely exceeded a hundred tons, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century vessels of four hundred and fifty tons were considered, from their unwieldy dimensions, to be likely to be the pecuniary ruin of their owners.

In May, 1828, there sailed from Boston the pioneer of a line of sailing-packets between Boston and Liverpool. When ready for sailing "all the town, men, women, and children, visited her." She was named the "Boston," and was one hundred and twenty-three feet long, of four hundred and thirty tons burden, and carried twenty cabin and eighteen steerage passengers; a cabin passage was one hundred and forty dollars. She returned in August with a full freight. After many ups and downs the line was closed and a final dividend declared in 1839. In 1834 the largest merchant vessel that had ever been in Boston harbor was the ship "Henry Clay," of five hundred tons burden. England from the necessities of her East India trade got a long start of America in large vessels. In 1816 she had East India merchantmen of two thousand tons.

The stately line-of-battle ships, the noble frigates (which Nelson styled the eyes of his fleet), the saucy corvettes, and brigs-of-war have been superseded by the less practical but more efficient monster steam ironclads, steam monitors, gun- and torpedo-boats, until a sailing-vessel

of war has become quite a curiosity, and as antiquated as Noah's ark; the "Victory," Lord Nelson's flag-ship, in the British navy, and the frigate "Constitution," or "Old Ironsides," in ours, being still preserved for the good they have done, and as examples of the ships of war of a past generation.

"The wooden walls of Old England" have been changed into iron, and are now being converted into steel. Steam, which was practically unknown as a motive-power for vessels at the beginning of the century, has advanced from the experiments in English waters and Fulton's little "Clermont" in 1803, and the timid but successful experiments of the "Savannah" to cross the Atlantic in 1818, until it has become the supreme and governing power, and huge steamships four and five hundred feet in length, and of four and five thousand tons burden, only exceeded in size by the ark and the "Great Eastern," cross and recross the Atlantic *daily* with speed and certainty.

Naturally, in a paper on the noted ships of the nineteenth century it will be expected some mention should be made of the "Great Eastern," the largest vessel save the ark ever built; to the "Sirius" and "Great Western," pioneers of the now numerous fleets of steam packet-ships now daily crossing the Atlantic; to the "Princeton," the first screw ship of war; and to our famous frigate "Constitution"; but a magazine paper has its limits, and I must refer my readers to the previous numbers of THE UNITED SERVICE for information concerning these vessels.[1]

In a recent magazine[2] is an interesting and finely illustrated article on the old packet and clipper service, to which I refer my readers as containing all that is needed concerning those noble specimens of the naval architecture of the nineteenth century, the predecessors of the steam packets of to-day, but I will gather from it a few paragraphs. The famous Black Ball line of Liverpool packets was founded in New York in 1816, and the first *ships* of the line were of between four and five hundred tons burden, and were considered very large ships. One of them sailed regularly on the first day of the month. In 1821 a second Liverpool line, the Red Star line, was established. This was followed by the Swallowtail line, Dramatic line, Morgan line, etc., and a line of Havre packets in 1822. To meet the demands of commerce the tonnage of the successive ships was rapidly increased. The "New World," of one thousand four hundred tons, was the largest vessel of these lines afloat in 1846. The ship "Arab," seven hundred and three tons burden, owned

[1] See "Notes on Steam Navigation," in UNITED SERVICE, October, 1881, for account of the "Princeton"; January, 1882, the "Sirius" and "Great Western"; April, 1882, "Great Eastern" and "Old and Famous Ships"; February, 1883, for notice of "Constitution," etc. The history of the frigate "Constitution" has been written by James Fenimore Cooper, and is now being written by General James Grant Wilson, of New York.

[2] *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1884.

by Peters, Pond & Co., was launched from Robertson's ship-yard, corner of Front and Austin Streets, Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1832. She was the largest merchant ship then afloat in that neighborhood, if not in the United States. In 1836 a newspaper has this paragraph: "An *immense* steam frigate, to be called the 'Gorgon,' is to be built in London. She is to be *eleven hundred tons*, and will carry 12 guns. She is to be larger than the old 74's."

The brilliant era of the clippers began in 1840, while that of the packets was in its declension. The growing demands of the China and the India trade instituted this era, and the discovery of gold in Australia and California developed it. The clipper was built for speed, and every other consideration was sacrificed to it. The first that carried across every ocean the fame of the American ship-builder was the "Rainbow," of seven hundred and fifty tons, built for the China trade,—the increased price she obtained for freight made her trips remunerative,—and she was soon followed by the "Helena," six hundred and fifty tons; "Houqua," seven hundred and six tons; "Montauk," seven hundred and six tons; "Sea Witch," nine hundred and seven tons; and others of gradually increased dimensions. In 1851 the "Samuel Russell" sailed in one day, on her voyage home from China, three hundred and eighteen miles, or thirteen and one-quarter miles an hour,—a speed greater than had then been obtained by any ocean steamship. For thirty days in succession she averaged two hundred and twenty-six miles a day, and on another occasion sailed three hundred and twenty-eight miles in one day. The "Flying Cloud," one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two tons, in 1851, went from New York to San Francisco in eighty-four days,—the fastest trip ever made by a sailing-vessel. In 1852 the "Sovereign of the Seas," two thousand four hundred and twenty-one tons, sailed in one day three hundred and forty miles, and arrived in Liverpool from New York in the unprecedented time of thirteen days and nineteen hours. The same day that she made her greatest run the Cunard steamer, which left Boston at noon, simultaneously with her, made only three hundred and six miles. On another occasion, on a voyage from New York to Honolulu, which she completed in eighty-two days, she sailed ten thousand miles without tacking or wearing, and in ten consecutive days made three thousand three hundred miles.

In 1853, on a voyage to San Francisco, the same ship made for twenty-two days a daily average of two hundred and eighty-three and nine-tenths miles; the greatest distance traversed from noon of one day to the noon of the next day being four hundred and nineteen miles.

The opening of the Panama Railway in 1855, the establishment of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and the decline of the California and Australia marine trade conspired to close the clipper epoch. The partial failure of the crops of 1854 and the warlike attitude of Europe

were additional causes of depression, and our civil war, which followed, helped to drive American commerce from the seas.

The first line of sailing-packets between New York and Liverpool was inaugurated, as we have seen, in 1816, and the experiment had only been in successful operation a couple of years when the "Savannah," the first transatlantic steamship, was projected. She was finished in February, 1819, and was a full-rigged ship of three hundred tons burden, propelled by one inclined, direct-acting, low-pressure engine. Her cylinder was forty inches in diameter, with six feet stroke, and carried twenty pounds of steam. She had separate cabins for ladies and gentlemen, handsomely furnished, and her berths, thirty-two in number, were state-rooms handsomely furnished and provided with every comfort. Her paddles were of wrought iron, with only one flange, and entirely uncovered. They were so attached to the shaft that their removal and shipment on deck could be accomplished in twenty minutes. Her speed without sails was about five knots. She sailed from Savannah May 20, 1819, and arrived at Liverpool June 20, after eighteen days' steaming and thirteen days' sailing. After her return from Europe, in December, 1819, she was taken up the Potomac to Washington, where she astonished the collective wisdom of the nation, and thence went to New York. As a steamer she was not a commercial success, and soon after her return to New York she was divested of her steam apparatus, converted into a sailing-packet, and run for some years between Savannah and New York, and on one of her trips from Savannah to New York was driven ashore on Long Island in a storm and went to pieces.[3]

The steamship "Royal William," built at Three Rivers, in the province of Quebec, in 1831, of three hundred and sixty-three registered tons, sailed from Quebec August 5, 1833, for London, put into Pictou, and arrived at Gravesend about September 16, in twenty-five days from the last-named port. She was afterwards sold to and employed by the Spanish government as a ship of war.

Persons who are accustomed to see the fleets of ocean steamers which go in and out of our harbors, and read of those which are constantly passing from the various ports of one continent to those of the other, can scarcely realize that it is only forty-five years since the first steamship from Europe anchored in New York, and that then the crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by steam alone was considered unprofitable, if not impracticable,—Dr. Lardner insisting that a steam vessel could not carry a sufficient quantity of fuel to feed her engines and at the same time have space for a profitable freight. Dr. Lardner proved to his own

[3] See UNITED SERVICE, July, 1881, and "History of Steam Navigation," *Harper's Magazine*, and this paper for further accounts of this vessel. It was not until twelve years later that any other attempt was made to cross the Atlantic from west to east by steam.

satisfaction that in order successfully to cross the Atlantic a steamer must either have a tender with a fresh supply of coal, or have a depot somewhere in mid-ocean. The following is a specimen of the reasoning founded upon the use of steam in the government service of Great Britain: "To accomplish a voyage of the same length as that across the Atlantic two tons of coal will be used for each horse-power of the engines; that is to say, if the engines are three hundred horse-power, they will consume six hundred tons of fuel before they reach the terminus of a three-thousand-mile voyage. But a spare supply must also be carried, to provide against accident or delay, so that the quantity must be raised to seven hundred tons. On the other hand, if the tonnage of the vessel be more than four times its horse-power, the latter will be inadequate to its proportion at the ordinary rate of steamships. The tonnage of the vessel, therefore, could not exceed twelve hundred, and, after making allowance for cabins, machinery, boilers, ship's stores, etc., the space left for fuel would not contain more than five hundred tons, which would all be consumed before the vessel arrived within five hundred miles of the Atlantic coast." The arrival of the "Sirius," seven hundred tons, and "Great Western," of twelve hundred tons, at New York, in April, 1838, after passages of eighteen and a half and of fourteen and a half days respectively, cut the Gordian knot of these speculations and solved the problem, each of those vessels in their passages consuming the same quantity of fuel, nearly four hundred and fifty-three tons. The success of these vessels induced the laying down on the banks of the Thames, about the middle of 1838, the keel of a transatlantic steamer, whose gigantic proportions for a long time after her construction were as much a theme of speculation and general astonishment as was the building of the "Great Eastern" twenty years later. The "British Queen," as this vessel was called, was launched in the spring of 1839, and taken to the works of Robert Napier on the Clyde to receive her machinery. From figure-head to taffrail she measured two hundred and seventy-five feet, and her beam, exclusive of paddle-boxes, was thirty feet, and including them, sixty-one feet; her depth of hold, twenty-seven feet; and her engines of five hundred horse-power; her burden, two thousand and sixteen tons; and her cost three hundred thousand dollars. The "British Queen" started on her first trip from Portsmouth on the 12th of July, 1839, with a full complement of passengers, a crew of one hundred men, eight hundred tons of goods and six hundred tons of coal. There was said to have been afloat in her when leaving the harbor property to the value of seven and a half millions of dollars. She reached New York after a good passage of fourteen and three-quarter days. Before the conclusion of the year she made five more voyages, two out and three home, and in 1840 five voyages to and five voyages from New York, but for want of patronage was sold in 1841 to the Belgian government. It will be observed that within forty years the

size of transatlantic steam vessels has been nearly doubled, and the passage, owing to the screw having taken the place of the paddle-wheels, has been reduced fully one-half, while the economy in the use of fuel is more than correspondingly reduced. The British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, better known as the Cunard line, it is well known started in 1840 with four paddle-wheel steamships of twelve hundred tons burden, the first of which sailed from Liverpool on the 4th of July of that year, a new declaration of the independence of steam over the winds and waves, making the passage to Boston *via* Halifax in fourteen and a half days. The wooden paddle-wheel steamships of this line have all disappeared, having been either lost, sold, or broken up, and the present fleet consists entirely of iron or steel screw propellers of greatly increased tonnage.

Great Britain has been forced to substitute iron bulwarks for the "wooden walls of old England," which had so long been her boast, and which have been the theme of her poets, as, from the increasing scarcity of the material, she was obliged to depend upon foreign countries for a supply, which of course was an element of weakness. Long before the hulls of her vessels of war were built of iron, iron knees had been substituted for wooden knees in their internal fittings.

From a report made to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests about seventy years ago, or early in the nineteenth century, it appears that the tonnage of the Royal Navy was computed to be somewhat less than eight hundred thousand tons. To build such a navy, as ships were then built (consuming about one and a half loads to the ton), about one million two hundred thousand loads of timber would have been required. At the end of fifteen years it was estimated that on an average each ship would require a complete and extensive repair, and also that the average duration of a ship might be assumed at thirty years; exclusive, then, of twenty-eight thousand loads of timber for repairs, about eighty-five thousand loads, or a gross total of one hundred and ten thousand loads, were requisite in 1810 for the annual consumption of the navy at that time, an ordinary 70-gun ship of that date requiring three thousand loads of timber, and, of course, as the size of the vessels of the several classes was increased, there was a corresponding increased demand for timber; as, for instance, the "Britannia" (120), required four thousand one hundred and fifty loads of rough timber; the "Albion" (90), four thousand one hundred loads; the "Rodney" (92), three thousand six hundred and ten loads; "Arethusa" (50), two thousand five hundred and thirty loads. These were sailing-ships. The "Marlborough" (131), screw vessel, needed six thousand and sixty-eight loads; and the following screw steamships, viz.: the "Renown" (91), four thousand six hundred and eighty; the "Bulwark" (91), five thousand five hundred; "Shannon" (51), three thousand three hundred and sixty-six loads respectively. Not more than forty oak-trees can grow upon

an acre, so as to attain their full size, or to yield each two loads of timber. "In order, therefore," says a writer from whom we quote,[4] "to build a ship like the 'Marlborough,' the produce of seventy-six acres of oak forest, of the growth of a hundred years, would be necessary; and to supply the demands of such a navy as England possesses at this time (1859) would absorb annually the produce of fourteen thousand acres. The woodlands of England, Scotland, and Wales have long ceased to contribute any very considerable quantity. The materials now chiefly in vogue for ships of war, both in this country and in France, are Italian oak and African mahogany." The same writer also says, "It has been found that oak, the produce of different countries, cannot be employed in the same ship if allowed to come in contact, as, from some organic action which takes place, the precise cause of which has not yet been ascertained, decay almost invariably takes place at either side of the junction." Thus, from necessity, it will be seen the building of wooden vessels of war ceased, and the construction of iron commenced. It is anticipated that the average duration of an iron vessel will be greater than her wooden predecessor, and that her annual cost for repairs will be much less. But the use of iron and steel for the hulls of vessels has been too recently adopted to fully prove their greater endurance and their less expense.

Iron Vessels of the Nineteenth Century.—In a journal of 1787 there is an account of the arrival at Birmingham of a canal-boat built of iron by John Wilkinson, of Bradley Forge; but it has been stated that Mr. Thomas Roberts, of the English navy office, was the first, about 1807, to use cast iron for securing the ends of beams instead of wooden knees, and he received eight hundred pounds from the British government for his invention.

Iron was first used about the year 1810 for the construction of vessels employed in canal and river navigation. The first iron boat ever launched in salt water was a pleasure-boat built under the direction of Mr. Jevons, of Liverpool, in 1815. The next employment of iron in ship-building was in 1820, when the "Aaron Manby," a steam vessel, was constructed at the Horseley Iron-Works, and made a voyage between London and Paris "without unloading any of her cargo." In 1843 she was in good condition, and up to that time had required no repairs to her hull. She was named for her maker, and was sent to London in parts and put together in dock. In 1821, Captain, afterwards Rear-Admiral, Sir Charles Napier, who was a partner in the speculation, navigated her from London to Havre and thence to Paris. She was for thirty years the only vessel that made the direct voyage from London to Paris, and was broken up in 1855.

In 1829–30 a series of experiments were instituted by the Forth and Clyde Canal Company to ascertain the law of traction of light boats at

[4] Hans Busk's Navies, 1859.

high velocities on canals, which led to the application of iron to the construction of vessels. The lightness and increased strength—the weight of an iron vessel being only about three-fifths that of a wooden vessel of the same capacity—soon led to iron being used in the construction of vessels of much larger dimensions. The "Albar Kah," an iron vessel, built in 1831 for the African expedition, drew only three feet four inches of water, and her success dispelled the prejudice which existed of going to sea with so light a draught.

The "Garryowen," an iron vessel built in 1834, was the first that exhibited a regular arrangement of water-tight bulkheads.

In the latter part of 1838 the first iron ship built in Liverpool, England, was launched from the ways of Messrs. Jackson, Gordon & Co. She was ninety-six feet on the keel, twenty-four and a half feet beam, thirteen and a half feet hold, and of two hundred and seventy-one tons burden. She was appropriately named the "Ironsides." Toward the close of 1839 an English paper mentions her arrival at Liverpool from her second voyage to South America, and states that she is the only iron sailing-vessel in the kingdom. She was built for the Pernambuco trade, and as there is a bar at that harbor, to lessen her draught she was constructed without any out-board keel. I saw this vessel, which was bark-rigged, in 1843, at the Cape of Good Hope, where she attracted great attention.

The "Nemesis," one hundred and sixty-eight feet long, twenty-nine feet beam, and of four hundred and fifty tons, Captain William H. Hall, of the East India Company's service, was the first iron steamer to round the Cape of Good Hope. She left England March 28, 1840, and after several stops arrived in Table Bay July 1, and left on the 11th for China. She was so damaged by gales as to be forced to put into D'Algoa Bay for repairs. The after-services of this vessel in Chinese waters and of her captain, who was knighted, are matters of history. "When the 'Nemesis' first made her appearance on the shores of the Celestial Empire, and the Chinese saw her advancing steadily, with furled sails, against wind and tide (recollect this is less than half a century ago), they fled in dismay, styling her, in their terror, an infernal machine constructed and propelled by demons." The simple inhabitants of one of the South Sea islands, when they beheld a steamer for the first time, came to an opposite conclusion, and prostrating themselves, worshiped the smoky craft, regarding its mysterious movements as being indisputable proof of its being a divinity.

In 1852 the "Comte Lehon," a zinc ship, the first ever constructed of that metal, was launched at Nantes, in France. Her frame was of iron, of great elegance and strength. The sheet-zinc used was three-thirty-fifths of an inch thick, riveted with a double row of iron rivets. The deck and upper works were of wood. Her burden was twenty-five tons more than a wooden ship of the same dimensions. It was appre-

hended that the contact of the zinc with the iron rivets would change the character of the iron and impair the strength of the vessel, but it was ascertained that the rivets became galvanized by contact with the zinc. She made a voyage to Rio Janeiro, and proved an excellent sea-boat in repeated gales. Her captain also asserted that her compasses had never been affected, as frequently happens on board iron vessels.

In 1845 my friend, R. B. Forbes, caused to be built the "Iron Witch," a paddle-wheel steamer designed by Ericsson for great speed. She was three hundred feet long, and the first iron passenger steamer that plied on the North River. The enterprise did not prove a success.

In 1847 he sent to China on the deck of a ship a small iron propeller called the "Fire Fly," which was the first iron vessel of the kind to ply upon the Canton or "Pearl" River.

In 1849 he sent to San Francisco, California, on the deck of the "Somerset," an iron paddle-wheel steamer seventy-five feet long, twelve feet beam, which was the first or second American steamer on the Sacramento River.

In 1855 he built and sent to China an iron paddle-wheel steamer eighty by fourteen feet, in two parts, on the deck of a brig of about three hundred tons, which was the first iron paddle steamer in China under the United States flag. In 1857–58 he built the iron paddle-wheel steamer "Argentine," of one hundred tons, which was the first iron paddle-wheel steamer built in Massachusetts. In 1858 he built a small paddle-wheel steamer, the "Alpha," of iron, fifty-three feet long and twelve feet beam, which was carried to South America on the deck of the iron sailing-brig "Nankin," the first iron vessel built for commercial purposes in Boston.

In 1861 he sent to China in pieces, aboard the bark "Palmetto," an iron paddle-wheel boat, which was set up in Shanghai and called the "Hyson;" and late the same year sent to Shanghai, on the deck of the "Calliope," of two hundred and fifty-six tons, a small iron paddle-wheel steamer seventy-five by sixteen feet, which was put together at Shanghai and called the "Tsatlee." These two iron boats were the first of their kind under the United States flag on the waters of the Yang-tse, China.

The "Warrior," the first iron-cased steam frigate of Great Britain, was launched from the yard of the Thames Ship-Building Company December 29, 1860.

The first vessel with iron frame and wooden planking constructed in the United States was launched from East Boston for R. B. Forbes in 1863. This compound or composite construction had been adopted in England earlier. Forbes's vessel was a screw steamer of about five hundred tons, called the "Niphon," and was sold by him to the United States government. R. F. Loper is said to have built a vessel on a similar plan previously. Her rig was peculiar, her mainmast being supplied

with square-sails, and her fore- and mizzen-masts with fore- and aft-sails only. This system of ship-building had been patented in England about twelve years before, under the name of "Lungley's patent combination ship-building with iron frames and double planking."

The "Atlantic," a finely moulded iron vessel, was launched at Newcastle (England) on the 1st of August, 1863. She was designed to carry petroleum from America to England in bulk, her hold being separated into large compartments by sheet-iron partitions. In 1869–70 the brig "Novelty" was built of iron at the Atlantic Works, Boston, Massachusetts, with a line of square tanks placed fore and aft for carrying molasses or grain. Her cargo was pumped out by steam in a few hours. The Atlantic Works obtained a patent for her design. She arrived from Sagua la Grande with a cargo of ninety thousand six hundred gallons of molasses, and the next day was entirely discharged.

STEEL SHIPS.—September, 1863, Messrs. Jones, Quigan & Co., of Liverpool, launched two large vessels built of *steel*, viz.: the "Formby," a sailing-ship of twelve hundred and seventy-one tons, built for the East India trade, and the "Hope," a paddle-wheel steamer of fourteen hundred and ninety-two tons. At the launch, Mr. Jones said, "Steel is much stronger than iron, weight for weight, and consequently equal strength can be given with less weight of steel than iron. The strain resisted by iron-built ships had been found to be from nineteen to twenty tons per square inch, while the resistance of steel was found to range from forty-two to forty-eight, giving a mean of forty-five tons for steel, or considerably more than double that of iron. Keeping these results in view, the 'Formby' required five hundred tons of material in her hull, while her counterpart, if built of iron, would have required eight hundred tons. This difference of weight would cause a difference of nearly two feet in displacement in favor of the steel vessel, and of course a less propelling power."

In 1864, Mr. John Vernon, of Liverpool, stated before the Mechanical Engineers Society that in a twelve-hundred-ton vessel the three lower masts and bowsprits if made of iron would weigh twenty-six tons, if of steel nineteen, and if made of wood they would weigh thirty-two tons. In 1867 light and slender tubes of Bessemer steel were first tried in the British navy as a substitute for the wrought-iron articles which had been applied to some extent in place of wooden stocks. These steel masts were strengthened by transverse longitudinal plates. Up to the present year of our Lord 1884, however, iron or steel masts have not been received with much favor, nor have they to any extent taken the place of good wooden spars. This is perhaps due to prejudice in the first place, to their rigidity in the second, and to their extra cost in the third.

August 15, 1872, the "Pennsylvania," the first American iron ocean steamship, was launched from the ship-yard of William Cramp

& Sons, Philadelphia. Thirty thousand people witnessed the launch. Nearly one hundred steamers and tugs deeply laden with human freight and bedecked with flags crowded around the locality of the shipyard. Her length is (for she still lives) three hundred and fifty-five feet over all; extreme breadth, forty-three feet; tonnage, old measurement, three thousand and sixteen; draught, twenty feet. She carries a measurement cargo of three thousand eight hundred and fifty-four tons.

The first ironclad ever built in Turkey, the "Mon-Kademi-i-Khair," or "Happy Being," was launched from the Imperial Arsenal at Hasskein November 28, 1872. She was a sister-ship to the ironclad "Feti Bulend," constructed in England after the design of Mr. Reed. The keel of the "Happy Being" was laid October 2, 1869, and about thirty-five English artificers daily worked upon her. Her cost ready for her armament was stated at one hundred and thirty-four thousand one hundred and eighty pounds.

In April, 1883, the first full-rigged sailing-ship ever built of iron in the United States was launched from the yard of John Roach at Chester, Pennsylvania. She was called the "Tillie E. Starbuck." Her length over all is 270 feet, and 248 feet at the load-line; beam, 42 feet; depth of hold, 23½ feet; draught, 21½ feet with a dead weight of 3750 tons of cargo; with 2500 tons weight. Her draught is 18½ feet. Her measurement is calculated at 4250 tons. Her first voyage was to Portland, Oregon, and her cost is stated to be about $140,000. Harlan & Hollingsworth built an iron bark of 750 tons, called the "Iron Age," some time previous, and the Cramps built an iron schooner in 1881.

British and French Navies, 1800.—The following table shows the number of British and French *sailing*-ships of war at the undermentioned periods, 1804 to 1859, inclusive:[5]

Years.	Ships of the Line.		Frigates.		Sloops and Brigs.		Totals.	
	British.	*French.*	*British.*	*French.*	*British.*	*French.*	*British.*	*French.*
1804...	175	50	244	32	171	...	590	.....
1812...	245	113	272	72	314	...	831	.....
1815...	218	69	309	88	261	...	788	.....
1820...	146	58	164	39	145	38	455	135
1825...	120	58	156	42	173	61	449	161
1830...	106	53	144	67	102	83	352	203
1840...	89	44	108	56	87	89	284	189
1845...	88	46	104	50	83	72	275	168
1850...	86	45	104	56	79	87	269	188
1859[6]..	35	10	70	32	68	41	173	83

[5] Many of course were steamers in 1859.

[6] In this year are included the British and French vessels of war afloat and building. There were included ninety-three British mortar-vessels, schooners, transports, etc., and sixty-one French vessels of a similar character.

The following table shows the progressive increase of the royal navy at various intervals from 1793 to 1814:

Years.	Ships.	Men voted.	Navy Estimates.	Tonnage.
1793	498	45,000	£5,525,331	433,226
1800	767	135,000	12,422,837	668,744
1808	869	143,800	17,406,047	892,800
1814	901	146,000	18,786,509	966,000

After the peace of 1815 the number of vessels was greatly diminished, but their power was vastly increased. In 1795 the largest ship in the English navy was two thousand three hundred and fifty tons. In 1800, two thousand five hundred tons. In 1808, two thousand six hundred and sixteen tons. In 1853, four thousand tons. In 1841 began the gradual substitution of steam for sailing vessels, which was not completed, however, until 1859.

In the twenty years included between 1800–19 Great Britain expended for ships *built* for the royal navy £18,721,551, on repairs £11,037,188, and on ordinary wear and tear £6,412,592,—a total of £36,171,331; or roughly stated, about $9,000,000 annually on the construction and repair of ships for the first twenty years of the nineteenth century.

In 1817 the "Kent" (74), weighing one thousand seven hundred tons, was hauled upon a slip or railway at Plymouth, England, for repairs, being the first line-of-battle ship so raised. She was hove from the water, after everything was prepared, to her destined situation in forty-one minutes. The French had previously attempted to raise a 74, but failed.

The "Warrior," the first ironclad of the royal navy, was launched in 1860, just at the beginning of our civil war, and in 1870 the "Hotspur," appropriately named, was launched,—being the first ironclad in the royal navy chiefly designed as a RAM.

In 1864, at the close of our civil war, an Admiralty return showed that the royal navy comprised five hundred and ninety-two ships and vessels afloat, eighty-six of them effective sailing-vessels (chiefly mortar-vessels and floats), and five hundred and six steamers. The *screw steamers* included twenty armor-plated ships and floating batteries, fifty-six ships of the line, thirty-seven frigates, nine block-ships, twenty-six corvettes, thirty-five sloops, forty-seven gun-vessels, one hundred and forty-three gunboats, seven tenders, four mortar-ships, and fifteen troop-ships. The twenty armored vessels afloat were six iron third-rates and two fourth-rates, four wooden third-rates, one sloop, three iron floating batteries and four of wood. Of armor-plated screw steam vessels building, there were three iron third-rates and three of wood, one wooden

fourth-rate, one cupola-ship, fourth-rate, and another being converted, two wooden corvettes, sixth-rates, and one sloop.

In April, 1874, the effective vessels of the royal navy were thirty-three armor-plated frigates (three building), fourteen turret-vessels (two building), three armor-plated corvettes, and two sloops; three floating batteries, three armed gunboats, thirty-seven ships of the line (ten sailing-vessels only), forty-three frigates (seven sailing-vessels only), forty-three gun-vessels, sixty-nine smaller steamers (ten building), seventy-one gunboats, seventeen transports, six yachts, and five schooners. A total of four hundred and twenty-four vessels. At the beginning of 1878 there were two hundred and forty-nine vessels in commission exclusive of Indian troop-ships, and the *personnel* amounted to sixty thousand men, including fourteen thousand marines, but exclusive of artificers and laborers in dock-yards; the armament being about five thousand guns, and the annual charge estimated at ten million one hundred and seventy-nine thousand four hundred and eighty-five pounds, exclusive of construction and repairs, but including pensions and conveyance of troops, viz.:

Wages, victuals, and clothing for the navy	£3,667,021
Admiralty office	178,066
Coast guard and naval reserve	163,311
Surveying, hydrography, etc. (scientific branch)	111,170
Dock-yards and victualing-yards	1,253,211
Stores for building and repairing ships	1,851,063
Miscellaneous services	964,117
Half-pay and pensions	1,815,926
Conveyance of troops	175,600
	£10,179,485

In the month of July, 1883, the royal navy consisted of five hundred and forty-seven steam vessels of all sizes and conditions, from the double-screw, iron armor-plated turret-ship "Agamemnon" (4 guns), of 8510 tons and 6000 horse-power, and iron armor-plated ship "Agincourt" (17), 10,690 (6621) tons, 6870 (1350) horse-power; "Camperdown" (10), double-screw, steel armor-plated barbette ship of 10,000 tons and 7500 horse-power, building at Portsmouth, and "Inflexible" (4), double-screw, iron turret, armor-plated, of 11,880 tons and 8010 horse-power, to the "Wildfire," paddle-steamer, of 198 tons, 876 horse-power, with a few sailing-brigs and schooners. There were also six Indian troop-ships, each of 6211 (4173) tons; thirty-seven small steam vessels, tugs, and eight employed on harbor service; also one hundred and twenty-eight superannuated ships of all rates and sizes put down as on harbor service, being on the retired list, so to speak, as no more fit for the sea. Among them being the "Royal Alfred," of 6700 tons, armor-plated; "Royal Oak," 6366 tons, armor-

plated; "Royal Sovereign," 5080 tons, turret-ship, etc., from which it would seem royal names do not prevent the retiring of a ship from active service. Besides these, there are quite a number of coast-guard cruisers, answering to the vessels of our revenue marine, rated as tenders, but whose officers are borne upon the books of the vessels on harbor service. There are also quite a number of officers on surveying service all over the world, whose names are borne upon some one of the ships of the royal navy. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is honorary captain of the officers on the royal naval reserve list.

At the time of the Russian war all the old sailing three-deckers were fitted with screw-propellers, and so many new "liners" were laid down that they led to the supposition that such ships would still continue to remain faithful representatives of the navies which had been the instruments of England's brightest glories in by-gone times. But it was not to be. The sun of the three-deckers and of ships of the line, whether propelled by sails or screw, had irrevocably set.

Moored within the harbor of Portsmouth in 1883 were three famous ships of obsolete types, and representing the progress of ship-building in this nineteenth century. The first, the sailing-ship "Victory," of two thousand one hundred and sixty-four tons, old measurement, formerly a 100-gun ship, and Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar in 1805, now rated as of twenty-six guns, and as tender to the "Duke of Wellington."

2d. The wooden screw steamship of the line "Duke of Wellington" (26),—formerly one hundred and thirty-one guns,—six thousand and seventy-one tons weight, or three thousand seven hundred and seventy-one tons measurement, with engines of nineteen hundred and ninety-nine indicated, or seven hundred nominal, horse-power, launched in 1852, which carried Sir Charles Napier's flag to the Baltic in 1855, and is now the flag-ship of the admiral at Portsmouth.

3d. The iron screw, armor-plated ship "Warrior," of thirty-two guns, of nine thousand two hundred and ten tons weight, and six thousand one hundred tons, old measurement, with engines of five thousand two hundred and seventy tons indicated, and one thousand two hundred and fifty nominal, horse-power. In 1863 she was the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Dacres, commanding the Channel squadron of ironclads.

In the same harbor could be seen on the stocks the latest improvements in armored naval construction, the double-screw, steel armor-plated barbette ship of ten thousand tons and seven thousand five hundred horse-power, and of nearly equal size, viz., nine thousand three and thirty tons weight, four thousand four hundred and seven tons measurement, and six thousand six hundred and fifty horse-power, the double-screw, iron turret, armor-plated ship "Devastation," of four guns, while ships of still greater tonnage and with more powerful engines were on service on foreign stations.

The wooden steam frigates "Doris," "Diadem," "Orlando," and

"Mersey," which were built after the visit of the United States frigate "Merrimac" to England to compete with her and her class of vessels, such as the "Wabash," "Minnesota," etc., have disappeared from the royal navy list; the "Doris," with her machinery removed, being on harbor service at Devonport, and the keel of a double-screw steel cruiser of the second class, of fourteen guns, to take the place of the "Mersey," is being laid at Chatham.

There are very fine colored illustrations of the "Victory," "Duke of Wellington," and "Warrior" in Francis Elgar's "Ships of the Royal Navy," published in 1872, and from his book we learn that the following are their relative dimensions:

The "Victory."—Extreme length, two hundred and twenty-six feet six inches; keel, one hundred and fifty-one feet three inches; gun-deck, one hundred and eighty-six feet; beam, fifty-two feet; depth of hold, twenty-one feet six inches; tonnage, two thousand one hundred and sixty-two; armament in 1778, one hundred and four guns, viz., lower deck, thirty long 32-pounders; middle, thirty long 24-pounders; main-deck, thirty-two long 12-pounders; upper deck, twelve short 12-pounders. In 1793 she had four 32-pounder carronades substituted on the upper deck, and six 18-pounder carronades added to the poop, making the total number of her guns one hundred and ten. The six 18-pounder carronades were subsequently removed, as at Trafalgar she had no guns on the poop. In 1853 two 68-pounder carronades were placed on the forecastle instead of the two 32-pounders, when the weight of her broadside was eleven hundred and sixty pounds. The plate of the "Victory" represents the flag of Admiral Sir Thomas Sabine Pasley being struck on the evening of March 1, 1869, the last admiral's flag she ever carried. As she was launched on the 7th of May, 1765, she had then passed her centennial nearly four years.

The "Victory" has elsewhere been described in the pages of THE UNITED SERVICE, in "Some Old and Famous Ships" and in "Ships of the Eighteenth Century," to which the reader is referred for further information if desired.

The "Duke of Wellington," built at Pembroke, and launched in 1852, was first named the "Windsor Castle," but from having been christened the day the Duke of Wellington died, was renamed the "Duke of Wellington." Originally built to carry one hundred and thirty guns on four decks, her armament is now thirty-three guns, mounted for saluting purposes only.

Her principal dimensions are: length, two hundred and forty feet seven inches; breadth, sixty feet one inch; draught of water forward, twenty-five feet nine inches, aft, twenty-seven feet six inches; tonnage, three thousand seven hundred and seventy-one; speed, 9.891 knots. Engines built by Robert Napier & Sons. She is now the commander-in-chief's flag-ship in Portsmouth harbor.

The "Duke of Wellington" is one of that majestic-looking and powerful class of ships of the line that are now as extinct for naval war purposes as the "Dodo," and we shall never look upon their like again when these now in process of decay have passed away; yet it is little more than thirty years since she was launched. Her cost, from an official statement, was: for hull,—labor, thirty thousand six hundred and fifty-two pounds; materials, seventy-five thousand six hundred and thirty-nine pounds; total cost of hull, one hundred and six thousand two hundred and ninety-two pounds. For masts, rigging, sails, and stores, nineteen thousand two hundred and twenty-four pounds; for engines and gear, forty-six thousand two hundred and twenty pounds; making her total cost, exclusive of her armament, one hundred and seventy-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pounds, equal to about eight hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars, and the annual cost of maintaining her (irrespective of the pay of the crew) for repairs of hull, masts, sails, rigging, engines, etc., was estimated at fourteen thousand three hundred and twenty-five pounds, amounting to rather more than eight per cent. of her original cost. Her entire spread of sail exceeded an acre and a half. Her mainmast alone, with topmast yards and rigging, cost five hundred pounds; the foremast about three hundred and eighty pounds; the mizzen-mast one hundred pounds, and the bowsprit and jibboom about two hundred and twenty pounds more. Her anchors and cables weighed upwards of one hundred tons, and the weight of her provisions and stores for six months' consumption of her crew exceeded three hundred tons. Her armament consisted of one hundred and thirty guns, made up of ninety-five hundred-weight 68-pounders as pivot guns, some 8-inch sixty-five hundred-weight guns as the heaviest broadside guns, with a large preponderance of 32-pounder smooth-bore guns of different weights.

In 1860 the six most powerful vessels in the royal navy were the wooden auxiliary-screw line-of-battle ships "Royal George," "Royal Albert," "Duke of Wellington," "Royal Sovereign," "Marlborough," and "Victoria." With the exception of the last named, these were all designed for sailing ships,—the "Marlborough," "Sovereign," and "Wellington" by Sir William Symonds, the then surveyor of the navy, and the "Albert" by Oliver Lang. The "Royal George" was built on the lines of the old "Caledonia," and was launched at Chatham in 1827. She was not lengthened or altered in any way, but only had the screw aperture cut in her dead-wood. To adapt the other vessels for the reception of the screw, the "Marlborough" was lengthened amidships and at either end, and was also increased slightly in breadth; the "Duke of Wellington" and "Royal Sovereign" were lengthened amidships and by the stern; the "Royal Albert" was lengthened by the stern, and when launched at Woolwich in 1854 was said to be the largest ship in the world, and contrast was made with her and the

"Great Harry" of Henry VIII.'s time. Contrasted with an armored ship of to-day, she is as antiquated as was the "Great Harry," with which she was contrasted when launched. The following table presents the principal dimensions of these ships and of the "Victoria:"

Names.	Guns.	Nominal Horse-Power.	Indicated Horse-Power.	Length between Perpendiculars.	Extreme Breadth.	Depth of Hold.	Burden, in Tons.	Weight, in Tons.
				ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.		
Royal George	102	400	.....	205.7	54 6½	23.2	2616	.....
Royal Albert	121	500	.....	232.9	61	24.2	3726	.....
Duke of Wellington	131	700	1999	240.6	60.1	24.8	3771	6071
Royal Sovereign	131	800	2460	240.6	60	24.8	3765	5080
Marlborough	131	800	.....	245.6	61.2½	25.10	4100	.....
Victoria	121	1000	4191	260	60	26.10	4191	6959

The "Victoria" was launched in the summer of 1859 from the Portsmouth yard, in the presence of Her Majesty and the royal family, and was larger than any line-of-battle ship then afloat, and also was the first three-decker that had been designed expressly as a screw steamer. Her displacement at the load-line was very nearly seven thousand tons, which was greater than any other ship-of-war of the royal navy at that date, by nearly one thousand tons. The "Marlborough," next to her in size, mounted ten more guns, but the armament of the "Victoria" was the heaviest, viz.:

	Number.	Calibre.	Cwt.	Feet.
Lower deck	32	8 inches.	65	9
Middle deck	30	8 "	65	9
Main deck	32	32-pounders.	56	9.6
Upper deck	26	32-pounders.	42	8
Upper deck	1	68-pounder (pivot).	95	10
Total	121			

Her engines, built by Maudsley & Sons, were of the nominal power of one thousand horses.

Referring to the Royal Navy List for July, 1883, I find the following the present disposition and condition of these ships after twenty-four years' service:

The "Duke of Wellington," rated twenty-five guns, the flag-ship of the admiral at the Portsmouth dock-yard.

The "Marlborough," late screw, first rate, school for engineer students at Portsmouth.

The "Royal Albert," steamship in ordinary at Devonport.

The "Royal George," receiving-hulk, Portsmouth.

The "Royal Sovereign," having been converted into an armor-plated turret-ship, is laid up, "unappropriated," at Portsmouth.

The "Victoria," twelve-gun steamship, is laid up in ordinary at Portsmouth.

The "Warrior," built at the Thames Iron-Works, Blackwall, from the designs of the department of the controller of the royal navy, Rear-Admiral Robert Spencer Robinson, was launched the 29th of December, 1860. She is an armor-plated screw steamship of twelve hundred and fifty horse-power, and was built to carry thirty-two guns, viz.: on the upper deck, eight 7-inch; on the main-deck, twenty 7-inch and four 8-inch, and is plated with 4½-inch iron plates. Her principal dimensions are: length, 380 feet; breadth, 58 feet; depth of hold, 21.1; tonnage, 6117 tons; draught, forward, 26.2; aft, 26.9. Engines by Messrs. J. Penn & Son. Her speed 14.35 knots, and her complement 705 men. Her cost, including engines, was £356,693, or about $1,183,000. She was first commissioned August 1, 1861 (twenty-two and a half years ago), by Captain the Hon. Arthur A. Cochrane, and was one of the Channel or flying squadron of ironclads under Admiral Dacres in 1864, who preferred for his flag-ship, as more comfortable, the screw line-of-battle ship "Edgar." She is, in 1884, laid up at Portsmouth, in charge of a chief engineer and three warrant officers, whose accounts are borne upon the "Asia," and will probably never be again commissioned.[7]

In 1858, Lord Derby appointed a committee to inquire into the "comparative state of the navies of England and France," and early in 1859 a report from the Secretary to the Admiralty was presented to Parliament, to the effect that four ironclads were being built in France, and it stated "that so convinced are naval men in France of the irresistible qualities of these ships, that they are of opinion no more ships of the line will be laid down." Sir John Pakington soon after announced to the House of Commons that the English navy required "reconstruction," and the Admiralty at once gave orders to its naval architects to prepare designs for a first-class armor-clad ship of war, much on the plan suggested by Mr. Scott Russell. In September a contract was signed with the Thames Iron-Works Company for the construction of the "Warrior"; a sister-ship, the "Black Prince," being ordered at the same time from Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow. Their armament consisted of thirty-four smooth-bore 68-pounder guns, and two Armstrong 100-pounders. The guns were arranged on the plan known as the "box-battery,"—that is, the battery was placed in the central part of the ship, which was alone armored with 4½-inch plates. In the interior this battery was cut off from the ship by means of armored bulkheads of the same thickness. But the fore and aft parts of the ship remained completely unprotected.

The "Warrior," when completed, became the theme of universal laudation. Her graceful form—in outward appearance she seemed

[7] A more detailed description of the "Warrior" will be given later.

little else than a larger edition of the steam frigates—pleased the public eye; while what were then considered her irresistible powers of attack and defense made her the subject of admiration to professional men. Captain Semmes, who saw the "Warrior" at Gibraltar, speaks of her in his "Cruise of the Alabama," as a ship with which he would meet the whole Yankee navy and raise the blockade of the Southern ports. But such flattering ideas were soon to receive a severe shock. The French laid down vessels of much greater power than "La Gloire," and not long after the launch of the "Warrior," the 300-pounder Armstrong at Shoeburyness sent its bolt at a distance of two thousand yards through the "Warrior" target as easily as a bullet would penetrate millboard. This was the commencement of that contest, target *vs.* gun, which has since amused the world, and which seems no nearer a conclusion than ever. The 4½-inch iron plates were shattered directly with the 150-pounder Armstrong. Not long after a target of rolled iron fourteen inches thick, representing the side of the "Devastation" turret-ship, was pierced with equal ease by "The Woolwich Infant," a gun that weighed, without its carriage, thirty-five tons, fired a shot or shell of seven hundred pounds weight, and was charged with one hundred and twenty pounds of powder.

In this year of our Lord 1884—so great a change do a few years produce—the "Warrior" class is regarded by naval men for fighting purposes just as obsolete as the old three-deckers; it would be madness to put them into line against an enemy's fleet; and yet they are not altogether without value. Being most excellent sea-boats, carrying a great spread of canvas, and possessed of a fair rate of speed, they would serve for distant and lengthened cruises against the commerce of a foe. For this very purpose the royal navy has gone back to unarmored ships, and constructed a class of vessels whose sole resource in case of danger will be their "clean pair of heels"; and as the "Warrior" and her sisters combine this quality to a great extent with some, if slight, protection to their vital parts, they have in so much the advantage over these latter vessels.

THE FIRST RUSSIAN FLAG TO CROSS THE EQUATOR.—Admiral Krusenstern, who made a voyage around the world in 1803–6, was the first navigator to carry the Russian flag across the equator. In his journal, under date November 26, 1803, he remarks: "We crossed the equator about 11 A.M., in longitude 24° 20′ W., after a passage of thirty days from Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. Under a salute of eleven guns we drank the health of the Emperor Alexander I., in whose glorious reign the Russian flag first waved in the Southern sea." His interview with the sloop "Hero," of Connecticut, Captain N. B. Palmer, at Palmer's Island, of which he thought he was the discoverer, has been recorded elsewhere.[8]

[8] "Small Vessels and their Voyages," in THE UNITED SERVICE, July, 1883.

THE TURKISH NAVY in 1806 consisted of twenty ships of the line, fifteen frigates, and thirty-two smaller vessels, mounting two thousand one hundred and fifty-six cannon, and manned by four thousand sailors. During war the sailors and marines could be raised by impressment to fifty thousand. In the autumn the fleet returned to Constantinople, the ships were dismantled, and the crews paid off until spring. At the battle of Navarino, October 20, 1827, almost the whole Turkish navy was annihilated. In 1859 the Turkish navy, composed entirely of sailing-vessels, consisted of seven line-of-battle ships, six frigates, four corvettes, seven brigs, two mail-packets, and twenty-three transports. Total, forty-nine.

The first American ship to sail through the Strait of Magellan was the "Endeavor," of Salem, in 1824, commanded by Captain David Elwell. He was living in Salem in 1868, aged eighty years, and his first and second officers, W. B. Smith and Daniel H. Mansfield, were still alive. In 1839 the United States schooner "Shark," Lieutenant A. Bigelow commanding, was the first United States vessel of war (sailing, of course) that ever passed through the Strait of Magellan. The United States sloop-of-war "Falmouth" had previously made the attempt, but failed. The "Shark" entered at Cape Virgin, at the eastern entrance, November 28, 1839, and left Cape Pillar behind, at the western entrance, December 31, 1839, having been thirty-three days and a half in the straits, under way two hundred and eighty-four hours, and at anchor five hundred and twenty hours.

In 1846 the schooner "Lily" passed down from the lakes to the ocean bound to an European port, and was the first vessel to make the passage. She afterward sailed between Quebec and Liverpool, but was lost on the third voyage.

In 1829 a 74-gun ship was put upon the stocks at Van Diemen's Land that was to be sheathed with India-rubber. In 1862 the American ironclad "Essex," of the Mississippi fleet, had a rubber backing to her iron armor, but it did not prove an efficient protection against the missiles to which she was exposed.

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "ESSEX," 1799–1814.—This ship, the first United States vessel of war to double both the Capes of Good Hope and Horn, and which through her commanders, Captain Edward Preble in 1800, Commodore David Porter in 1814, and the late Admiral Farragut, who was a midshipman on board during her fights with the "Phebe" and "Cherub," forms a connecting link between our navy of the past and present, certainly deserves mention among noted ships of the nineteenth century.

The building of this ship of eight hundred and fifty tons, and her donation to the United States government by the citizens of Salem, Massachusetts, then a town of only nine thousand inhabitants, was considered an act of great liberality all over the country.

The proposition to build this frigate was agitated in the summer of 1798, and by October the amount subscribed had reached over seventy-four thousand dollars,[9] although at the time government was seeking loans at eight per cent.

The cost of the "Essex," armed, equipped, and ready for sea, from an official statement appears to have been one hundred and thirty-nine thousand three hundred and sixty-two dollars. Her cost with her armament and twelve months' provisions on board, as she started from Salem upon her first cruise, amounted to one hundred and fifty-four thousand six hundred and eighty-seven dollars and seventy-seven cents.[10] It is understood, however, that she was turned over to government with one complete suit of sails, at a cost to subscribers of seventy-five thousand four hundred and seventy-three dollars and fifty-nine cents, and that the further expense for military stores, ship stores, provisions, slop clothing, medicines, extra suits of sails, etc., was borne by the government after her transfer into its hands.

The subscription was filled with alacrity, and on the 25th of October, 1798, at a meeting of the subscribers, it was voted unanimously "to build a frigate of 32 guns, and loan the same to the government; and William Gray, Jr., John Morris, Jacob Ashton, Esqrs., and Captains Benjamin Hodges and Ichabod Nichols were chosen a committee to carry the vote into immediate effect." Captain Joseph Waters, an experienced ship-master, was appointed by the committee its general agent, and Colonel J. H. Hackett, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was selected to prepare the model and superintend the construction, and

[9] The following were the subscribers at that date, viz.: William Gray and Elias H. Derby, each $10,000; William Orne and William Norris, each $5000; Eben Bickford, Samuel Gray, Jonathan Neal, Waite & Pierce, each $2000; Joseph Peabody, Nathaniel West, Michael Derby, Jr., each $1500; Benjamin Pickman, Jr., Benjamin Pickman, John Osgood, William Prescott, Ichabod Nichols, Jacob Ashton, Richard Manning, John Derby, Ezekiel H. Derby, George Dodge, Stephen Phillips, each $1000; Benjamin Goodhue, E. A. Holyoke, Moses Townsend, each $800; Joshua Ward, $750; John Barr, $600; Benjamin Carpenter, William Ward, Daniel Jenks, Joshua Richardson, Thomas Saunders, Abel Lawrence, Benjamin Hodges, Edward Allen, Jr., Thomas Perkins, John Murphy, Joseph Cabot, Isaac Osgood, Israel Dodge, John Treadwell, C. Crowninshield, each $500; Buffum & Howard, $450; Joseph Waters, $415; Upton & Porter, $400; Edmund Upton, Joseph Hill, William Lascomb, each $300; William Marston, Nathan Pierce, and Benjamin West, Jr., each $250; Thomas Webb, John Hathorne, Richard Manning, Jr., Ed. J. Sanderson, Peter Lander, John Pickering, each $200; John Deland, Joseph Newhall, Samuel Archer, Joseph Moseley, Moses Townsend, Timothy Wellman, Jr., Lane & Son, Ephraim Emerton, Ed. S. Lang, Michael Webb, Benjamin Webb, John Beckett, Page & Rapes, Edward Killen, Walter P. Bartlett, Samuel Very, Bradley Rose, Thomas Chipman, Thomas Bancroft, Samuel McIntire, and Benjamin Fell, each $100.

There were eighteen subscribers of smaller sums, the whole amount subscribed being $74,700. It is proper that the names of these patriotic gentlemen in the time of the country's need should be preserved.

[10] Statement of Captain Joseph Waters, who superintended her construction.

Mr. Enos Briggs, an experienced ship-carpenter of Salem, appointed the master-builder.[11]

A newspaper correspondent of the *New York Gazette*, signing himself "Oliver Oldschool,"[12] said he was present in the office of the *Salem Gazette* when Mr. Briggs brought an advertisement inviting proposals for furnishing timber, etc. The editor showed a local poet, who was present, the advertisement, and, familiarly tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Sawney, let us have four lines as a caption." In a second they were written,—

> "Next September is the time
> When we'll launch her on the strand,
> And our cannon load and prime
> With tribute due to Talleyrand."

"That's a good joke," said the master-builder. "You have set the time for her launching, whereas I, the builder, had not dared to do it. But I will be careful to see that you are not a false prophet." And he kept his word, for she was launched on the 30th of September, 1799, —five months and seventeen days after her keel was laid, and was fully equipped and at sea before the year closed. The winter of 1798–99 was remarkably propitious for drawing in the timber of which the "Essex" was built, which came chiefly from Danvers, Topsfield, Boxford, and Andover. It was of green white-oak, cut down for the purpose. The sleds bearing it enlivened the streets of Salem from November to March, the snow lying without a break upon the ground. The Federalists considered it a patriotic duty to cut down the finest sticks of their wood-lots for the chastisement of French insolence and piracy. The keel of the "Essex" was laid on Winter Island, a few hundred feet west of Fort Pickering, April 13, 1799. The building of the ship was watched with interest, and previous to her launch the greatest enthusiasm was exhibited, and the preceding week hundreds of men, women, and children inspected the vessel. When the day arrived people flocked in crowds to Winter Island, and to hills and rocks adjacent, to witness the launch,[13] which was one of unusual beauty and success. "She went into the water with the most easy and grace-

[11] "The First Cruise of the United States Frigate 'Essex,' with a Short Account of her Origin and Career until Captured by the British in 1814, and her Ultimate Fate," by Captain George Henry Preble, U.S.N. (reprinted from Essex Institute Historical Collections, vol. x.). Salem, published by the Essex Institute, 1870, pages 108, 8vo. Also, a paper on the building of the United States frigate "Essex" by citizens of Salem, 1799. Read before the Essex Historical Institute December 12, 1856. 8 pages, 8vo.

[12] "Oliver Oldschool" was the *nom de plume* of the Hon. Nathan Sargent, who died (I believe in Washington) March, 1874.

[13] A painting of the launch, by Corne, an Italian artist, was for some time preserved in the hall of the Historical Society, but as the artist was brought to this country by Commodore Preble in 1803–4, the picture must have been painted from a description of it.

ful motion, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators." The battery on the hill thundered forth a Federal salute, which was returned by an armed vessel in the harbor.

The *Salem Gazette* of October 1, 1799, the day after the launch, said, "To build a navy was the advice of our venerated sage. Impressed with the importance of a navy, the patriotic citizens of this town put out a subscription for building a vessel of force. Foremost in this good work were Messrs. Derby and Gray, by subscribing $10,000 each. Alas! the former is no more.

"Such was the patriotic zeal of our citizens that in six months they contracted for the materials and equipment of a frigate of thirty-two guns and had her completed for launching. The chief part of her timber was standing six months ago, and, as it were, in a moment 'every grove descended' to put in force the patriotic intentions of those at whose expense she was built.

"Yesterday the Stars and Stripes were unfurled on board the frigate 'Essex,' and at twelve o'clock she made a majestic movement into her destined element, there to join her sister craft in repelling foreign aggression and maintaining the rights and liberties of a great, free, powerful, and independent nation. The concourse of spectators was immense," etc., etc. As the frigate sat upon the water like a bird, she gave visible evidences of those qualities which helped her to her future fame.

(To be continued.)

DE LONG.

WHERE Arctic worlds hoard boundless freight of ice,
Where endless rage and throb the stormy seas,
'Neath midnight suns that crimson all the shore,
Or shrouded in the fearful rayless night,
Where Desolation's hand shuts like a vise,
Stifling the longing cry for warmth and light,
O land of death! thy vast eternities
Of solitude his voice shall wake no more!
Spent, starving, with the weary, fruitless quest
  For help and hope to cheer his cruel woes,
  He fell asleep beneath Siberian snows:
The Angel of the North laid him to rest.
  High heart, heroic soul, and manhood bold,
  For thee the victor's wreath and peace untold!

L. W.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ENGLAND'S position in relation to the affairs of Egypt brings to mind the Hudibrastic couplet,—

> "Ah me, what perils do environ
> The man that meddles with cold iron!"

and its contemplation tends to make us Yankees more and more thankful that thus far in our career as a nation we have taken heed to the warnings of the fathers against entangling alliances and foreign intervention. Whatever may have been the original animus and scope of the Beaconsfield policy in regard to Egypt, there can be no doubt that the Gladstone Ministry, which took over the Egyptian business as an unwelcome legacy from their predecessors in office, were sincere in their intention of strictly limiting their interference in the affairs of Egypt to the vindication of British interests in that land. This included the suppression of Arabi Pasha's revolt, the seizure of the Suez Canal, and the establishment of a native government, which should be supervised and assisted by the English until sufficiently confirmed to promise permanence and efficiency. No dream of conquest or thought of annexation was permitted to intrude itself upon the ministerial mind. England's road to India was to be made secure, and this accomplished, her complete withdrawal from the Nile land was to follow at once. That Mr. Gladstone's government have been, up to a very recent date, true to this policy, both in intention and act, we think is abundantly testified by the facts of the case. They bombarded Alexandria, they took possession of the canal, they stormed the lines of Tel-el-Kebir, and they captured, tried, and banished Arabi. More than this: they assisted in organizing both a regular army for Egypt and an expeditionary force under Hicks Pasha for the suppression of the southern rebels, although this latter enterprise they advised against. With these facts accomplished, they began the withdrawal of their forces from Egyptian soil. The Hicks expedition ended in a massacre, and while in no sense a British force, it was commanded and largely officered by Englishmen, and its extinction by the wild warriors of the False Prophet not unnaturally excited the British public to a high degree of revengeful animosity. Still the government would not con-

sent to change its policy of withdrawal for one of active armed intervention. It did, however, call to its aid a man whose character and antecedents gave promise of his being able to effect by personal and pacific influences what they were unwilling to undertake as a military enterprise. "Chinese" Gordon was dispatched to the Soodan with pretty much a *carte-blanche* to do what should seem to him best to pacify the country, save the garrison and Christian population of Khartoom, and counteract the influence of the emissaries of El Mahdi. Meanwhile attempts to relieve the beleaguered garrisons of Sinkat and Tokar, Egyptian fortifications near the Red Sea littoral, have ended most disastrously, again involving the loss of English lives and the defeat of an English general commanding an Egyptian force. These events, threatening as they did the loss of Suakim and Trinkitat, ports on the Red Sea, have at last stirred the Ministry to energetic measures in the way of armed intervention. From Alexandria, from Malta, from Gibraltar, and from home stations detachments of marines and blue-jackets, artillery, cavalry, and infantry have been hurried to Suakim, of which place Rear-Admiral Sir William Hewett, V.C., has been made Governor-General, with the command-in-chief of all the forces, while an expedition under the command of General Graham has been organized to operate against Osman Digna, El Mahdi's lieutenant, under whose command the recent victories of the rebels have been won. Thus the *vis major* of circumstances has broken down the good intentions of the Gladstone Cabinet, and their cherished scheme of leaving Egypt to the Egyptians and the Soodan to the Soodanese has been forced aside for an active armed participation in the internal affairs of Egypt, affairs very remotely, if at all, connected with the vindication of British interests in that land. The operations of General Gordon in Khartoom cannot be adequately described in this place. They seem to be based on the principle of giving the inhabitants all and more in the way of governmental reforms that they have hoped for from El Mahdi, and if that were all General Gordon should probably be credited with having achieved a success; but political reforms are only an incident of El Mahdi's scheme, which is primarily a religious revolutionary movement, conceived on the grandest scale, and infused with the intensest heat of fanatical enthusiasm, and it is yet far from certain that its tide is to be successfully stemmed by even the genius of General Gordon.

Interest in strictly military operations in the Soodan centres for the moment in the movements of General Graham's column in the neighborhood of Suakim, and as we write it is rumored that the forces of Osman Digna are disintegrating, and that the sheiks are urging him to go to Suakim for a conference with Admiral Hewett and Baker Pasha. It is impossible clearly to foresee the outcome of the imbroglio, but we heartily condole with Mr. Gladstone upon the failure of his well-

meant policy of withdrawal, and its not improbable conversion into an Egyptian protectorate, which is in effect annexation, which is the realization, not of Mr. Gladstone's, but of Lord Beaconsfield's policy.

In adopting and issuing as an "Ordnance Note" Mr. Edmund Hudson's admirable description of Krupp's steel-works at Essen, in Germany, General Benét paid a high compliment to Mr. Hudson and rendered the service a substantial benefit. Mr. Hudson during the past summer made an extended European tour, during which he visited these famous works, and after his return described them in an interesting article contributed to the *Boston Herald*, of which paper he is the Washington correspondent. This article, which General Benét considers the best account ever given of the great cannon foundry, is the paper which has been issued as one of the very valuable series of "Ordnance Notes" which are published by the chief of ordnance under the authority of the Secretary of War. Mr. Hudson was exceptionally favored in the facilities afforded him for making a thorough inspection of the Krupp works, and that he made good use of his opportunity is abundantly evidenced by the extremely interesting description he has given of them.

Since reading Mr. P. S. P. Conner's letter to the editors of the *Army and Navy Journal* in defense of his father, the late Commodore Conner, against the aspersions of his character as an officer of courage and spirit contained in Captain Parker's "Recollections of a Naval Officer," we have heard expressions of opinion on the subject from several naval officers whose experience and reputation entitle their utterances to weight, and they all, with one accord, condemn Captain Parker's estimate of Commodore Conner's character, and unite in bearing testimony of the most emphatic kind to the skill, courage, and good judgment displayed by the latter, not only in respect of the attack on the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, but throughout a long and useful career as an officer of the navy. It is, we think, to be regretted that Captain Parker should not, before publishing his book, have revised more carefully than he seems to have done the jejune impressions of his midshipman days respecting his superior officer, and so have avoided doing violence alike to private sensibilities and to the truth of history.

If the newspapers are right, Senator Logan has unearthed a former orderly of General Pope, now vegetating somewhere in the wilds of Maine, whose statement as to the time of delivery of certain of the

orders sent to General Fitz John Porter by General Pope on the 29th of August, 1862, is to be produced when the Senate comes to the consideration of the House bill recently passed for the relief of General Porter, and is to be made the basis for demanding that the whole case be reopened. This, it strikes us, is a weak device on the part of General Porter's opposers to longer delay the scanty justice accorded him by the House bill. The finding of the board of officers in Porter's case has been almost universally accepted by candid minds as conclusive of all the substantial issues involved in the case. We believe that the general sentiment of the country would be best satisfied by the prompt concurrence of the Senate in the measures for the relief of General Porter provided by the bill passed by the House of Representatives, and the final closing up of the whole business.

WE heartily commend to the attention of Congress the subject of an increase of pay to the non-commissioned officers of the army. In his article on "Desertion," published in this number of THE UNITED SERVICE, Captain Pollock touches upon the subject in its relation to desertion, and we entirely concur in what he says. But, aside from any connection it may be supposed to have with the question of desertion, a higher scale of pay for non-commissioned officers is demanded by every consideration of justice to that class of officers, and of efficiency in the army. The influence of non-commissioned officers on the general tone of the service can scarcely be overestimated, and their pay should be sufficiently liberal to attract to the service a class of men suitable to fill these important posts, and to express the proper estimation of the dignity and importance attaching to them.

JUST as we go to press, and since the above note on the Fitz John Porter case was printed, we learn, somewhat to our surprise at the brevity of the debate, that the Senate has passed, not the House bill for the relief of General Porter, but a substitute therefor, which now goes to the House for its concurrence, as to which, of course, there can be little doubt. The suggestion made in the newspapers that President Arthur may, for political reasons, veto the bill is, we fancy, not well grounded, and it is now probable that we have about got to the end of this celebrated case.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

HARPER & BROTHERS have just published "The Hessians, and the Other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War," by Edward I. Lowell, a handsome little volume of 328 pages, with 8 maps and plans, pleasantly written, with enough of anecdote and biographical notice to make it interesting apart from its historical value. The book, moreover, contains that most essential part, a good and comprehensive index, as well as an appendix, with a list of the German authorities, printed and manuscript, used in preparing the work, some of which had never before fallen under the eye of an American writer; a table of the number of troops sent to America by each one of the German States, and of the number that returned, and another with a list of the losses sustained by the Germans in the principal battles of the Revolutionary war.

The soldier and the politician will each be gratified by certain portions of this interesting book, while those who read for amusement will, while enjoying the extracts from old diaries and letters, acquire a knowledge of our Revolutionary campaigns which they would not be likely to get in any other way. The temptation to give some quotations from this excellent, sprightly volume is strong upon us, but we refrain, for the reason that where all is interesting in the extreme, and much really new and valuable, it would be difficult to tell where to begin and where to leave off.

"THE CAMPAIGNS OF THE REBELLION," by First Lieutenant Albert Todd, First U. S. Artillery, is a modest little volume of some 130 pages, in which the author briefly sketches the principal operations of the civil war. It contains maps of the more important battle-fields, and the text, though of course very condensed, gives a good cursory view of the series of conflicts that decided the great issue between the North and South.

GENERAL JAMES S. BRISBIN, U.S.A., whose facile pen has on various occasions furnished the press with valuable facts and statistics relating to the vast Trans-Missouri region, in many parts of which his military duties have temporarily placed him, has recently published a little volume entitled "The Great Yellowstone Valley," which in a compact and handy form gives a mass of information respecting the Yellowstone country that cannot fail to prove most interesting and instructive to every man who feels within him the incipient prompting to "Go West," which is one of the most natural and beneficent motions that is apt to stir in the breast of the young American who has his way to make in the world. Indeed, so eloquent are the facts set forth, and so seductive the style in which they are presented, that the conservative parent who would have his son a "stay-at-home" ought to exclude this book from his family circle as carefully almost as if it was one of those blood-curdling tales of the frontier which, in the dime novel form, fire so many youthful spirits to hunger for the gory scalps of Indian braves, and to long for the war-path as their one road to happiness. While the "West" is still what it has ever been, the goal of hope to the poor man, the comparative ease with which every part of it is now reached, and the facilities for transporting men and ma-

chinery to its fertile fields, have brought about the result that it is now no less attractive to the capitalist, to whose imagination wheat farms of ten thousand acres or more, and cattle ranges as large as a good-sized State, are powerfully tempting. The encouragement of settlements in our vast Western domain is a good cause, and we welcome General Brisbin's brochure as a valuable aid in its promotion.

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IN our advertising pages will be found the card of Mr. F. W. Suttgen, who is the agent for the "Eclipse Champagne," a native sparkling wine which can bear comparison with the best of the French brands. *A propos* of this wine, it is said that General Grant, on tasting it for the first time at the table of Mr. Brown, of the Bank of California, expressed himself highly pleased with it, and predicted for it a great future. He now uses it on his own table, and probably feels, as do many thoughtful people, that not only good digestion, but temperance as well is promoted by the substitution of a pure native wine for the more strongly alcoholic beverages so largely indulged in, and the various concoctions which purport to be the product of foreign vineyards.

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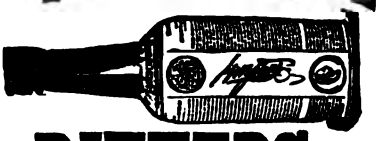

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MAY 1884.

MEMORIES OF HONOLULU.

EARLY in November, 1883, a legal matter of international moment took me on a professional trip to the Hawaiian Islands. Crossing the continent, by the Union Pacific route, from Washington to San Francisco, I there embarked on board the "City of Sydney," and after a scant week's voyage over the still bosom of the wide Pacific, during which we only sighted a single sail and some flying fish, on the evening of December 3, at nine o'clock,—a season when Santa Claus begins to lay in toys for the juveniles at home,—safely landed at a capacious wharf in Honolulu. It was a dark, damp night when I rode through dimly-lighted streets in a comfortable one-horse hack, driven by a native Jehu, to the solitary hotel of the island-capital, and consequently I could discern next to nothing of the ocean-city even in outline; but I drew in the velvet air of the land, with the sweet aroma of shrubs and fruit, blessed by heaven with an inhalation as balmy as that of the Atlantic States in June. A cool and steady-blowing breeze (the trade-wind) wafted fragrant, refreshing odors from opening flowers and dew-washed leaves to my grateful senses; the soft strains of guitar and song were on the air in rhythmic cadence suitable to the surroundings, and a subtle feeling of rest and perfect peace pervaded the mind, as the soothing, insinuating, dream-ladened influences of the lotus. Such is the impression afforded by a night arrival at Honolulu.

A sunshiny morning in Honolulu (and when is it not sunshiny and summery in a latitude where there is no word in the native tongue to signify climate or weather?) is one of the most exhilarant spectacles to the early-awakened traveler in the world. From the mountain (*mauka*) side of his bedroom he gazes over a valley, decked with

verdure, a few miles off; on jagged volcanic hills a couple of thousand feet high, their sea-front (*makai*-side) clad in a gown of green or russet-brown, amply festooned with knots and bands of colored blossoms, clusters of fruit growing where wild chance strewed them; along the lines of fountain-irrigated dells and meadows, where graze and stray white flocks, with Nature only for their shepherdess. Nearer, the suburban avenues of the little town lie out along the bright Nuuanu Valley in culture and in taste; while close at hand, trim grounds, smooth walks and lawns, wide roads, neat streets and lanes, with pretty cottages and gardens filled with shrubbery, leaf-hidden walls and fences, and a thousand things of every-day familiarity, clothe the varied prospect at our feet with beauty, and cheer the heart with promises of pleasant hours in store for the surprised and spell-bound stranger, whose spirits are exuberant with fresh scenes and new life, —the rapture of the tropics, lit by the Southern Cross and alive with the best gifts heaven has to shower. And over it all the fleecy, downy, billowy clouds of the trade-winds float gently from beyond the broken mountain-brows toward the emerald ocean, fanning both city and country, lying in picturesque landscape beneath, with their snowy wings, and veiling field and street alike with grateful shadows almost as dense as those of bush and branch. That first, unlooked-for morning impression of Honolulu and the gaudy graces of the favored island of Oahu, anchored in mid-ocean, can never be forgotten, for it is as the memory of dreamland, or a picture of Eden penciled by fairy fingers. While thus writing of the scenery of Honolulu, it should not be omitted to make mention of the magical effects of light and shade produced by the ceaseless rolling of the breakers on the beach, over beds of many-tinted coral lying close by the sloping shores. The surf sweeps in in rainbow hues, staining with floods of florid brilliancy the predominant *aqua marine* of the main mass of waters dashing so restlessly in in sheets of foam and spray, and pouring so noisily and tumbling so tumultuously in heavy, heaving waves over the shrinking, silvery strand.

An after-breakfast stroll among the narrow streets of Honolulu has a much more material effect upon one than the aspects of its natural scenery. Here you have a view of the populace, pure and simple, islander and foreigner alike, and the former is of far the greater interest. The Hawaiian is a shapely, nut-brown fellow; when young slim, athletic, graceful, of majestic mien, straight as a sapling, with large, dark, emotional eyes, a gentle manner, and a cheerful, contented, happy-go-lucky expression of countenance. He is a quiet, merry, well-behaved, easy-going being, in colored shirt or jacket, loose trowsers, and a straw hat wreathed about with leaves and flowers, the brighter the better. He looks oddly out of place in a house or coat, and seems exactly in his element when swimming and sporting in the sea. Diving, floating, stem-

ming the waves with strength, gaining a livelihood by gathering products from the deep,—its sea-weed, fish, and shell-food,—is mere child's play to him; and after aquatic labors done and a healthfully and gleefully earned meal broiled and eaten, his island-habit of basking in the yellow beams of the sun in order to dry and digest is as improving an employment as his primitive nature craves. He is a fine fellow indeed; a little too much of a gentleman of leisure for exacting toil, something of an æsthete in love and song and dance and the luxury of sensation,—a rather high and handsome animal, sensuous, indolent, impulsive; a child of sea-girt nature, a wit in his own way, with a shrewd and lively sense of the contrasts, incongruities, and contradictions of continental civilization.

The Hawaiian lady, in her loose, long gown (*holaku*), is a voluptuous, good-humored, merry-making creature, of a fascinating figure and longing, languishing, admiration-seeking, yet demure cast of face, with enviable advantages in the line of lips, teeth, eyes, hair, form, and color; for the chestnut skin with crimson lustre of cheek is by no means unbecoming or unattractive. She has the ability and inclination, as well as her ruder companion, of descrying the laughable, ludicrous side of a subject, cracking a sly joke thereat, at the cost of creating an enemy of her own sex and a different race thereby. With Mongolian arrow she will hit the queer Caucasian. She must let fly that little pheasant-feathered shaft, not lacking in keen satire and mischievous point, to the conscious chagrin and furious indignation of her invitingly vulnerable foreign sister (*haole*), who shrewdly suspects that the other is entirely too agreeable in the sight of the staring gentleman who accompanies her on her curious or charitable tour of island inspection. European education has greatly improved and instructed the gentler sex of Hawaii no doubt, but it must be admitted that it has signally failed to curb the exuberance of their spirits, to tame the impetuosity of their sentiment, or to convert them into strait-laced models of propriety, they whose natures are as boisterous as the bounding billows of their sea-swept reefs. The enjoyment of fun and frolic is essential to their happiness, for they have a genuine love of the bright side of life.

This island-city, its shops, dwellings, business marts, and commercial houses, its thoroughfares of traffic, its markets, piers, and promenades, its shipping, its spacious bay, its prison on the reef, its steeples, roofs, cupolas and tiles peeping through tree-tops and bushy branches, its village-like monotony (though less prosaic and pronounced here than elsewhere), its wondrous restlessness of nerve and brain,—these indispensable concomitants of municipal, mobile life moderate the more ecstatic flights of the enthusiastic goose-quill. After-acquaintance with the older, settled city, however, affords to the astonished sight a large number of marked objects, among them an elegant modern palace, the regal residence of the sovereign; a government building or hall

of justice, commodious and imposing, and rivaling in size and sightliness any similar edifice anywhere on our own continent; and several squares or plazas as good as those of any city of Old or New Mexico. Indeed, the rapid advance in recent appliances of utility and ornament on the part of these progressive islanders is a constant source of surprise, of pleasure, and of expectation to the casual visitor thither influenced by good will and understanding.

Honolulu, the capital and chief commercial city of the Hawaiian Islands, and sea-port and emporium as well, possesses a population of some fifteen thousand souls, and is the centre of as select and elegant a social element as Washington itself can boast of. This metropolis lies on the island of Oahu, which has an area of between five and six hundred square miles. It will be remembered that there are nine islands and several islets of this interesting and important group, located within three degrees of latitude, the largest containing nearly five thousand square miles, and having upon its highest mountain (rising fourteen thousand feet above sea-level) the famous volcano, one of the grandest in the world, whose crater is over thirty miles in circumference, a seething, simmering caldron of chemical combustibles ever on the eternal fires. When the Panama Canal is open, this charming chain of islands, posted as they are in the centre of the Pacific, almost equidistant from China and California, and in the direct line of shipping between Asia, America, and Australia, as well as just halfway from the isthmus to Japan and Corea, these islands, it is obvious, must at once become a kingdom of immense maritime and mercantile importance, a prominent power among the nations of the globe. They might indeed, within the reasonable bounds of possibility, even equal ancient Tyre or mediæval Venice, in respect to trade and wealth and might.

The Hawaiian Islands enjoy a constitutional government, and are a limited, liberal monarchy, not unlike the United Kingdom. The king is now elected by the House of Nobles, who are chosen periodically at the suffrage of the people, somehow as our Presidents. He has likewise, from heritage and tradition, certain *or uncertain* paternal prerogatives or prescriptive powers, of which his alien denizens and naturalized subjects are exceedingly jealous, but which the natives themselves would be glad to have him exercise occasionally. Kalakaua, however, is too knowing a king to attempt any abuse of his authority or to assert an undue autocracy. Like Louis Philippe, he is a monarch by popular acclaim, and, unlike Louis Napoleon, he is too politic and far-seeing to misuse or exceed his regal rights. On the whole, the theory of the government is temperate enough, and its administration able and intelligent, although the king is often wiser, to my thinking, than his cabinet and councilors combined. Of course, Hawaii-nei is a *de jure* and *de facto* kingdom in every requisite of international law, small as are its

dimensions and isolated its inhabitants, as fully entitled to regard and recognition as Great Britain herself; and its islands are far better governed, in respect to law, justice, and the rights of man, than Ireland. If George the Third had but been as enlightened and equitably-minded a monarch as King Kalakaua, we would, in all probability, have still been colonies of England; and I, for one, do not believe that George the Fourth was ever half so fine a gentleman as the amiable, aristocratic, and polished potentate who lends dignity and respectability to his dainty if diminutive dominions down in the southern waters of the North Pacific.

Hawaii has the fortune to have secured a learned, firm, experienced, fearless, and faithful bench (that of the Supreme Court, located at Honolulu), consisting of Chief Justice and Chancellor Albert Francis Judd (the son of Dr. Judd, the late self-sacrificing missionary and able Minister of Finance), an accomplished jurist and jurisconsult; Associate Justice Lawrence McCully, an excellent lawyer and elegant man; and Associate Justice Benjamin Hale Austin, an astute judge of the New York school. These gentlemen possess all the powers of office, both at law and in equity, of such high judicial functionaries in England or the United States. The system of jurisprudence is modeled as nearly as may be upon the practice of Massachusetts, and is quite up to the times in every quillet and quiddit applied to the machinery of common, civil, criminal, chancery, and canon law on either side of the Atlantic. The kingdom has also an Attorney-General, now a well-known practitioner of San Francisco.

It is a mooted question of speculation whether this oceanic country will eventually drift, in its sympathies and social and financial interests, toward America or Australia,—will the Hawaiian flag finally float over the royal palace as it does to-day, or will some vital revolution in Pacific politics place at the masthead the regal cross or the republican Stars and Stripes? The beautiful standard of Hawaii is thought to have had its origin in a happy, peaceful blending of the banners of both England and the United States, for *there* are to be seen the corner cross of the one and the parallel stripes of the other. May that choice little land long remain a pleasant spot of sociable reunion for those two great, neutral, sea-going peoples, independent in sovereignty, nationality, jurisprudence, and the ancient personality of its island population!

At the helm of Hawaiian affairs, in the complex capacity of Minister of State, head of the Foreign Office, and recently acting Attorney-General, is a remarkable character, Walter Murray Gibson, whose career has been one of vicissitude strangely checkered. A Biscayan by birth, he possesses a singularly adventurous temperament, which ever sought its gratification in the pursuit of extraordinary enterprises with a wonderful degree of energy and individual daring. I confess to a

cordial appreciation of spirited endeavor in others, and consequently cannot but admire the activity and audacity, if you will, uniformly displayed throughout his life by the present Right Honorable Premier. Nathaniel Hawthorne has fitly immortalized Walter Murray Gibson, for which entertaining description I must refer the reader to "The English Note Book." Fortunately for this adventurous character, King Kalakaua, about a couple of years ago, called him from the legislative body to the skippership of state, to sail the jolly little Hawaiian craft through smiling waters (for the seas it has to ride and the storms it has to weather cannot be very troubled in so mild a climate and under so fair a sky) in its gallant cruise along the busy highway of history into the quiet roadstead of the years ahead.

Having heard the story of the venerable Premier's exciting life, including the episode incident to the American Consul-Generalship at Guatemala; that of armed alliance in behalf of General Carrera; that of sea-faring adventures in the Indian Archipelago; that of prison experiences among the Dutch possessions in the Pacific; that of retaliation at The Hague, and imminent hostilities on his account between the United States and Holland; that of the Salt Lake eldership and subsequent colonial establishment at Lanai; that of sugar-growing and plantation doings; that of politics, the Legislature, and opportune preferment in Honolulu; and that of elevation to the chiefship of state and front of foreign affairs by the friendly appointment of the king of Hawaii,—having been told the thrilling tale of the Premier's career, I say, I was especially anxious to meet him and guess for myself what peculiar manner of man and statesman he was. This I was enabled to do at an early period of my stay, and under the following propitious circumstances.

A state dinner at the Iolani Palace, the regal residence of Hawaii, is as finished and fine an affair as any that may be imagined. An imposing edifice, a military guard, equipped sentinels, broad staircases and hallways, spacious vestibules, wide and well-lighted saloons, liveried lackeys, a warm welcome and personal reception by royalty itself, and, if last by no means least, a good, generous dinner and the most delicate vintages of Europe,—all these await the arrival of the formally-bidden guest come in answer to the elaborate card of invitation issued by the Royal (and right royal) Chamberlain, Colonel Charles H. Judd,—that hearty, hospitable Hercules of the Hawaiian household,—in the name of the king. During dinner the excellent band plays on the veranda, at a suitable distance from the diners to avoid interference with conversation, while at frequent intervals pretty choruses (such as "Southern Breezes") are wafted in melodiously at the wide-open windows. The members of the Privy Council wear on full-dress occasions an imposing decoration so becoming that I should like to sport one myself, stanch republican as I am, consisting of a ribbon worn about the neck and

breast, with an ornamental order pendent from it, the whole arrangement being suggestive of regal reward for stupendous statesmanly, soldierly, or scholarly services, well won and proudly worn.

It was on one of the select occasions above alluded to that I was introduced to the able and polite Premier. He entered the reception-room with a rapid, sliding step, passing directly to the side of the king, and paying his respects in a hasty, matter-of-fact, yet courtier-like way. Walter Murray Gibson is a tall, thin old gentleman of sixty, with white hair and beard, a mild, cold blue eye, a fine patrician nose, and a tolerably port-wine complexion, which probably once was fair. The general effect is that of a portrait of the Duke of Wellington at later life in parliamentary attire. The Premier's voice is soft and low, and confidential to a rare extent. He is an unquestionably eminent-looking veteran, of smooth address, silky manners, and a somewhat fascinating mode of speech, in the estimation of the susceptible and sympathetic—a fine old fellow, I should say; wise as a serpent, but hardly as harmless as a dove. That he has a proclivity for primacy, a faculty for public affairs, is evident; and that his ambition decidedly tends in the direction of state-craft, even if his artillery falls somewhat short of its aim, none can doubt. He plays a prominent part on the island's dramatic stage, sustaining himself adroitly amid extreme emergencies and extremer exigencies, having thus raised his fortunes to a lofty pinnacle of prominence and prosperity, under many disadvantages, by the shrewd and skillful application of his own good mother-wit to passing events, which are by no means unmalleable to the marvelous mallet of might.

Every naval officer who has sailed the southern seas will testify to the beauty of tropical island scenery, and in this respect Honolulu is none behind-hand. The glowing Nuuanu Valley slopes up from the shore in gradual, graceful ascent, abruptly ending in the rugged highlands of the Pali, or palisades of the island of Oahu, once the theatre of a local historic tragedy. In early times each of the islands of this isolated group had its own separate and independent lord or chief. But in the latter part of the last century Kamehameha, a brave, ambitious chieftain of Hawaii, having reduced that island to submission, made a descent upon the rest of the group, finally subjugating all his neighbors, and constructing of the whole a grand, united sovereignity, composed of the entire chain of islands. When the hero arrived at Oahu with his fleet and army of invasion, he debarked his forces at Wai-ki-ki, then a fishing-station, but now the stylish seaside resort of Honolulu. He had with him many hundred canoes, some lashed side by side together, and several thousand men, not a few of whom were armed with muskets procured from passing ships. The aborigines of Oahu, under the lead of their doughty chief Kalanikupule, met the aggressors upon the shore as they landed from their boats, and a desperate battle ensued, thence up the Nuuanu Valley, over flowering meads and stony steeps,

back as far as the precipitous Pali, a thousand feet above the plain, at which point the poor, unoffending natives made a fierce stand for their altars and their fires, but were wholly routed and driven over the palisades in shoals to death on the rocks below, where their bleached and broken bones, it is said, lie whitening the earth, unburied, to this hour. This island was totally conquered, like the others, and came under the invincible sway of the victor. Kamehameha the First has been aptly named the Napoleon of the Pacific, but, as far as any military competition goes in that particular quarter of the seas, he might just as well be called the Cæsar, Hannibal, and Alexander too. However, he seems to have been a strong, superior character, with clear perceptions, considerable warlike ability (the quality of soldierly sagacity, intrepid courage, and the power of prospecting, organizing, and executing effectively), and sound sense enough to show mercy and forgiveness toward the vanquished islanders. Indeed, his moderation assumed the size of magnanimity, and his feudal system of government (more humane than was ever that of Europe) acquired the respect and acquiescence of all his subdued subjects. His triumph over the islands was complete, and his civil administration a success, for it was based on clemency.

Wai-ki-ki, where the conqueror landed his troops, as I have said, is the present watering-place of Honolulu, the resort of fashion and relaxation at all seasons. The prospect of landscape and seascape which breaks upon the sight from this attractive coast is torrid and tropical in tranquil unison. Palms, those giraffes of the vegetable kingdom, predominate in the equatorial perspective. Diamond Head, a huge volcanic promontory, looms lazily a few miles off in solitary grandeur, a giant in repose. Cottages, owned by the rich ones of the city, lie in snug clusters or alone along the semicircular beach, in front of which variegated coral reefs stand guard as sentinels to keep away the sharks from ever numerous bathers in the surf. The dexterous, if not decorous, sea-dives and amphibious swims of the agile natives have been the tuneful theme of prose and poetry to the romantic tourist thither for many a long day and in many a long book. Certainly these brown-backed islanders can plunge and dive like seals, and I have no reason to doubt that they, irrespective of sex or age, are quite as much at home in the ocean as on land, but especially at their ease in their clumsy canoes when riding a mastodon roller as it sweeps, boiling and bounding, toward the smooth strand.

A leisurely ride of an afternoon in the suburbs of the capital derives much cheeriness from the constant meeting of picturesque natives mounted on excellent horses of a breed originally brought from Mexico and California, the ladies astride like gentlemen, in long, loose trowsers over their feet, and tresses flowing down their shoulders, like those of the "Fair One with the Golden Locks," and the cavaliers

wearing wide sombreros and scarlet scarfs about their waists, and often wreaths of roses round their hats. The glad beams of the setting sun, the spread-out, extended shadows of brier and branch and banana-tree, together with the wild, weird warmth of the insular landscape, these lend a tenfold zest to the Polynesian picture.

There is much music as well as painting in Honolulu. The breeze is laden with it. An architectural opera-house stands opposite the palace and government building, where dramatic performances are frequently given; and once or twice a week, or oftener, open-air concerts occur in Emma Square, rendered by the Royal Band attached to the garrison or military guard. There are twenty-five players in the band, dressed in a neat uniform and supplied with superior instruments, and, as I have said, they sing as well as play their national choruses, this novelty being an inviting feature of the airy, out-of-door, moon-illumined programme. The leader of this orchestra is a German musician of note, Dr. Berger, the composer of the fine Hawaiian anthem or national hymn, "Hawaii Ponoi"; and among the minstrelsy of the evening it is pleasing to listen to the dulcet strains of the sweet native songs, "Hooheno" and "Vabine," mingling with the melody of our "Old Folks at Home." The square or plaza is thronged on these gay occasions with islanders of all degrees and foreign residents, and it is not unusual to meet the king, comfortably seated on one of the benches, enjoying a fragrant Havana and socially chatting with some chosen companions, or dreamily drinking in the delicious harmonies of Strauss, Flotow, and Offenbach, while the crowd stroll lazily along or idly stand about the grounds in groups.

Indeed, the social tone and atmosphere of this marine capital are as refined and delicate of taste and culture as those of any city of Christendom. There is something of the luscious flavor of Southern Spain and the Spanish-speaking people of America in Honolulu and with the Hawaiians. Climate, oriental nights, the honey-odor of shrubs, fruit, and blossoms, the strains of musical instruments, and the sound of song and serenade, the perpetual summer and azure or light-clouded skies, the tropical abandonment of glance and gesture, the negligent native garb, the languishing postures of the women, the prevailing indolence and universal voluptuousness,—these sensuous things recall the tender, thoughtless, intoxicating ways of Cuba, Brazil, and Venezuela, or of the listless, luxurious, love-making, pleasure-seeking Peruvians, aglow with the fires of sentiment and romance. One may fondly incline to so serene and picturesque a spot as lovely Honolulu, and feel no shame for his enthusiasm over the bounteous charms and beauties of Dame Nature either, or here rather Demoiselle Nature, the most mellow, ripe, and rosy of her sex. Ah! these mild, delectable Pacific islands, their leaves and grass so green, their flowers so red and yellow, their fruit so luscious and abundant, their skies so soft and zephyr-breath-

ing, their waves so rainbow-like and rotund, their shores so velvety and shell-studded, their prospects of land and ocean so enchanting,—these are unique indeed.

And I am here reminded, by its frequent repetition everywhere, of the pleasant, cordial, generous word of greeting, heard in parlor, park, piazza, promenade alike,—*Aloha!* Like the Latin *salve*, it is in general use in the mouth of peasant and of prince. It is a hearty exclamation, sounding the note of welcome and of cheer,—a house-warming, heart-warming, soul-warming salutation, and good to hear from others and to say yourself. So grateful is it to the senses that you soon find yourself saying *Aloha!* to everybody you meet in your walks in the wildest way,—to the white-clad, white-capped soldier of the palace guard, to the smiling policeman lounging on the corner, to long-gowned girls with flowing, flower-decked tresses and bare feet, to buxom matrons smoking cigarettes, to mettlesome youths mounting more mettlesome steeds and recklessly scouring the streets and post-roads, to brown-cheeked little lads and lasses seated in doorways, or laughingly playing at "tag" or "how many miles," to the prim-faced, weazened-up coolie who washes your clothes and catchee-catchees your loose change, and never says "thank you" for it, to the half-dressed rustics you see in your strolls, who offer you pears, bananas, and oranges for a trifle; in short, to butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker, and every other human being you encounter. I love the sweet *aloha*, for it is a word full of music and good will, and tells of a time of aboriginal, arcadian simplicity, before the days of missionary black in dress and missionary blues of spirits. It dates away back from the good old days when Kamehameha the Great was king,—a fine old islander, who forgave his enemies after subduing them, and made of a dozen separate islands a united kingdom, more firmly cemented, in truth, than England and Scotland with Ireland, a flourishing country to this hour, and one destined to grow greater still, under the rule of the kindly Kalakaua, whenever the Darien ship-canal is thrown open to the commerce of the Old World.

A beautiful custom of the happy islanders is that of wearing crowns, girdles, and garlands of bright, fresh flowers with which to decorate their brows and breasts. These are called *lais*, and indicate different meanings significant of the affections, whether of invitation, acceptance, rejection, or what not, according to the color or position of the buds and blossoms on the rich green background of leaves. The *lai* is a chaste and becoming adornment, gayly setting off the fine light-brown faces of the wearers. There is a pastoral quality among the natives, of which this is the best exponent and expression; for what is more appropriate whereby to indicate the softer sentiments and tenderer attributes of the soul than the blooming bouquet newly plucked from the stem and laden with the aroma of the bees and dews? When Eve

first smiled on Adam, surely she wore wild roses in her hair and lilies on her breast, gathered while he slept, and may be a gypsy-girdle, fragrant with jasmine-buds or orange-blossoms, about her virgin waist. I own that to my unregenerate reason the pleasant picture of primitive days and pastoral ways, and the blissful innocence and ignorance originally abiding with the dwellers in this strange mid-ocean paradise is far from unattractive, and I am reminded of the lowly, contented Indian cottager of Saint-Pierre, whose life moved on away from the excitements, temptations, and vicissitudes of the motley world, its course a blessing to himself, its close a benediction on mankind.

A visit to the fish-market of Honolulu on a Saturday afternoon, winter or summer (for there are no seasons here, remember), is a sight seldom elsewhere to be met. Situated on the street lying beside the still surface of the bay, it seems as if the fish had only to be angled for with the fingers from the piers in order to be caught, cleaned, sold, cooked, and eaten. Every variety of fin afloat is to be seen in this market, pre-eminently the nutritious mullet. Fish-wives, fish-husbands, and fish-children barter the scaly merchandise from stalls or counters covered with fish and specie. Nowhere else that I know of could vendors leave in parallel piles upon their tables with impunity gold and silver coins often amounting to scores of dollars. A good deal of chatting, joking, and bargaining accompany proceedings in this place of trade, the picturesque natives preponderating both as buyers and sellers, while all around is life, noise, flutter, and business eagerness. The scene reminds one of the Neapolitan fish-market in the square where Masaniello organized his popular uprising and revolutionary revolt,—that bold fisherman, king of but three days' reign. Fish is a favorite food of the Hawaiian at all times, which, with a bowl of *poi*, makes up his usual meal. Shell-fish, shrimp especially, are sold for salads *a la mayonnaise*, but there is no native edible oyster. The oyster of the Pacific, anywhere I have ever been, even on our California coast, in no wise equals our Atlantic Blue Points, Chesapeakes, or East River bivalves, either as regards size, flavor, or subsequent epicurean satisfaction.

To the traveler who has visited the Escurial, and looked upon the crypt containing the regal dust of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second of Spain, there is a curious similitude between the influences engendered there and those arising in the mind of the stranger within the quaint and solemn structure, the mausoleum of the kings and queens of coral-bound Hawaii. The first of the Kamehamehas, the ocean Bonaparte, is not entombed among the shadows of that strangely barbaric sepulchre, its sentinels the solemn *kahilis*, on the rocky heights of billow-beaten, bland Oahu. I do not know how many members of the royal family of the Hawaiian Islands are buried there, but the

stately, impressive crypt is almost filled with caskets. Most of the sovereigns and their consorts, I believe, rest here, except Kamehameha the First and his favorite spouse, Kaahumanu. The dynasty of this king and conqueror ruled the group of islands for near a century, the seat of government being Honolulu, and each island having its appointed lord or satrap at the instance and nomination of the sovereign. Kamehameha had attained but middle life when his naval and military achievements were accomplished. His body was secreted at his death so as never to have been recovered. He was a stanch idolater, after the faith of his fathers, once saying to Kotzebue, the traveler, "These are our gods whom I worship. Whether I do right or wrong I do not know, but I follow the religion of my ancestors and my islands, which cannot be very wicked, as it enjoins me never to do wrong." He was past sixty when he died (1819), and his last words to the chieftains at his bedside were, "Keep on in my good way."

His eldest son, Liholiho, succeeded to the crown, and it then became the custom for the kings of Hawaii to assume the name of Kamehameha, as it was in Rome with the Cæsars and in France with the Napoleons to take the founder's title; so that Liholiho ascended the throne as Kamehameha the Second. It was during this reign that the holy (or infernal) *tabu* or *taboo*, which cursed and excommunicated like a papal bull, was abolished, and the island idolatry voluntarily renounced, a liberal skepticism supplanting an ancient and senseless system. Hewahewa, the high-priest of Hawaiian paganism, then gave it as his opinion that there was in the heavens (*lani*) but one Great Spirit (*Akua*). The young king had a fondness for travel, and, visiting England with his favorite wife (one of four), they both unhappily died of the measles in London (1824), and their remains were taken home in a British frigate. The royal pair sleep in a single coffin, their wedded dust commingling within the sacred mausoleum of Honolulu.

A younger son of the Hannibal of the Pacific now assumed the sceptre, and was styled Kamehameha the Third. Christianity was fully established in his time. His famous father had openly invited the English crown to assert its protectorate of the Hawaiian Islands, and in consequence the British flag had been raised over the kingdom. In this reign the grand old battle-flag of the islands was again unfurled and flung out to the breeze, and the little nation's freedom from all foreign dominance boldly proclaimed. The words spoken on that glorious day (July 31, 1843) of asserted independence by this patriotic king have become the national motto, engraven on its shield and standard,—"The life of the land is established in righteousness." The remains of this monarch are entombed too among the solemn shadows of the mausoleum on the mountain-side.

The old warrior's grandson succeeded to the sovereignty (1854), becoming Kamehameha the Fourth. He is considered to have been

the best educated and most accomplished king of his line, and a patriotic prince of piety and philanthropy, whose aim it was to perform his duty by his people and rule judiciously. His widow, the queen dowager, Emma Rooke (Kaleleonalani), still survives, a handsome, buxom lady of middle age and very winning manners, who has visited Europe in regal style. Kamehameha the Fourth was interred in time in the royal mausoleum, and here too lies the only child of that excellent couple, a son of great promise, the hope of Hawaii, who died in the year 1863.

The brother of the late king followed him on the throne, with the hereditary name of Kamehameha the Fifth. This man seems to have been something of a nondescript, a hard nut to crack to the merchants and missionaries of the islands. He was an anomaly, in fact. Glowing with love of country and of race, dignified of deportment, talented of mind and pen, an ardent advocate of liberal principles, full encouragement of foreign intercourse, a free market in America for Hawaiian products of soil and industry, at most times a courtly gentleman, yet was he wont, in obedience to the dictates of mere whim, for the indulgence of inordinate aboriginal propensities, or in a mood of license and lawlessness, to withdraw at sudden seasons to a secluded hiding-place upon the seashore, and yield himself up to pleasure undisturbed, to feasting and reveling in wine, to dancing the joyous *hula-hula* (can-can) with companions of both sexes and no characters to speak of, in the airy guise of the earlier islanders, and probably with quite the same lightness of heart and heel and thoughtlessness of the inevitably retributive to-morrow as was ever evinced by those festive, hilarious heathen in the good old days before their providential discovery by the immaculate Cook. Barring these playful peculiarities, however, he was a worthy fellow of the real old-fashioned stripe. Perhaps he was no worse a person than George the Fourth or Henry the Eighth, take him for all in all. He died on his birthday, lying in state in the island throne-room, with gorgeous *kahilis* waving over him, and *tabus* (spheres on the tops of stakes) standing about him to keep off men and devils, and was put away in the mausoleum at Honolulu, the last of the Kamehamehas to fill the Hawaiian throne. His demise, in 1873, is considered to have closed the first chapter of Hawaiian history.

William Charles Lunalilo, Prince Bill, one of the highest chiefs of the kingdom, now reached the seat of the Kamehamehas by election. He was not of the old warrior line which had for so long dominated the islands, their throne the sea-shell, coral strand, their crown a Grecian crest of golden plumage, their sceptre a Canute-wand with which to wave back the waste of waters from further encroachment on the green meads of their lovely home, the scene of their sway the broad, fair group of Hawaii-nei. But he belonged to the race of chieftains (*aliis* or *umis*) of that proudly-cherished blue blood, so dear in

the eyes of the nation. By nature gentle, generous, courteous, chivalrous, modest yet manly, a fine, pure specimen of island-ore, Lunalilo had the hearts of the people on his side. They gave him pet names, such as "Well-Beloved," "King of Hearts," "Friend of the People," and "Above All." Patrician of taste, yet was he plebeian in his sympathies; aristocratic of character, democratic sometimes in conduct; a scion of nobility, yet was he a titled commoner in his affections. Of person he was slim, straight, and distinguished, a swart and shapely islander, wearing the moustache, and having a humorous glance of wit and fun in his lustrous jet-black eyes. He was an orator and a thinker, fluent and ready in debate and astute of conviction. His resolves were high; his resolution, however, small. I care not to lay bare before the stranger any little island-foibles. In the space of a brief visit I learned to love the pretty place and its pleasant people. I shall only say that Prince Bill succumbed to an overweening fondness for the brimming cup, and perished by reason of a too sudden cessation of its use, after an uneventful reign of but fourteen months. He died February 3, 1874. His body was borne to the reception-room of the island palace, and placed upon a royal robe of priceless plumage a fathom square. These yellow cloaks of the kings were made of the feathers of the *oo*, a tiny blackbird once found on one of the islands, and having a single golden feather under each sable wing; but the bird is gone, and the art of making these vestments lost. Wails (*kanakaus*) were uttered at a national wake lasting for hours, until the midnight of the burial, when all that was left of Lunalilo was lovingly laid in a casket of polished wood in readiness for the grave. Beside it stood his aged father, the chief Kanaina, broken-hearted, his white head bowed in grief upon his withered breast. "To the tomb!" was at length the order given, and the funeral procession moved in solemn silence. At the crypt the old man sadly resumed his post beside the dead. It was a painful sight, that father weeping over the cold, still face, with all the ardent affection of his gentle island-nature mournfully awakened. Rousing himself, he directed that the yellow feather-robe should be buried with the form around which it was wrapped. The funeral guests turned livid at the order, for the mantle had descended to Lunalilo from Kekauluohi, his mother, of the Kamehameha race, and had been worn in turn by all her chiefly ancestry a hundred years before the Yorkshire discoverer had come to pollute the purity of that Pacific paradise with his presence. "He is the last of his race," said Kanaina: "it belongs to him." And the magnificent mantle was interred with the Well-Beloved, whose constant salutation to his subjects while on earth had been "*Aloha nui!*"

There is one more of whom I have here to speak, whose sarcophagus I reverently saw in the Honolulu mausoleum, the Westminster of Hawaii,—namely, the island chieftess, Princess Ruth, known as the last

of the old idolaters, who died as lately as last year (1883), and was enshrined in the sepulchre of the Kamehamehas, there by the soundless sea. Ruth was vain of her pure island-blood, and gloried in her adherence to the heathen faith of her ancestors. Her religion, she thought, made better men and women than the tenets of the foreigners had given to the islands generally. Accordingly, Ruth clung to her harmless gods and goddesses with true womanly will. The deity of the vast volcano on Hawaii was once the goddess Pélé, the greatest of that ilk. In 1880 there was a furious eruption of this mountain; the lava from its crater poured forth in two molten rivers down both steep sides toward the sea; the heavens, the ocean were aflame, and every village on the island stood in peril of immediate destruction. The inhabitants were paralyzed with awe and consternation. What was to be done to stay the deadly flood?

Ruth hurried with fleet foot to the scene of terror. She besought the clergymen of all the Christian Churches to join, without regard to creed, and stop the course of that destroying stream by prayer. She dared them to the test in vain. At length she said, gathering her people about her, "See what Ruth can do!"

In the sight of hundreds, nay thousands of natives and foreigners alike she ascended the burning mountain, slaughtered with ancient knife of sharp sharks' teeth a couple of sucking swine, and, throwing them into the fiery furnace at her feet, pronounced the olden incantation, in original tongue, to the heathen goddess Pélé, she of the fires of Kilauea. Instantly the flow of lava ceased, the awful torrent was stayed, the village of Hilo was saved, and to-day the lava-wall looms up a score of feet or more where the goddess stopped its current at the cry of the island-princess.

I have often thought that, when the foreign voyager first set foot upon those grand old pagan islands of the Pacific, perhaps another feeling than one of unmitigated satisfaction at the boasted civilization of Christendom may have stirred his bosom. Certainly he felt the fresh, sweet breath of a mild and grateful climate; certainly he saw a white-clouded, azure firmament, a warmer, mellower vault of heaven than he had ever seen in the frowning, vexed Atlantic; certainly among these luxurious islands he beheld a lovely landscape of mountain, meadow, coast, and coral; certainly, if he were human, he experienced the quiet, contented calm of mind incident and inherent to a scene of earthly beauty unsurpassed beneath the stars. What then was there possibly to mar the security and simplicity of that pastoral paradise but the presence of hostile humanity, or the scarcity of needful food and drink? Was either one of such misfortunes imminent? There were surely fish enough in the sea, and the natives easily caught them from their canoes by means of a hook of bone and a line made of bird-sinews or plant-fibres. There were cocoanuts on a thousand

palms, and dates enough to supply the appetite of an army, besides mangoes, yams, breadfruit, guavas, bananas, oranges, and pears in quantities sufficient to appease the hunger of a continent. There was nutritious and palatable *poi* (made from the taro- or kalo-root), half an acre of which edible water-plant will sustain a score of families for a dozen years. There were plump birds by the flock on branch and brier, and several sorts of sea-weed grew by the beach inside the reefs which at this day are an acceptable dish of dessert even to the stranger. The conditions and conveniences of sustenance being, then, favorable to life and health, the prolongation of both, was the nature of the islanders in any wise unfavorable or detrimental to human happiness?

When James Cook accidentally came across this isolated, independent chain of islands (Pacific in more senses than one), he found them peopled with some four hundred thousand souls,—a tender, intelligent, brown, and shapely race, graceful and handsome, in person not unlike Andalusians or Brazilians, although of the Malay blood. The ancient children of the sun, the sea, the sky, the Montezumas of the ocean, welcomed the crafty captain and his crew with the willing bestowal of what hospitality they had to offer,—namely, their lands and goods, their daughters and themselves, and were even anxious to show this strange sea-monster all the respect and honor, nay, adoration due a deity, until he brutally undeceived them by the commission of the very mortal crimes of robbery, murder, and seduction. Then they recognized in the lascivious Yorkshire mariner a man and a viler sinner than themselves, and justly killed him in order to prove to the too orthodox that he was not a god. But his licentious followers had emulated his worthy example, to the fatal infection of the trustful, yielding natives with a wretched malady which had never before, with their cleanly, wholesome habits, been even dreamed of by them. With the death of their leader, his coarse yet cautious men ceased raiding, outraging, and looting these too confiding islanders, and the ships and wary sailors hastily bade them leave, prompted by arrant fright. They had discovered a race which worshiped idols, but thereafter that race had no blind idolatry for the white sea-dogs and their interesting but, to them, disastrous ways of life. Poor, harmless, innocent people! They had asked for enlightenment, and had received destruction. With them the mythic apple of Eve had turned to dead sea fruit.

Then were they let severely alone, to ponder the charitable benevolences of British civilization, until about the year 1820, when New England suddenly took them in tow for the better purposes of evangelization. The light-hearted natives were naturally inclined toward Arminianism. They were easy of life, not having to earn their daily bread by excessive, exhaustive toil and sweat of brow,—Nature from her abundant and gratuitous bounties yielding them so many spontaneous supplies,—and consequently had a bad habit of enjoying themselves a

good deal in the present moment, without taking much thought for food or raiment, or the patient, painful accumulation of a million dollars within the scant span for the purpose of threescore years and ten. When Calvinism was brought in among them all this was changed, most properly. Dancing, singing, playing at games and field-sports, wrestling, and even swimming and sleeping were discouraged as frivolous and vainglorious. Serious things assumed the place of levity and folly; the flesh must be crucified, the world renounced, and the devil defied and all his works tabooed. Earth became closed, and heaven was laid bare before their regenerate sight. But conversion with them meant stagnation. Depression of body and despondency of mind set in to such a miserable extent that they would thankfully lie down and die of such trifles as mumps, measles, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, and even influenza, glad to be rid on any terms of the unbearable burden of Adamite accountability, eternal predestination and foreordination, and all the paraphernalia of orthodox salvation, including the horrors and terrors of a scheme of perpetual punishment in a pit of fire and brimstone worse a thousandfold than the molten crater of Kilauea, so familiar to their fears, with no pitying Pélé to propitiate with slaughtered swine, in the hope of divine mercy and compassion. But I thoroughly honor the self-sacrificing American missionaries who gave their lives, their fortunes, and themselves to point the warning hand to what in that stern age of iron Puritanism they believed to be the only method to human happiness,—that by the ascetic mental scourge, the hermit life in crowded places, the suffering and abasement of the sinner in sorrow at his lot, the wearing of the crown of blood-stained thorns once worn by Christ himself.

However, the reality remains and stares us solemnly in the face that with all the unselfish—nay, devoted—toil put into the propagation of our modern appliances among this gentle people, their numbers have diminished from that of four hundred thousand swarming souls to but about a paltry forty thousand now, and that in the space of but a century. Is there an inexorable law of nature which renders it inevitable that every dusky race must decrease and disappear at the fell touch of the white man's hand? or is it a fact, more likely, that our ways are not their ways, our uses not their uses, our needs not their needs, our inflexible standards not fitted for them? Are our creeds, our civilization, and ourselves too harsh, austere, and exacting to benefit such a sensitive, sympathetic, sweet-souled species as these submissive islanders of the tranquil, tropical Pacific, who nevertheless increased and multiplied upon the face of God's fair earth until this nineteenth century of ours, when we went among them, trusting to do them good? The aborigines of both the North and South Pacific, however, may yet become amalgamated with a more harmonious dogma and population; at least the Hawaiian, I am told, is looking with new-born hope toward the faith

of sunny Italy for the one, and the swarthy face of friendly Portugal for the other. May he be long preserved for a more prosperous fate!

There is an aristocracy as well as a democracy, distinctly defined, among the inhabitants of this temperate oceanic group,—a higher as well as lower order of native type. The Hawaiian is a freeman, and he knows it, and he bears a high front, an air of lordly indifference irresistibly impressive, and not at all displeasing to the appreciative stranger. By birth he is a grand seigneur, and he does not mean by any mere fault of his to be mistaken for a lackey. And he is right: such independent stock produces independent individuals of exceedingly independent characteristics indeed.

The old high-chiefs of Hawaii were a strange, stupendous species of humanity, especially adapted for rulers and to be as demi-gods to their subjects. They dwelt in grass palaces; dressed in royal yellow cloaks (more precious than imperial purple *togas* in their people's eyes), made of the plumage of the diminutive *oo*, under each wing of which grew a single golden feather, which was eagerly plucked and applied to that regal purpose; slept on thick mats of softest sea-birds' down; dined sumptuously off the mellowest fruits and mealiest roots; drank luxuriously of *tè*, or betel-brandy (native old rye chewed into sweet pulp by the mouths of maidens); spat their saliva into round, hollow tree-stumps thickly studded with the front teeth of their enemies; submitted themselves daily, or hourly, for aught I know, to the comfortable process of *lomi-lomi*, or manual kneading of the body, in order to render pliable their relaxed and indolent muscles; were floated about in the salt surf by active swimmers; flirted to their hearts' content with gentle, yielding, brown-faced island beauties; day-dreamed to the dulcet music of the nose-flute, three-stringed banjo, or sharkskin tom-tom; angled by torch-light in canoes at night; slumbered whenever drowsily inclined; were fanned at noontide with plumes of gayest hue; and reveled life away generally in pleasantest pastimes or languid, placid repose. Under this luxurious, indulgent, but delightful system they grew obese, unwieldy, splendid; and they transmitted to their children superb physiques, gigantic stature, robust health, and the capacity and opportunity of unbounded happiness. Such were the Jovian lives of the olden chieftains of Hawaii, ere missionaries, merchants, and mosquitoes descended on them from abroad. Why were they not let alone altogether?

Perhaps, when the Creator put those simple-minded, easy-going people upon their sea-bound strand, and left them for ages to their own instincts and devices, He did not intend them to be civilized or brought under modern social conditions at all, for it somehow always happens that reconstructing the so-called savages to our enlightened habits of life inevitably results in extinguishing the race. And this is not only the history of our tireless labors with the Indians of our own continent,

a warlike and predatory race, but also the sad story of the introduction of Caucasian civilization into these serene and temperate islands. In one respect, however, acquaintance with the whites resulted in a better order of things: voluntarily the sensible natives destroyed their useless gods and graven images, and left themselves for a time without a faith, unbelievers in the supernatural, skeptics, iconoclasts, Ingersollians, or what you will, who profess no credence in the unprovable of Wendell Phillips, the unbelievable of Theodore Parker, and the unknowable of Immanuel Kant.

The recent political tenet of this nation—namely, Hawaii for the Hawaiians—has in it the ring of the real metal. Young Hawaii, the New Hawaii, may yet loom up, a popular power among the nations, ere many months are past. But the New Hawaii includes in its swelling ranks, it must not be forgotten, a signal element besides the descendant of the aboriginal one, likewise native, proud of his birthright, a son of the hallowed soil, a future factor in national success,—I mean the child of the foreign settler, a born and bred Hawaiian and rightful subject of the growing kingdom, as much so as the *kanaka-maori* himself. His interests (and he has no others) are identical with those of the islands, and his affections also; he is an innate, hereditary islander, a citizen by descent, and his hopes and those of his children centre only there. The sons and daughters of the old missionaries, masters, sailors, traders who made the islands their home and chose the lot of the Hawaiian for their own, these are true patriots, fellow-countrymen with the *kanaka*, and nationless but for their hold upon this place. To them the natives should be brothers, for they are one with the original owners of the ground. And what does not the country owe to these old immigrants and their descendants? If they did not redeem the land they renewed it. To their zeal belongs the glory of regeneration. Yield them all honor and the co-equal privileges of their station. Let the land value them at their true worth. Perhaps they may prove its brightest gem.

As a friend of Hawaii, I should like to deny—nay, emphatically contradict—the false assertion that these tranquil islands were ever the scene of cannibalism in any shape. Such was certainly never the case, and its mere suspicion is an insult and an outrage. It cannot be controverted that these interesting natives are of the highest and finest type, mentally and physically, of any of the colored races scattered over the lands or islands of the earth, with better qualities than their parent stock. To those intimate with the Hawaiians and their quiet islands it is well known that from time immemorial there was not the slightest trace or tradition extant among them of their ever having eaten human flesh; on the contrary, these refined islanders have always been, and now are, from choice vegetarians, with the single exception of their fondness for fish, living almost exclusively on fruit and *poi*, and, until commerce came

among them, having no means of obtaining animal food, no quadrupeds being indigenous to the islands. When that Eden of the Pacific was marauded in 1778, no rumor was heard by Cook and his ravenous horde of cannibalism in any shape or degree, but the loathing of the disgusted people was wonderingly displayed by signs and expression of feature when allusion by pantomime to this unnatural practice in other quarters of the globe was made in their astonished presence. No! there is no proof, no report, no indication whatsoever among any of the population of the islands of the North Pacific of cannibalism having even been thought of in their wildest fantasies. It is but a dream of detraction. Whoever has seen the South Sea savages must at once have discerned the marked and marvelous difference between the refined aspect of the Hawaiian, in regard to intelligence, capability of improvement, and the highest order of organization, and the debased, animal, abjectly brutal and inhuman appearance of the Feejeean.

Occasionally at Honolulu one sees a consignment of South Sea islanders, really whilom cannibals, just landed from a sailing-ship, and lying about, among other miscellaneous cargo, in a sort of extemporized barracks or shambles at the docks. Nothing to which we are accustomed at all resembles this inferior race of beings in low, animal type of humanity and hungry wolfishness. The males are low of stature, sinewy, sturdy, sour, with black skin, wool, strong large teeth, glassy eyes, a famished look, and an air of rare cunning and ferocity. Their ears are often studded with human teeth, their black wool ornamented with sharks' teeth, while their own white teeth gleam in the sunshine like ivory. There is no mistaking their proclivities. The females, too, are fat, oily, gross in every sense, and indecent. Such importations are injudicious and injurious. In fact, it is a matter of surprise to see such cruel, revolting wretches, fit only for their own savage state, brought to these settled shores for the purposes of employment upon sugar and rice plantations, to labor side by side with intelligent Chinese, Portuguese, Germans, and Hawaiians. But even such an ignoble class of creation are not divested of every instinct of humanity. That they enjoy longings such as their natures crave is seen in the fact that they are willing to risk the restitution of the things to which they have been wont even with their lives. Only a few days before I sailed from Honolulu in the good ship "Zealandia," bound for home, a band of these wild men broke from an inclosure where they were kept at night on the island of Maui and, seizing a small fishing-yawl, put out to sea, without a crumb of bread or drop of water, in the vain hope of regaining the New Hebrides and rejoining the society of their barbarous brothers, a couple of thousand miles or so away. The instinct for liberty is innate in the breast of every human creature, however lowly its nature or barren and humble the sphere of its fruition.

I own that I felt a good deal of sympathy with the original owners

of the islands while on their sea-surrounded soil, and caught myself sometimes saying to myself, "Hawaii for the Hawaiians" with a will. Once, when viewing the sod of Old Ireland from the deck of a United States steamer in Queenstown harbor, I surprised myself saying, "Ireland for the Irish," in just the same way. The American citizen cannot but approve a display of patriotic zeal among the members of any nationality whatever, whether of island or of continent; and I hold that there is a deep hereditary and traditional feeling still smouldering in the soul of Hawaii-nei,—the sense of a country and ancestry of the ages, the memory of tropical luxuriance of existence, and the knowledge of natural fitness in the former condition of things, as well as a sensation of regret and repining at their loss. Our *haole* system among them has not quenched the red fire of race, the pride the *kanaka* has in the past, and I could not but be conscious that in those central islands of the Pacific slumbered a glowing spirit (a hidden volcano) of longing for absent surroundings more appropriate to their sphere, a clinging to thoughts of happier times and better things, a dreaming of the old ocean customs when the race was at the acme of its numerical strength, its sanitary wholesomeness, and its grand barbaric development. When the English navigator piratically invaded the lands of those light-lived islanders he found the inhabitants a gentle, happy, peaceable population of four hundred thousand souls, dwelling comfortably and contentedly as Providence had placed them in the wilds of far mid-ocean; and to-day there are scarce forty thousand of those amiable people left. And all this we have done to them without the help of sword and bullet, but only by bringing to bear upon them the guns of modern progress, the enlightenment of our stupendous nineteenth century, the Europeanism of our era. And this grand total has been the glorious work of but a hundred years! Surely our indefatigable efforts have been crowned with a successful harvest.

But, as I have said, the old glow, the after-glow, is not yet wholly gone; now and again its dying flame flashes in the socket. And one thinks, perhaps, at every fading flash, as the flame flickers fainter and fainter, that it has shone for the last time, and at length gone out forever. I believe, however, that the last spark of nationality has not yet fled, but is destined to burn brightly once again; at least, it was haply alive and active as lately as the good year 1872.

The old line of Kamehamehas, the warrior-race, was extinct. Five kings had sat on the Hawaiian throne of that distinguished dynasty. The last of the name lay dead in state, leaving no heir-apparent, lineal or collateral. The sacred chain was broken; there were no more links to weld. A crisis in Hawaiian affairs had come. There were several contestants for the crown, the principal being Prince William Charles Lunalilo, and Chieftain and Colonel David Kalakaua, a direct descendant of one of the old lords of the islands. Each eminent candi-

date issued a circular or address to his constituents. That of Kalakaua was a spirited appeal, composed in the florid Hawaiian style of language, and closing with the war-song of Kamehameha the Great.

Was this ardent adjuration the last cry for life of Hawaiian nationality, and is David Kalakaua a patriot worthy of place beside the heroic William Tell and the martial Marco Bozzaris? Were the little, half-regenerated and partly-modernized and foreignized Pacific islands fairly aflame with precisely the same sort of sacred fire which impelled to doughty deeds the sons of Greece, leading to Thermopylæ and Marathon three thousand years before, and influencing the enthusiastic Byron to espouse the cause of Hellas and sacrifice himself upon the holy altar of freedom, when the Kamehamehas were still on the Hawaiian throne?

Prince Kalakaua, the last to chant the battle-hymn of the old chiefs, was born November 16, 1836, of a long line of island lords, his father being the high chief Kapaakea, and his mother the chieftess Keehokalole, and was consequently thirty-six years of age when he entered the exciting field of regal competition. He was a gentleman of liberal education and finished manners; had occupied the honorable position of member of the House of Nobles, and the responsible offices of Postmaster-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Hawaiian kingdom. His person was commanding, his stature chieftainly, his countenance fine and manly, his bearing suave yet soldierly, his conversation fluent. He was, and is, both courteous and generous to a degree unlooked for. Indeed, he had the intelligent lineaments of an island Othello, and his mien was none the less stately. Nature had designed him for pre-eminence among his people, and in his veins ran the brave blue blood of the warriors who had led the impetuous advance of the army of Kamehameha up the red Nuuanu Valley against the dauntless but unavailing generalship of Kalanikupule, the fated hero of Oahu. To him the traditions of his island country were as dear as those of the Scotch and Swiss to them. The character of Kamehameha he regarded in the reverent light in which the sons and grandsons of the grenadiers of the Old Guard hold the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte.

What wonder, then, that on the eve of that memorable contest for the crown the recollections of his chiefly ancestry, the instincts of his island birthright, and the irresistible impulses of innate patriotism assumed complete ascendency in his mind, impelling him to sound as a note of warning to his people, his fellow-countrymen of Hawaii, so soon to become his subjects, the rare old anthem of the islands to which the dusky forces of the conqueror had charged to signal victory?

It devolved upon the legislative body, under the Constitution, to elect by ballot an incumbent to the throne, while yet the last of the Kamehamehas lay dead under the shadow of the sombre *kahilis* waving

above his inlaid cerements, with the *tabus* sheltering the sacred spot. These two *aliis* or chieftains, Lunalilo and Kalakaua, represented the radical idea on either side. A conflict of opinion raged in reference to these arrayed champions and their respective claims. The former was a sort of Hawaiian Jeffersonian, the latter a species of Hawaiian Hamiltonian. Whig and Tory, Federalist and Anti-Federalist, Democrat and Republican were at fence and full atilt in Hawaii as the world over. But revolution was averted and Lunalilo was elected by acclamation, to reign, as it chanced, from his throne in the Iolani Palace but for the space of fourteen months. He was, however, the steadfast friend of the United States, a king with the love of his subjects in his breast, a patrician tribune of the people, and a faithful Hawaiian to the end. And now another monarch was entombed, and no provision had been made for a successor.

On the 13th of February, 1874, David Kalakaua was duly chosen by suffrage, but not without unprecedented disturbances at Honolulu. At the recent election for representatives to the Assembly the rallying-cry for the first time had been "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." Great fervor was wrought up. The adopted element in the islands feared that they would be at a discount after so radical a result. Young Hawaii, New Hawaii, was elated and encouraged. It was thus with public affairs when the election of the king took place. Would a revolt ensue? Colonel Kalakaua, although a Hawaiian to the core, was likewise a cosmopolite. He framed a foreign policy. Hawaiians saw too clearly that nearly every neutral nation but ourselves possessed a political axe to grind, glancing askance at their enchanting islands with the cupidity of conquest or purchase in their acquisitive eyes. Kalakaua had learned since the previous election for king that the security of those possessions from foreign seizure lay in the direction of friendship with their nearest neighbor, the United States. He therefore appeared upon the stage of events as an advocate of the rights of alien residents, as well as the avowed patron of the commonalty. Naturalized foreigners make up a large percentage of the citizens, whose influence is not to be ignored. Queen Emma, the accomplished dowager of Kamehameha the Fourth, was put forward as the candidate more especially representing the claims of English supremacy among the islands. Should the capital be given over to Yankee or British dominance? Miss Hawaii was at once a belle. Each rival suitor wooed the blushing damsel of the deep, with jealousy of any virgin favor shown the other. Should she smile on John or Jonathan? The sequel would soon show.

Wrangling was rife in Honolulu. Mutual misrepresentations of motives were wantonly made. A cloud of words prevailed. The Assembly duly met to cast their ballots for the crown. There were forty-five votes polled. David Kalakaua received thirty-nine, Queen Emma only six. The former was chosen monarch of the isles. When the

result was announced to the populace outside, a tumult straightway took place. The adherents of Queen Emma arose in riot. King Mob reigned supreme.

When the committee from the Assembly chamber essayed to convey their message of congratulation to Kalakaua, they were drawn from their carriage, beaten, pelted, and knocked down, and driven, bruised and bleeding, back into the government building, the spokes of the wheels being made into stakes and staves to be used as weapons by the crowd. The mild-mannered, sweet-tempered islanders, whose name had ever been synonymous with peace and pleasantness, were transformed into stereotyped revolutionists. Honolulu was a little Paris. Nine or ten of the representatives who had thrown in their votes for the king were stoned severely, the doors of the Assembly were broken in, the windows shattered, and the excited and clamorous crowd rushed madly into the court-room; the furniture was torn to pieces and flung into the streets, the ballots were scattered about, fuel was brought with which to burn the building, the wildest threats of lawlessness were shouted on the winter air, while the authorities were unable or unwilling to cope with so sudden and unusual an outbreak. It was a threatening hour for the polite and quiet little capital, thus at length educated into the highest expression of European civilization possible.

There chanced to be a couple of United States men-of-war, the "Portsmouth" and "Tuscarora," at anchor in the harbor, together with the British frigate "Tenedos." An urgent request for succor was sent on board these vessels by the imperiled ministry, a summons promptly responded to by the landing of a detachment of Yankee sailors and marines, our ever-gallant blue-jackets, armed with cutlasses and muskets, while the broadsides of both ships were trained on the raging mob of rioters and embryo revolutionists, the product of ripening political progress. This ready display of force surprised and overawed the insurgents; they slowly dispersed from such close proximity to shotted ordnance and fixed bayonets, the revolt was at an end, and Kalakaua was enthroned a king, with several score of Yankee Jack-tars at his back, a British guard at every door, and Hawaiian sentinels pacing the perturbed streets. The kingdom was again established on a secure and satisfactory foundation, a Yankee gunboat the stanch and steady corner-stone, a brave sovereign its best and truest keystone.

Kalakaua's first exercise of the royal prerogative was to make due disposition for the succession. By will he nominated his younger brother, Prince Leleiohoku, to the throne, in the dire event of his own demise. This promising young gentleman died prematurely, to the great grief of the king and the sorrow of his subjects. Kalakaua then named his sister, the excellent Princess Lydia (Mrs. Dominis), his immediate successor, and in her default the Princess Likelike (Mrs. Cleghorn), another sister, who is still a young and blooming lady. The crown is

thus amply provided for. The king is fortunate in his royal consort. Queen Kapiolani is a Hawaiian lady of extreme affability and gentleness of character, and highly esteemed and respected wherever she is known. The islanders are happy in the enjoyment of an excellent king and queen, a regal couple, the pride and ornament of the throne-room, and a credit to the country they adorn. Hawaii should keep them warm in its estimation, for they are in every way worthy.

Within very recent years prosperity has smiled unremittingly on this people. They have been blessed with happiness at home and celebrity abroad. The king, accompanied by an adequate staff, among its aides the gallant Colonels Judd and Macfarlane, made a journey around the world, receiving in every country which he visited (including Europe, Asia, and America) the honor and distinction due his royal rank. In the United States, where the Chesterfieldian Carter is now resident representative of Hawaii, he was fairly overwhelmed with attentions, receptions, and marks of popular appreciation.

In the present seemingly-settled dynasty that insular realm possesses a sovereign and royal family well calculated to perpetuate the ancient line of descent to the sceptre, and to transmit to posterity the traditions and spotless glories of its former fame. The kings of Hawaii-nei began with Kamehameha the First, and may finish with Kalakaua the First. They have reigned over a hundred years already. And if there should be no more monarchs of Hawaii, story will fitly state that the renown of the island-kingdom, comet-like, flashed on the firmament of history in the time of Kamehameha the Great, shone steadily on high for a century, and vanished into space at the termination of the eminent reign of Kalakaua the Good. But the king is still alive, and long live the king!

Kalakaua should ever be the friend of the United States, and this I know he is, from his grateful, gracious treatment of its international lawyers when bound upon a diplomatic mission to his court and country.

Secretary Blaine, that able and ever-earnest American, has told the Hawaiian government that we will not tolerate any foreign interference with our little beneficiary of the Pacific, which we do not want to deprive of sovereignty ourselves, and will not abide any other power on earth exerting undue influence with, whether it be Great Britain or Germany. But this notification was never meant to chide in any measure or silence the voice of freedom and exercise of national independence on her own liberty-loving shores, but to insure the better her perpetual exemption from outside molestation and her sovereignty under her own glorious flag.

In bringing this discursive paper to a close, I shall only add the cordial wish that my friend David Kalakaua may long reign to exalt his island throne, and ever hold out to the United States the hand of affection reciprocally held out to him; and may the flag of the pleasant

and picturesque little kingdom forever wave in triumph within view of the Southern Cross, to welcome the mariner in tropical seas, and to tell the nations of the earth that under the soft wing of the eagle the co may nestle in safety, her best protection the sanctity of neutral right, and due encouragement of mutual relations of amity and comity with those who are strong enough to see to it that she is not interfered with in the least. Columbia says lovingly to her sister Hawaii, *Aloha nui!*

DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

A CHRONICLE OF CARTER BARRACKS.

COLONEL PEPPERCORN started for his office on the particular morning of our story in a very explosive state of mind. He had passed a sleepless night and rose late. At breakfast the plates were cold and the cakes heavy, there was no *Tribune*, and the police-sergeant had been dilatory about coal, so that even the madam was fretful and out of sorts.

Of all times and places it was most unfortunate that Lieutenant Roanoke Briarwood should have brought his famous dog "Grit" to the office that morning, and that this beast should have appropriated the very threshold for his nap. Colonel Peppercorn was naturally irascible, and cared no more about dogs than about the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Consequently he kicked Grit out of his way, and signed the morning report in letters nearly an inch long; nor had he noticed Briarwood himself, standing at the fireplace, nor the significant way in which that gentleman stormed out of the office homeward.

The door of his own quarters the lieutenant closed with a bang, the meaning of which Mrs. Briarwood recognized at once and betook herself to the kitchen, like the sensible woman she was, for the timely concoction of a mince-pie, that having been demonstrated to be the most unfailing peacemaker her resources afforded. Mrs. Briarwood asked no questions. She knew that the local atmosphere was variable, sometimes mild in January and sometimes wintry in June, the result of depressions and elevations of which the Signal Department kept no record, and that belonged to the office naturally enough as a place where men, being left entirely to themselves, were seldom agreeable, often silly, and always stupid. Her husband, if let alone, rarely kept cloudy beyond the morning, and at all events was amiable by dinner-time,—small credit to him either, for Mrs. Briarwood's dishes would have turned Bluebeard into a Sir Roger de Coverley.

But the lieutenant was mad, there is no doubt about that. He did not swear, at least audibly, for he was a churchman; but there was only one translation possible to the set of his teeth and the part of his lips, which would have been very inadequately rendered by "Bless him!"

Briarwood was conscious, sometimes too much so, of a long line of Briarwoods behind him, and felt the full force of *noblesse oblige;* but Grit was fully as well off for ancestors, and was to be esteemed and defended accordingly. The fundamental question with the lieutenant

always had been, "Where born and raised?" In his opinion there was no dependence whatever to be placed upon deacon, dog, or doctrine outside the veritable apostolic succession straight down from pope and pointer primeval.

Finally Briarwood took down his sporting gear, and with Grit started out for the ponds. It was a long walk and a weary one, but the usual resort of the lieutenant when troubled in mind or estate. In spite of the exercise, it was very easy to see that his annoyance still sought relief in the old refrain. But we must leave him and get back to the office to see what further befell the colonel.

It was the 1st of the month, and the post returns were awaiting his signature. He set himself to the task of looking them over, but soon tossed them aside, finding names and figures too great a strain on his patience, and passed to the contents of the mail.

The adjutant worked quietly away at his desk, seeing that the situation was critical, and preferring to remain on the defensive. So the returns slipped to the floor, and now plunged on the scene Lieutenant Contretemps, notorious for combining the very best intentions with the most awkward execution,—to his own contentment, however, and the intense delight of everybody else, for he was without an enemy in the world.

Contretemps was very anxious for permission to go to town, and very doubtful about getting it, as it involved absence from both drill and parade, to which the colonel was known to have very persistent objections. Seldom going on his own account, he saw no reason why others should go oftener. But Contretemps really prided himself upon his knowledge of men, advantages of manner, and shrewd observation of opportunities. It was his favorite thesis that we owe our success in life not to capacity,—of which, by the way, he had plenty,—but to tact, of which he had none. And he rose up from constant failure in these respects only to renewed confidence in himself and his theories.

The colonel was very particular in the niceties of uniform. So Contretemps put on a new blouse and buttoned it up, one side, of course, considerably higher than the other. His shoes were blacked, but so effusively that he was redolent with that suggestion of bitter almonds characteristic of French polish and of the genus *Blattæ* generally. And he had actually forgotten the existence of a red necktie, before which the colonel was always positively dangerous.

Contretemps had heard that the colonel when busy with papers liked to take his own time and way with personal applications. So he drew near and, wretched man, planted himself squarely upon the post returns, which, fallen to the floor, lay by the colonel's desk, and there, cap in hand, he waited the colonel's pleasure.

That functionary became conscious first of an unpleasant smell, and then of a blouse, up the scalene buttoning of which his eye traveled to

that dreadful necktie, and above this to the countenance complacently set forth of Mr. Contretemps himself.

The colonel's look became a glare, and the glare was becoming eruptive, when the lieutenant cleared his throat and—stopped, which, as usual, was the worst thing he could have done: nothing pleased the colonel more than prompt dispatch in business. His wrath was just on the point of utterance, when, fortunately looking down, he beheld the vast expanse of the lieutenant's feet imposed in all their shining fragrance full upon

THE POST RETURNS.

The colonel found himself speechless. The adjutant saw it all and made no sign. The door was conveniently near and his own safety secured.

Truly the post returns are very formidable manuscripts. We have tried to indicate this above by giving them a line to themselves and in the size of their initial letters, just as the new science, having "politely escorted the Deity to the frontier," thereafter spells *God* with a small "g" and *kosmic* with a capital "K." Feeling a little lonely, however, the wise men have brought the exile back, and introduce him now to the general public as *it* with a big "I."

Of these post returns, however, two would almost make a bedspread; and as for contents, only field-officers of high grade are adequate to its manufacture. This is the principal work of post headquarters, and is accomplished solely through the aid of a staff of old and experienced sergeants and clerks, with heads grizzled by years of office service and wisdom, all laboring harmoniously together night and day as only such people can labor at such places.

Company monthly returns are a trifle less intricate, and captains are permitted to attempt them, seldom, however, without the need of subsequent numerous corrections, which finally resulted in the establishment of a supervisory bureau in the shape of regimental headquarters continued to this day.

A major, perhaps, may safely deal with the contingencies of the larger problem.

And yet it was upon such documents, involving so much precious toil, and imperatively demanded on the 1st of every month by department, division, and army headquarters, in order that they may have something to do the month following, it was upon all of this labor, with all of its consequences, that Lieutenant Contretemps stood with both feet as firmly as Roderick Dhu himself.

The colonel remained speechless.

So did the adjutant.

So did Contretemps. But the terrors of the situation were beginning to make themselves felt, though, like the dog Diamond in a more cele-

brated complication, he was still unconscious of his main offense. Then across his memory gleamed the thought of the red necktie like a flash of lightning at midnight. Swiftly turning to execute a neat "about face" as a last peace-offering to his commanding officer, he ground his heel through all four copies of that return and fled from the office.

For a few moments the colonel struggled silently with the crisis, but at last he also rose from his chair, took down his cap, and went slowly homeward. At the corner of the walk he met Mr. Contretemps, who had, meantime, rectified and subdued his dress to the regulation average. "Colonel," said he, with a stiff salute, "I would like to go to town to-day. I particularly——"

"Certainly, Mr. Contretemps," interrupted the colonel, with a feeble wave of the hand, "certainly; go anywhere, go now." And he kept on his way, went into his library, took down "The Peninsular War," and reviewed for the ninety-ninth time the siege of Saragossa, which was the colonel's way of confirming himself in a patient resistance to all assaults upon his temper.

As for Contretemps, starting to town, he met his friend, Mr. Tangle, who manifested a good deal of surprise at his success in getting permission to be absent on battalion-drill day. "Ah," exclaimed Contretemps,

> "'What could escape his reach who might
> Fit word and time and place unite?'"

But the pride of that young man little knew what a fall awaited it the next day at the bachelors' mess.

We must look up Mr. Briarwood, who had been doing some very pretty work out at the ponds. Grit evidently was none the worse for the incivility to which he had been exposed. His master, having obtained a full game-bag, discovered he was tired. Success and exercise enabled him to reflect upon the events of the morning in quite a charitable way. He liked the colonel, who was of a well-known "East Shore" family, upon which government had depended ever since colonial days. Never had there been a time when one would have looked in vain for a Peppercorn in some department of the service, legal, revenue, naval, or military. Of the Briarwoods the same might be said, and this furnished a claim for mutual respect, the only difficulty with the colonel being his indifference in the matter of dogs and theology. This lamentable halting between two or more opinions Briarwood had no patience with, as behooved a man whose uncles were bishops, and who numbered a martyr or two among his ancestors.

Not that the colonel, on his part, had much fancy for the definitions and generalizations of the doctrinaires in physics,—definitions like an army blouse, that fits anybody from the drummer-boy to the sergeant-major, and generalizations like a commissary scoop, that gathers up everything from green tea to dried apples.

Nor did Samson and Leviticus give him any trouble. If the hero of the tribe with his club and joke must precede by no small space the high-priest of the nation with robe and ritual, the one need not be a solar myth, nor the other a sacerdotal fiction.

And the colonel felt very little regard for the post-pleiocene ape, and still less for that humanity of the future into which, it is said, that of the present is to be transmuted by a perennial process of distillation in Nature's alembic, consuming the old only to produce a more ethereal article. And if one objects to this loss of individuality, they console him as the cook consoled the eel, "Lie still, boil and be happy!" since thou art to be incorporated with the ultimate man, who in turn is swallowed by the penultimate, as he by the post-penult. But whatever difficulty is involved in accepting vicarious suffering, there is very much more in the acceptance of vicarious happiness.

On the whole, the thinker can be quite sure of his own existence, nor can he fail to recognize thought all round him. If, then, a man find himself on the world's avenue, he is certainly a fool to wander ignorantly up and down when directories are provided at every corner. Some are larger, some smaller, some bound in parchment, and some inscribed on stone, some in shadow and some illuminated from above, but all contain the number of the House Beautiful.

So Briarwood had always been on very cordial terms with the colonel, all the more, perhaps, that he could fall back upon the satisfaction reasonably enough belonging to a man who sees his own beliefs to be so much richer and fuller than those of his neighbors.

And thus it came to pass that Briarwood finally said to himself, "Well, as the colonel did not see me this morning, probably he never knew the dog was Grit, hey, old fellow?" Grit wagged his tail approvingly and barked, for he doubtless recognized the presence of good spirit close by. At all events, a moment afterward, Briarwood pocketed his flask, laughed, smote his thigh vehemently, and affirmed, "The very thing! I'll do it." And he started rapidly for the barracks.

Early in the struggle with weeds, stumps, and stones the heart of man failed him, and he handed on the tradition that the earth was laid under a curse, in that it did not turn out peaches and cream as spontaneously as thistle and burdock.

Even were it so, the former would now be thought only fit for swine, and the latter have been patiently cultivated, with astonishing results as to fodder and fruit yet to reward the curious agriculturist. For the secret of happiness is labor, productive labor, which is the reason why tinkering at the tariff and making the fire morning after morning is such entertaining employment. Some few hours ago Briarwood was in a very unpleasant state of mind, and the seeds of a quarrel were on the point of securing fructification that might have grown world-wide,

"And, like another Helen, have fired another Troy."

But the heart was not left to nourish its wrong. Instead, hand, foot, eye, and ear were called into diligent toil, and behold what Briarwood is now about to do. The colonel abandoned the siege of Saragossa with a sigh, and went in to lunch. There he found Seminole soup and shrimp salad, a reminiscence of Gulf Coast service, which soothed him mightily. Returning to the office, he saw the adjutant, Mr. Penwiper, still at his desk, who told him the returns would be ready for his signature in time for the afternoon mail.

"Why, Mr. Penwiper, how is that possible?"

"Oh," replied the adjutant, with what seemed to the colonel a strange impatience, "*that* damage was soon repaired: only one copy had to be made over."

"Mr. Penwiper——" But the colonel went no farther. Inquiry often reveals much that is not worth knowing. Silence and time are the best medicines for trouble of all sorts, and he who says least will have least to regret.

"Perhaps," said the solemn adjutant after a moment, "the colonel when he came into the office this morning did not notice that Mr. Briarwood was here."

"No," was the hesitating response, "no,—Briarwood?" Soon, however, the colonel looked up. "Mr. Penwiper," said he, sharply, "was that dog Grit?"

"Grit it was," answered the adjutant.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Colonel Peppercorn. And he could have given no surer sign of his concern.

In the matter of interjections there is much to be said. To begin with, they are the primary formation of language, and so ingrained into its structure that their use is inevitable. It is only as they pass into the imprecatory stage that they deserve censure.

Socrates sometimes swore,—never at Xantippe, so far as we know, but only in the excitement of his professional cross-examinations, and then merely "by the dog," or some other equally inferior surety. In the Middle Ages, the muscle that could carry round over one hundred pounds of armor contented itself with nothing short of "May the foul fiend, booted and spurred, ride down my throat if," etc. In these brisk days we have no time for anything but short creeds and oaths. John Bull swears with the concise coarseness to be expected of unlimited bacon and beer. In France they disguise their profanity, like their meats, and with a dexterous lingual twist they say "*Parbleu!*" The ire of the Yankee finds outlet in euphemistic elisions that defy classification, and are the despair of the Philological Society.

But Colonel Peppercorn, when surprised into speech, betrayed his army origin in "Great Scott!"

Now, he had more than once assured Mrs. Briarwood that there were grave doubts as to whether Grit or herself stood highest in her

husband's favor; and he was exceedingly well-disposed toward that officer, not merely because of his scrupulous attention to duty, but for his agreeable ways and a general enrichment of composition, the inheritance of years of good living and choice company, handed down from rector, judge, and general.

To be sure, Briarwood was extremely precise as a churchman, and seemed to put the fish of Jonah, the siege of Jericho, and the gospel of St. John upon the same level of value and authority, at which the colonel would shake his head and aver that when the world was made a great difference was fixed between say the Dismal Swamp and the Yosemite, and Revelation, in like manner, had its waste-land and its happy valleys. "Forbearance," quoth the colonel, "is the last quality that ripens; when that is brought about my young friend will be less positive and more tolerant." But some wines mellow by time and some sour, and if the colonel's practice dragged heavily after his precept, it never quite let go.

Early that afternoon the colonel might have been seen with a lighted candle picking his way across the cellar toward a certain corner cupboard that was seldom opened, save at Christmas, the 22d of February, and the 4th of July. From one of the shelves he took down a bottle that had simply a label of the date pasted upon its side,—1832. This he carried up to the library. It was Maderia, part of a lot for which the colonel was famous far and near, and of which his particular friends spoke with bated breath,—the few that had tasted it once and remembered it always. On a piece of paper, in his devious hand, the colonel wrote, "For Grit: to be applied where it will be most appreciated. H. B. P."

Fastening this to the bottle, he called his orderly and told him to take it, dust and all, to Lieutenant Briarwood, and see that it was given directly to him or to the madam.

Mrs. Briarwood, being told that the colonel's orderly was at the door, met him. She looked at the bottle, recognized its value at once, and placed the precious gift upon the sideboard. "Ah ha!" said that excellent lady, "*now* I understand." And being a woman of remarkable administrative capacity, she put her new mince-pie to one side for contingencies that might lack so bounteous a provision.

"Never, believe me," said the madam,

"'Never alone appear the immortals.'"

But she thought that no reason why rare old wine and Briarwood pastry both should be sacrificed the same evening.

Our service is greatly exposed to "accidents," and sensitive to its furthermost ramifications, so that an outbreak of dyspepsia at Washington collides in due time with Private Bulbous at Brownsville. This last and lowest of the series proceeds to drown his disgust in *mescal*, and

a fine for the effects of that ultimately travels back to the Soldiers' Home, and so completes the circuit. It is a fine illustration of the persistence of force and the equivalence of bile and bullion. Such intermediate buffers as Madeira and mince-pie do much to absorb the explosions, but should never be wasted.

Briarwood, on his way home, stopped at the commissary store-house. Selecting from his trophies a very fine brace of duck, he wrapped up with them a card marked "For Colonel Peppercorn, with the compliments of Grit," and requesting the sergeant to see that the parcel was left at the colonel's kitchen, he went up to his quarters.

The day drew to its close. Drill and parade were over. The colonel had returned from his usual evening ride. Informed by the madam of the special provision made for their table, he did not appear as thoroughly pleased as was naturally to be expected. The colonel was not a slave to appetite, neither was he an ascetic. He rather believed that according to a man's food so is he. Spare diet and much fasting bring about a physical degeneracy that sooner or later involves moral aberration. If the soul is divine in its origin, Genesis also makes the body divine in its formation, and it deserves and repays equal care. Neither the eighteenth Louis, who pampered the flesh with fifteen mutton cutlets daily as a preliminary to breakfast, nor St. Anthony, who punished it with mouldy crusts and muddy water, rightfully developed the potentialities of body and soul intrusted to them. Rehabilitation of the flesh, in opposition to the superstitious emaciation of monkish austerity, is no small part of true Protestantism. It belongs to the profound truth that there is no inherent "depravity of inanimate things," only an imparted corruption from the perverse will of man. But such is the solidarity of nature that matter thus defiled reacts upon the spoiler, whom it therefore behooves to be all the more circumspect.

The great Frederick exacted as much from his cooks as from his corporals, and underdone veal sent Napoleon to Elba, with Sir Hudson Lowe on the horizon. Tradition tells us that General Marion limited himself to sweet potatoes, but that was on a day when he expected some British officers to dinner.

All this Colonel Peppercorn would tell you, and a duck nicely done was no trifle to him, provided its arrival could only be freed from any taint of formal reciprocity. So he took up the card that accompanied Briarwood's present with a little shrinkage of his usual confident bearing. "Hum! How did this get here?" dubiously inquired he.

"Sergeant Hardtack brought it over," said the orderly.

"Sergeant Hardtack?"

"Yes, colonel. He told me the lieutenant was down at the pond all the morning, and left this for you as he came back this afternoon by the commissary."

"Well, well, well," thought the colonel, brightening up wonderfully, "it is just like Briarwood; but"—pulling out his watch—"I was at least two hours ahead of him on the same road."

And the colonel sat down to dinner.

Not far from this time Briarwood also did the same thing. Both he and the madam seemed mysteriously full of happy thoughts, and, like the ancient augurs, could hardly look at one another without laughing. He was conscious of something well done, and she of something pleasant yet to be done.

After soup the madam called her husband's attention to a bottle on the sideboard. This gentleman looked at it, and, turning its inscription to the light, slowly read the legend: "For Grit: to be applied where it will be most appreciated. H. B. P."

It was the '32 Madeira; nothing could be more certain. Nothing could testify more eloquently to the value placed upon mutual good feeling.

But the lieutenant, pensively rubbing his nose with the forefinger, said, "Mary, when was this brought here?"

"Shortly after lunch."

"Shortly after lunch?" said Briarwood, thoughtfully.

"Yes," repeated the madam; "the colonel's orderly waited with it some time at the door, for he told Nora it was to be given only to you or myself."

"Exactly," responded Briarwood, "exactly what I might have expected, and it will never taste better than now. Where's the corkscrew? Oh, wait!" he exclaimed after a moment. "We will put it by for next month, Mary, the 15th you know. Such a wine and such a day really ought to go together."

The madam started. That was the anniversary of their marriage. And, furthermore, the madam blushed. Slipping into the kitchen, she told David about a certain mince-pie he had been directed to put away. Now it should replace the bottle. But she smothered all curiosity, only reminding her husband that there was to be a special dessert. "Ah ha!" said this most fortunate of men. "I knew it the moment I entered the house; the fragrance of your good deeds cannot be hid." Mary blushed again, perhaps at the thought of her contemplated prudence, and in due time insisted upon giving Roanoke an additional section of this same pie; for, many as she had made, this one excelled them all. And she had her reward, for at last he told the story, and the madam proposed that, as the evenings were long and the colonel and Mrs. Peppercorn were lonely, Roanoke and herself should go down there for a rubber of whist. And they went.

H. W. C.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, king of Sweden, was born on the 9th of December, 1594. His father, Charles IX., occupied the Swedish throne, to the exclusion of his elder brother Sigismond, who, being a Roman Catholic, was unacceptable to the Swedes. The abilities of Charles were of a high order, but they were overshadowed by those of his great father and greater son.

The early training of Gustavus laid the foundation of his future greatness. Brought up in a court where simplicity was the rule, he was unacquainted with the luxuries of Southern princes. The military ardor which pervaded the Swedes roused his enthusiasm so early, that in his seventeenth year his father sent him on an expedition to Denmark, where he distinguished himself by taking the fortress Christianople in a midnight assault.

Charles IX. dying soon after this, Gustavus was crowned on the 26th of December, 1611. Seldom was a young king in a more difficult situation. The country was in great confusion, and thoroughly exhausted in consequence of the wars of the preceding reigns. The treasury, so amply replenished by Gustavus Vasa, was empty, and only debts and unpaid taxes remained. In addition, war was pending with Denmark. But the clergy and nobles were equal to the occasion. At the king's first Diet, at Nyköping, they voted extra sums for the treasury; and the king was enabled, on the dissolution of the Diet, to devote himself to the settlement of affairs between Sweden and Denmark. The conciliatory advances of the king of Sweden were repelled; matters of long dispute must be settled, and the Danes would only settle them by war.

This war is usually considered as unfavorable to Gustavus. Unfavorable it undoubtedly was, but not so much so as appears at first sight. The king was young and inexperienced, yet he showed talents of a high order. His fortifying of the town of Jönköping (the most important place in the low country after the loss of Kalmar), contrary to the advice of his generals, showed a mind of clear understanding. During the second campaign, being at war with Russia and Poland, his army was divided, so he could not concentrate his forces against the

Danes. When we take these circumstances into consideration we see that Gustavus must not be censured too severely.

Throughout the entire war the king received valuable and efficient aid from the peasantry, who carried on a constant and harassing guerrilla warfare. This, together with the pestilence and famine, thoroughly exhausted the Danes, and made them anxious for peace. On January 19, 1613, a peace was concluded. By this Sweden gave up Sonenburg, Jemetland, Heysdale, and control over the Lapps from Titus Firth to Waranger, in Norway; she recovered Kalmar and Oeland, and Elfsborg in six years, if it were ransomed with a million rix-dollars. This last condition was the hardest for such an impoverished country as Sweden, but Gustavus preferred it to continuing an unprofitable war.

Russia had long been involved in the wars of the false Dimitri; the appeal of the tsar, Basil Showisky, had induced Charles IX. to send some troops to his assistance. Showisky's reign was of short duration, but after his death Jakob de la Gardie endeavored to obtain the throne for a Swedish prince. Charles Philip, the younger brother of Gustavus, was proposed; but the king viewed the scheme with disfavor, foreseeing the enormous expense in men and money it would require to hold the throne. In the mean time, however, the Russians, having elected Michael Romanoff tsar, determined to expel the Swedes. They immediately seized Tichin and Augdow, then held by the Swedes. In September, 1613, Gustavus appeared before the latter place, which surrendered after a short siege. The king, being called to Sweden by state affairs, was unable to conduct the war until 1615. The most important event in this campaign—and indeed in the whole war—was the siege of Plescow, a strongly fortified place at the junction of the Plescowa and the Welika. The siege was conducted in a novel manner by the erection of five fortified camps, connection being maintained by means of patrols. The siege, however, was unsuccessful, owing to the strength of the place and the sickness of the men. In the early part of 1617 peace was declared. Sweden obtained Kexholm, Jamberg, Coporie, Ivan-Garod, and Nöteburg, with twenty thousand roubles for expenses. The result was highly satisfactory to Gustavus, as now the Russians were debarred from access to the Baltic. It was one of the king's fundamental principles that Sweden should control this sea; he believed in her greatness while she had this, and future events have justified his policy.

But now another war claimed the king's attention. War with Poland had been of long duration. It had been suspended, indeed, before the death of Charles IX., but only by truces which were renewed from time to time. It was impossible that this state of things could be permanent, and in July, 1617, Swedish forces crossed to Lifland. The campaign on both sides was unimportant, and in 1618 a

truce for two years was declared. At its expiration, Sigismund refusing to give the Poles power to negotiate, Gustavus was forced to declare war. In July, 1621, the king was prepared to sail for Riga; contrary winds detained him, and he occupied the time in compiling his famous Articles of War. The old articles of Gustavus Vasa were very unsatisfactory; to his grandson belongs the honor of perfecting them.

The main object of these articles was to maintain a discipline effectual under ordinary circumstances and during the greatest privations and temptations. Two kinds of courts were formed for the trial of offenders, a superior one and inferior courts, the king being the highest judge. Punishments of various degrees were instituted; courtesans forbidden the camp; provisions were made for religious exercises in the field, and orders issued for behavior in captured towns.

On the 24th of July, 1621, the fleet sailed for Riga, and in August the king appeared before the town. A severe siege ensued. The garrison, numbering only three hundred, defended themselves with the utmost vigor for six weeks. Every day each party performed some new deed of valor. Mines were dug of such extent that the combatants fought underground. The besieged refused to come to terms before hearing from their king. As the defenses of the town became weaker and weaker, Gustavus determined on storming it. All was prepared for the 12th of September; but Gustavus, yielding to the wishes of his subordinates, once more urged the town to surrender. Convinced by an examination of the Swedish works that further resistance would be in vain, the garrison surrendered on the 15th. Gustavus treated the town with a clemency that astonished the inhabitants.

Gustavus then marched into Courland, taking Mittau and several other places. In 1622 the king concluded a truce with Poland, and returned to Sweden, where he occupied himself in attending to the internal affairs of the kingdom. The war was renewed in 1625; it continued until 1629. The whole four years' campaign is but a long list of victories gained by Gustavus over his enemies. Rapidly conquering Livonia, the king transferred his armies to Prussia. His campaign here has been compared to a swift ride through the country. Taking Pillau, Braunsberg, Elbing, Marienburg, Drischau, and Mewe, he extended his conquests to the northeast frontier of Pomerania.

The Emperor Frederick, hoping to turn Gustavus against Denmark, opened negotiations in 1627 for ending the war, but was unsuccessful. The French and English mediation, however, was successful, and a truce was declared in September, 1629. Wormditt, Mehlsack, and Frauenburg were returned to Poland; Mittau to the Duke of Courland; Sweden retained Elbing, Braunsberg, Pillau, and Mewe; Hoeft and Sturm were to be garrisoned by the Elector of Brandenburg; Roman Catholics and Protestants were to have free exercise of their religion.

Gustavus's reputation as a general was now firmly established in Europe; already he was looked upon as a powerful factor in the near future. Yet Gustavus was more than a soldier, he was a statesman of the highest order; but his whole life being occupied with a series of wars, his greatest fame is as a soldier. His fundamental principle in state affairs was his care for his people's welfare. His reforms were many and far-reaching. He granted a new charter to the nobility, creating a House of Barons. He took great interest in ecclesiastical and educational affairs, publishing a Swedish Bible, and largely endowing the university at Upsala, while at the same time he provided for less advanced education. He arranged an equitable levying of the soldiery, founded new courts of justice, and provided in every way for the increase of trade and of the revenue, both by the granting of monopolies and special privileges.

The revenue of Sweden was indeed very small in comparison with the gigantic undertakings of its king. In 1620 the revenue was only one million two hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and fifty-two Swedish dollars, equal to one hundred and eighty-nine thousand seven hundred and twenty-six pounds. This was increased by three methods: by loans, by sale and hypothecation of the Crown estates, and by granting monopolies.

The military inventions of Gustavus were numerous and valuable. By reducing the number of men in a regiment he rendered it much more effective, and by diminishing the depth of his rows the disastrous effect of the artillery fire was rendered much less effective. He also formed his cavalry, hitherto arranged in troops, into regiments. He vastly improved the order of their attack. Instead of each row riding up, and after discharging their pistols retiring in turn, the king ordered the first row to draw their swords after firing and advance, the second and third rows remaining as reserve. Among mechanical improvements, he lightened the musket and the pike and introduced Colonel Wurmbrant's leathern guns. These were copper tubes, strengthened with iron rings, covered with coatings of cord and mastic, the whole encased in leather. They were exceedingly light, but were abandoned after the battle of Leipsic, as it was found that the same effect was produced by lightening metal guns.

But now a new career opened for Gustavus,—the battle-fields of Germany, the Thirty Years' War.

The causes of the Thirty Years' War are but dimly outlined in the dark past. The primary cause was undeniably the Reformation itself. Before the Reformation all was slavish bigotry; the people were united in one religion by one emperor. After it all was changed; where there had been union there was disunion, where there had been peace there was war. For the first time in history we see one emperor ruling a people with two opposed religions. It was impossible that these two

bodies, each mortally hating the other, could exist in peace; they must fight, and they did. Martin Luther's thundering denunciations of Romish bigotry were the first guns fired in the Thirty Years' War. Previous wars had given the Protestants a semblance of religious liberty. The Pacification of Augsburg, however, granted by Ferdinand I. in 1555, left the most important point unsettled, viz., the future disposal of confiscated monastic estates. At the same time it introduced a new dispute by denying the right of an ecclesiastical prince to become Protestant without losing his See. In addition to this, the Emperor Ferdinand II., elected in 1619, during the first year of the war, was a zealous Catholic. He determined to bring all his subjects to the faith of their ancestors; so that in his bigotry we find a third cause of the war.

The occasion of the war was the trouble arising in Bohemia concerning the right of Protestants to build new churches. In the midst of the turmoil the imperial representatives were thrown from a window, and, though uninjured, the imperial dignity was too deeply insulted to allow this outrage to go unpunished.

The insurgents seized the reins of government, and on the death of the Emperor Matthias, in 1619, chose the Elector Palatine, Frederick V., king, refusing to recognize the claims of the Emperor Ferdinand. Frederick, however, was too weak a man for his new position. Not only was his character weak, but he did not receive the expected support from his Protestant connections. In a few months he was expelled not only from Bohemia, but from his electorate, and the latter handed over to Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria. The emperor had now an opportunity for ending the war, but his bigotry was unabated, and it continued.

Christian IV. of Denmark, who had long viewed the advances of the Catholics with alarm, now plunged into the war. At first the Danes were surprisingly successful, but in the latter part of the war, when opposed by both Tilly and Wallenstein, they suffered defeat after defeat, disaster after disaster. Wallenstein's penetrating mind foreseeing a formidable and possible enemy in Gustavus Adolphus, hastened to make peace with Christian, hoping thereby to turn him against his Swedish neighbor. Christian conducted the negotiations with so much skill as to receive back all his lost territory, on condition of not interfering with German affairs save as related to Sleswick and Holstein.

Ferdinand was now in the height of his power; once more an opportunity presented itself for ending the war, once more his bigotry prevented him from doing so. He was an enthusiast who ordered a persecution in one part of his dominions for a victory in another. He failed to learn by experience, and the war continued for many dreary years.

The successes of Ferdinand were viewed with alarm by Richelieu,

who aimed at the humiliation of the House of Austria. With this end in view he had opened negotiations with Sweden and Poland which led to the ending of the Polish war, and finally to the appearance of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. The Duke of Bavaria also looked with displeasure upon the imperial successes, and especially upon the emperor's general, Wallenstein, whose arrogance rendered him exceedingly offensive to the German princes. A conspiracy was formed for the removal of Wallenstein, and at the Diet of Ratisbon Ferdinand was compelled to assent to his dismissal. This was the greatest mistake of the whole war, as it deprived the emperor of his most powerful support and opened the way for the Swedish hero. Gustavus, as early as 1621, had received appeals to come to Germany, but he only replied by expressions of sympathy. When the war developed into one for the aggrandizement of the emperor he threw himself into it with all the ardor and vigor of his northern nature. In 1625 he offered to cooperate with Christian of Denmark, but his proposals were declined. With the retirement of Christian from the field, Gustavus, after carefully considering the situation, advanced to the aid of his Protestant brethren. He did not go into the war hastily or without reason, and his motive was of the purest nature,—that of aiding the oppressed. On the 19th of May, 1630, Gustavus, on receiving the oath of allegiance of his nobles to his infant daughter Christiana, said, "Not lightly or wantonly am I about to involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that I do not fight to gratify my own ambition. But the emperor has wronged me most shamefully in the person of my ambassador. He has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and even stretched his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them."

On the 30th of May, 1630, Gustavus sailed from Elfsknaben with fifteen thousand men; he arrived at Penemüde, on the island of Usedom, off the coast of Pomerania, on the 1st of June, the centennial anniversary of the Augsburg Confession. The king himself was the first to land, and, after thanking God for his safe arrival, seized a spade and commenced digging intrenchments. Gustavus found his approach unresisted, the Imperialists being satisfied with strengthening the interior. By the middle of July he commanded the mouth of the Oder, and after compelling old Duke Bogislaus, of Pomerania, to surrender Stettin, advanced to Mecklenburg, first being reinforced by eight thousand men. He hastened to seize Rostock, but the Imperialists had taken it by strategy. While near the place, Gustavus first showed the Germans his superior manœuvring. Savelli, who was advancing to the relief of Rostock, had drawn up his army in the usual Italian fashion: the artillery, slightly guarded, on one side; on the other, the

army spread out in a line long enough to outflank the Swedes. The king advanced calmly toward the centre, when, suddenly wheeling, disorganized one of Savelli's wings, seized his artillery, and directed it against his forces.

In December the king retired from Mecklenburg, and by the taking of Greifenhagen and Grätz caused the retreat of fifteen thousand of the enemy. A treaty with France was concluded at this time, by which Gustavus bound himself to maintain in Germany an army of thirty thousand foot and six thousand horse, France granting him a subsidy of one million livres. All Roman Catholics were to have entire liberty for their religion. In April, 1631, Gustavus appeared before Frankfort-on-the-Oder, a place of great strength and wealth. After a severe siege the city surrendered.

Tilly, in the mean time, was conducting the siege of Magdeburg. The town was already much straitened, when the nearness of Gustavus raised the expiring hopes of the inhabitants. Cautiousness was an essential part of the character of Gustavus. He would not, and could not in justice to himself, advance farther into the country without having a secure refuge in case of defeat. All his efforts to induce the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony to give him places of refuge failed, and he was unable to relieve Magdeburg. The atrocities committed by the Germans in this city have never been excelled in all history. The Elector of Brandenburg had surrendered Spandau to Gustavus for a month, and on the expiration of that time demanded his town. Gustavus surrendered it, but immediately marched to Berlin, and by directing his guns toward the city compelled the Elector to surrender Spandau, and give him a subsidy of seventy thousand rix-dollars per month. From Magdeburg Tilly removed to Aschersleben, and Gustavus was enabled to construct his famous camp at Werben. This camp was sufficiently extensive to accommodate the whole army, including the cavalry. The works were of earth, one side being protected by one hundred and fifty guns. Although it was practically impregnable, Tilly twice ventured to attack it, being twice repulsed, with a total loss of six thousand men.

While at Werben, Gustavus concluded a treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse. He received an English contingent of six thousand men, but which was soon reduced, mostly by disease, to less than one-sixth of that number. In August the camp at Werben was broken up, and Gustavus advanced to Leipzic, then threatened by Tilly. The Elector of Saxony was beside himself with terror; afraid of both emperor and king, he finally took sides with the latter, giving him Wittenberg as a place of refuge, three months' pay for his troops, the Elector himself and his son accompanying the Swedish army as hostages. Gustavus immediately crossed the Elbe and joined the Saxons. The Swedish army now numbered thirteen thousand foot and eight thousand eight

hundred and fifty horse, the Saxon from sixteen to twenty thousand men.

On the 7th of September the armies approached each other. It was the eve of the battle; the morrow would show the world its greatest general, would snatch from the brow of one the wreath of Unconquered. The day was dawning for which the Swedish king had crossed the sea, the day which was to free the world or to enslave it. It was the most critical day in modern history. Europe anxiously awaited it. The Swedes advanced in three columns, the king on the right, with Banner in his rear; Gustaf Horn on the left, supported by Colonel Hall. Teuffel occupied the centre, with the artillery in front, Hepburn in the rear. The Saxons were on the left, at a considerable distance from the Swedes.

Tilly occupied a strong position near Leipzic, but the impetuous Pappenheim urged him forward to the plains of Breitenfeld, where he took up a position under some hills on which he had placed his artillery The imperial army was drawn up in one long line of unwieldy masses; the Swedish army was arranged in the king's own manner, with musketeers among the horse, the whole army being in small masses, separated so as to admit of rapid manœuvring. The reserves were well arranged to support the front.

At half after eight the Swedes began the advance. They had the slight disadvantages of facing the sun and the wind; but the sun, glancing on the Swedish arms, reflected from innumerable metallic surfaces the glorious victory awaiting them. At noon the battle began by a heavy cannonading; in two hours it had ceased. Tilly made the first movement by attacking the Saxons. They stood their ground bravely till their best cannoneers were killed, when they gave way. The whole Saxon army, with the exception of the division under Arnheim, fled in the wildest disorder, plundering their baggage and crying that the battle was lost. Tilly's men, crying victory, rushed after the fugitives. In the mean time Gustavus had captured the artillery of the enemy, and when Tilly's troops returned they were greeted by murderous volleys from their own guns. A terrific onslaught of the Swedes in front completed the demoralization of the Imperialists, and they fled. Four veteran regiments, however, remained and fought their way desperately to the thicket in the rear of the field, but at night, being reduced to six hundred men, they too fled, leaving the Swedes victorious. Gustavus threw himself on his knees and thanked God for the great and splendid victory.

The moral prestige gained by Gustavus by this glorious victory was enormous; many states which had held aloof now joined the Swedes. At the same time Gustavus realized his power more, and thenceforth acted with more decision and energy.

All Germany now lay open before the Swedish hero. His superior

judgment led him to advance through Franconia and along the Rhine. In this route lay the richest bishoprics and free cities; the former furnished welcome looting, the latter had always been his eager friends. Had he advanced to Vienna, he would have laid himself open to attack in the rear.

His progress through Germany was a long, swift series of triumphs. Passing rapidly through the Thuringian forest, he entered Franconia. Here he rapidly conquered the territories of the Bishop of Würzburg, taking the strong citadel of his capital by strategy. From Würzburg he sent out expeditions to various points, all of which were successful. The whole of Franconia was subdued with great rapidity, as Tilly was prevented by the Duke of Bavaria from attacking Gustavus. After taking the important town of Hanau, Gustavus followed the course of the Main to Frankfort. He did not gain admission to the city until after several days of negotiation, when the whole Swedish army marched through the city in splendid array. At Frankfort, Gustavus added George, Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, and William, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, to his allies. The former was thoroughly indifferent to the Protestant cause, and only joined it through fear; the latter brought with him an army of twelve thousand men.

Crossing the Bergstrasse, Gustavus, after carrying Oppenheim by storm, laid siege to Mayence. The city capitulated in a few days, buying its freedom from pillage for eighty thousand florins. Gustavus made a triumphal entry into the city. He spent the winter here, and, surrounded by a brilliant court, occupied himself in carrying on negotiations with the neighboring princes and cities, and arranging matters with his great chancellor, Oxenstjerna.

Gustavus, however, was too near France to please Richelieu, who opened negotiations with various German princes, offering them neutrality if they would abandon the emperor. By this means Gustavus would be free to enter the hereditary dominions. The proposals, however, were not accepted.

In February, Gustavus, at the instance of the ex-king of Bohemia, who was anxious to receive again his electorate, besieged Creutznach, winning its castle by a desperate effort. The king now joined his forces with those of Horn, who had been compelled by Tilly to raise the siege of Bamberg. Together they followed Tilly toward Nuremberg, where Gustavus was received with great joy. After leaving this town, the king determined to carry the war into the rich, unexhausted provinces of Bavaria. The Bavarians, hoping to retard his passage of the Danube, hastily garrisoned Donauwörth. Their attempt was without avail, and in taking this town Gustavus had only the Lech between him and Bavaria.

The passage of the Lech was the most remarkable event in the life of Gustavus. Tilly had stationed himself at Rain, placing his army

along the Lech for sixteen miles. He had destroyed the bridge, and at this time the river was much swollen by the spring rains. Notwithstanding the tremendous difficulties in the way, Gustavus determined to cross the stream, and he carried out his determination against the advice of his generals. Finding a ford between Rain and Thierhaupten, Gustavus made this the point of crossing. He had a bridge made in parts, ready for erection. On the night of the 4th of April the king constructed a rampart armed with seventy-two guns. Under the tremendous fire of this battery he laid down his bridge; burning wood and straw raising a dense smoke and concealing his operations. Before finishing the bridge, even, the Swedes were victorious, for Altringer, commander of the artillery, was struck by a ball, and soon after Tilly was mortally wounded. The next morning the king crossed the river, and thanked God for his victory. The loss of Tilly was irreparable. He was the most zealous defender of the Roman Catholic faith. He died wearied with grief and disappointment. Until the battle of Leipzic he had never lost a battle; after it he never won one.

All Bavaria now lay open before the king, there being no one to oppose his passage. From Rain he marched to Augsburg, a city almost sacred in Protestant eyes. Here Melancthon presented his famous Confession to the emperor; here the Lutheran religion first obtained legal recognition. After a short negotiation Gustavus entered the city in state, and exacted from its inhabitants an oath of allegiance to the Swedish Crown. After leaving the city Gustavus besieged Ingoldstadt, a place of such strength, and which offered such stubborn resistance, that he suddenly raised the siege and marched toward Munich. The capital of Bavaria, unprotected by its sovereign, surrendered to Gustavus without a blow, first buying its freedom from pillage for three hundred thousand dollars. Gustavus was amazed at the splendor of its art treasures and the beauty of the city. His stay in it was marked by a strong desire to please the people; he went everywhere, even to the Mass.

But now a new power arose to repel the king of Sweden. Soon after the battle of Leipzic the emperor, now afraid of the "Snow King," as he had contemptuously called Gustavus, condescended to open negotiations with Wallenstein, with a view to his recall. After a lengthy correspondence Wallenstein agreed to raise an army in three months, and at the expiration of this time resigned, and would only assume command on condition of being created generalissimo of the emperor, the House of Austria, and the Spanish Crown. In addition, Wallenstein was to have sole and absolute command, the granting of all rewards and punishments, and the hereditary Austrian dominions as a place of refuge in case of defeat. Never before nor since has a sovereign submitted to such monstrous demands by a subject.

Wallenstein immediately drove the Saxons from Bohemia, and then

turned toward Nuremberg. Gustavus at once advanced to the relief of the threatened city, leaving garrisons at Augsburg, Rain, and Memmingen. On his arrival at Nuremberg, fearing an attack by Wallenstein and the Duke of Bavaria, he strongly intrenched himself. His fortifications embraced the entire city, covering an area of thirty-five thousand square rods, and were defended by three hundred cannon. Wallenstein, arriving before Gustavus had completed his fortifications, dared not attack him, but determined to subdue him by famine. His own camp was but slightly constructed, save at the hill and castle of Altendorf, which were strongly fortified. For six dreadful weeks the armies faced each other without moving. Each day added to the miseries of the siege. Pestilence visited the camps and carried off from one thousand to fourteen hundred men weekly. At the end of six weeks Oxenstjerna arrived with the remainder of the Swedish forces, making a total of forty thousand men now within the camp. Wallenstein allowed this junction to take place without interfering, hoping thereby to increase the miseries of the siege.

On the 24th of August, Gustavus, deceived by a report—whether true or not is not known—that the enemy had retired from their position, determined to occupy it. The approaches to the castle were such that only five hundred men were available at a time. For ten hours the Swedes fought like heroes, advancing again and again to certain death; but the place was too well defended, and Gustavus withdrew his forces to Fürth. After two weeks he broke up his camp here, and marched past Wallenstein's camp unmolested. Wallenstein immediately broke up his own camp and marched toward Forchheim, on the Main. Gustavus, aware of this movement, divided his army, giving half to Duke Bernhard, of Saxe-Weimar, for securing the Main; he himself taking the other half to Bavaria. In the middle of October he returned to Nuremberg, and soon after united with Duke Bernhard at Scheusingen. Wallenstein, in the mean time, had removed to Weisenfels; from that place he dispatched Pappenheim to recover Halle, and then transferred his own camp to Lützen.

On hearing of Pappenheim's departure, Gustavus, collecting all his allies, determined to attack Wallenstein. The Swedes were in sight of Lützen; but the distance was deceptive, and, in addition, a narrow bridge retarded the passage of the troops, so that it was night before they reached the battle-field.

The Swedes passed the night in battle array. Gustavus adopted the same disposition as in the battle of Leipzic: two rows of mingled cavalry and infantry, the king commanding the right, Duke Bernhard the left. Wallenstein formed his men in twelve parallelograms.[1] He

[1] The older authorities give an arrangement of huge castle-like masses. Förster has unearthed a plan of the battle in Wallenstein's own hand, which gives the arrangement here adopted.

fortified the highway which divided the two armies, and also the hills in the field.

A dense fog delayed the battle till noon. The order for advance was sounded, and the Swedes soon dispossessed the imperial musketeers lining the high-road. The infantry of the centre, pressing forward, carried the first battery. Wallenstein here interposed; rallying his troops, a terrific contest ensued, and the Swedes were driven back. The king's division, in the mean time, had fallen upon the enemy's left, throwing the cavalry into disorder. At this moment the king, hearing that his centre was retreating, hastened to their rescue. Venturing too near, his arm was shattered; but he attempted to go on. Weak with loss of blood, he asked the Duke of Saxe-Lüneburg to lead him from the field. Turning, he was again shot in the back. Uttering the words, "Brother, I have had enough," he fell from his horse. A combat ensued where he fell, and he was found under a pile of bodies, stripped of his clothing, with thirteen wounds,—this the king of Sweden, the savior of Germany.

The king's riderless charger betrayed his loss. The troops yelled for revenge. Led by the brave Duke Bernhard, they advance again and again to the slaughter; never fought men so before nor since. Gustavus, their brave, beloved king, was in the enemey's hands, dead or alive they knew not; revenge they must have. Still the Imperialists retain their ground; the arrival of Pappenheim gives them fresh courage. Yet when night falls Wallenstein sounds the retreat, leaving his guns behind. Thus died the greatest king of modern times, the only just conqueror the world has seen. Never had man a more glorious monument than was raised by the ardor, love, and admiration of his soldiers on that battle-field. Dying, his spirit yet tarried; before it had filled only one body, now it filled twenty thousand.

All Europe mourned his death. The Swedes were uncontrollable,—they had lost their king, their hero. And though his chancellor, Oxenstjerna, bravely led his country in the footsteps of his great master, Sweden's glory was gone.

Gustavus Adolphus! the very name fills one with a holy admiration. No other soldier united in his actual life the practical precepts of Christianity. No other general exercised such a fatherly care for his soldiers' good, both morally and physically. His methods of warfare were a revelation to the generals of the Italian school, and he may be said to have laid the foundation of modern warfare. But though we know him best and most as a general, he was not the less a man and a king. Gustavus Adolphus is Sweden's greatest hero, her grandest man, her truest Christian; for all time he will shine with undimmed brightness in the world's history, serving as a beacon by which all men may know of Sweden and her greatness.

J. B. FERREE.

SHIPS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PART I.

(Continued from page 454.)

THE dimensions of the "Essex" were: gun-deck, one hundred and forty-one feet; beam, thirty-seven feet; keel, one hundred and eighteen feet; and hold twelve and a quarter feet; height of gun-deck, five feet nine inches; waist, six feet; height under the quarter-deck, six feet three inches; measurement, 850.21. Cost of construction by contract, thirty dollars per ton. The dimensions of some of her principal spars were: mainmast, eighty-five feet; foremast, seventy-five and a half feet; mizzen-mast, seventy-one and a half feet; bowsprit, fifty-four feet; main-, fore-, and mizzen-topmasts, fifty-five, fifty-one, and forty feet respectively; main-, fore-, and cross-jack, or mizzen-yard, eighty, seventy-two, and fifty-two feet respectively; spanker-boom, fifty-seven feet; spritsail-yard, fifty-two feet; and spritsail top-yard, thirty-five feet.

Her battery, when first armed, consisted of twenty-six 12-pounders on her gun-deck, and ten 6-pounders on the quarter-deck,—thirty-six guns in all. Captain Preble, however, recommended 9-pounders for the quarter-deck, "as she has room enough and is well able to bear them." "Oliver Oldschool," the correspondent of the *New York Gazette*, from whom we have already quoted, relates the following anecdote with respect to her gun-carriages: "When Captain Preble joined her the gun-carriages were not to his liking. 'Who built those gun-carriages?' he exclaimed. 'Deacon Gould.' 'Send for Deacon Gould to meet me at the Sun Tavern this evening.' Deacon Gould made his appearance in the same style that Dr. Franklin met George III. 'What is your will, Captain Preble?' 'You do not know how to make gun-carriages, sir!' 'What's that you say, Captain Preble,—I do not know how to make gun-carriages? I knew how to make gun-carriages before you were born, and if you say that word again, I will take you across my knee and play Master Hacker with you.' The quick and fiery commodore found himself in a predicament, and that the deacon was equally quick and fiery, and thought best to drop the undignified contention." The foundation for this anecdote is to be found in Captain Preble's diary, under date November 17, 1799, where he writes: "Twenty-six 12-pound cannon were taken on board for the main battery;

mounted them and found the carriages all too high; dismounted the cannon and sent the carriages on shore to be altered." The absurdity of the little deacon threatening to take the six-foot captain across his knee and play the schoolmaster with him is apparent.

The command of the "Essex" was offered by the Secretary of the Navy to Captain Joseph Waters at the request of the subscribers, but he declined the honor, as domestic duties required his presence with his family. The committee then requested the command should be given to Captain Richard Derby, of Salem; but as he was absent in Europe, on the 21st of October, 1799, Edward Preble, who had been commissioned a captain the May preceding, was ordered "to assist in preparing her for sea, and to command her in the event of her being ready before Captain Derby returned;" which he did, although he had previously (in January) declined the honor, announcing his intention to retire from the service to attend to his private engagements,—an intention he happily abandoned. On the 7th of November, 1799, he informed the Secretary that he had taken charge of the ship, and that she was completely rigged, and with all her ballast on board, and could be ready for sea in thirty days. Recruiting-offices were at once opened in Salem, Boston, and Cape Ann, and the equipment of the vessel was hurried forward. It is worthy of remark that on the whole muster-roll of the officers and crew of the "Essex," when she sailed on her first cruise, there were but two names that bore the prefix of *Mac* and but one with the prefix of *O'*, showing the Anglo-American character of her crew, and the great changes which have taken place in New England surnames in this century, for in any similar list of two hundred and fifty names now those Celtic prefixes would predominate.

On Sunday, December 22, 1799, the "Essex" sailed from Salem with flowing sheets and before a favoring gale, exchanging salutes with Fort Pickering in passing, and proceeded to Newport, where she joined the "Congress," Captain Sever. It is believed she never returned to her birthplace.

On the 6th of January, 1800, she sailed on her first cruise in company with the frigate "Congress," from New York for Batavia, to convoy home a fleet of American merchantmen. When six days out the "Congress" was dismasted, and the "Essex" having lost sight of her, and not knowing of the disaster, proceeded on the voyage alone, and on the 28th of March doubled the Cape of Good Hope, being the first United States vessel of war to pass that stormy barrier. She repassed the Cape homeward-bound on the 27th of August, 1800; stopped at St. Helena September 10, to collect her scattered convoy, and on the 29th of November arrived at New York. The crew were discharged, but the officers were detained to care for the ship, and April 1, 1801, Captain Preble, who had a temporary leave of absence, was ordered to prepare her for sea. Ill health, incurred during his cruise in her,

obliged him to request to be relieved, and on the 20th of May Captain William Bainbridge was ordered to command her, and the "Essex" sailed to join the Mediterranean squadron under command of Commodore James Barron. The squadron arrived at Gibraltar July 1, 1801, when the "Essex" was dispatched to Marseilles, and thence along the Spanish coast, to collect and convoy American merchantmen through the Straits of Gibraltar. On the 17th of June, 1802, the "Essex" sailed from Gibraltar, and arrived at New York on the 22d of July, and was ordered to proceed to Washington. The crew insisted upon being paid off in New York, and became mutinous, but the prompt and fearless conduct of Captain Bainbridge subdued them, and the frigate reached Washington early in August, 1802, and was placed in ordinary. After undergoing extensive repairs, in 1804 she returned to the Mediterranean under command of Captain Barron, and attached to the squadron commanded by Commodore James Barron. In this cruise, April 27, 1805, the "Essex" participated in the capture of the town of Derne, Africa, when fourteen of her crew were killed. On her return from this cruise she was placed in ordinary, and was not put into commission until May 25, 1808, when her hull, so says Commodore Tingey, was "in as good order as the day she was launched." In January, 1809, she was at Norfolk, "officered, manned, victualed, and in other respects prepared for service; and was there on the 1st of December, but soon after sailed for Europe under the command of Captain John Smith. Her cruise was a short one, for in August, 1811, she was in American waters under command of Captain David Porter, as appears from the following letter, which is now preserved in the Naval Library and Institute at the Boston navy-yard:

"August 9, 1811.

"SIR,—I have sent Mr. Farragut[14] and David Tittimary on board, and beg you to take them under your particular care. When the wherry is perfectly dry I will thank you to send her over to me every morning at half-past nine, under charge of Mr. Farragut.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. PORTER.

"LIEUTENANT JOHN DOWNES,[15]

"U. S. Frigate 'Essex,' Navy-Yard."

Farragut had entered the service as a midshipman on the 10th of December, only eight months previous. In December, 1811, the "Essex" was wintering with the squadron of Commodore Rodgers at Newport. June 18, 1812, when war was declared against Great Britain, the "Wasp" (18), Captain Jacob Jones, was the only vessel of the United States navy on foreign service. The vessels of our navy

[14] The late Admiral David S. Farragut.

[15] The late Commodore John Downes.

were scattered along the coast. The "Essex" was at New York overhauling her rigging and restowing her hold, and on the 3d of July sailed from New York, under command of Captain Porter, to the southward. She made several prizes, destroying most of them. The bad weather compelled her to run to the northward, and a small fleet of the enemy, under convoy of the "Minerva" (36) and a bomb-vessel, was approached at night and a transport captured. After this success, on the 13th of August, 1812, disguised as a merchant ship, the "Essex" captured His Britannic Majesty's ship "Alert," mounting eighteen 32-pounder carronades and two long 12-pounders, and manned by ninety-eight men; of course inferior in size, guns, and crew to the "Essex," but she was the first vessel of war captured in the war; she was converted into a cartel, and sent to St. John's. Relieved of her prisoners, she sailed for New York, where she was fitted out as a United States cruiser, and in September entered the Delaware to replenish her water and stores.

September 15, 1812, Commodore William Bainbridge was ordered to the command of a squadron consisting of the "Constitution," "Essex," and "Hornet." Each ship was destined to make its separate history. The "Essex" was fated never to meet the other ships of the squadron. Bainbridge, however, ordered the "Essex" to sail direct to the Cape de Verds, thence to Fernando de Noronha, and failing to meet him, to St. Catharine's, on the coast of Brazil, and thence to St. Helena, to intercept British East India ships, and after that Captain Porter was to act according to his own judgment. Under these instructions the "Essex" sailed from the Delaware October 28, 1812. In anticipation of a prolonged cruise she carried an extra complement; her complete muster-roll was three hundred and nineteen souls, which included three commissioned and two acting lieutenants and twelve midshipmen. She had the ill luck not to meet with any vessel of the enemy until the 12th of December, when, having crossed the equator the day previous, she captured the government packet-brig "Nocton," of ten guns, one hundred and thirty-one men, and transferred to the "Essex" fifty-five thousand dollars in specie found on board. The "Nocton" was recaptured by a British frigate between Bermuda and the Capes of Virginia. On the 14th of December the "Essex" made the island of Fernando de Noronha, and found there a letter from Commodore Bainbridge directing Captain Porter to meet the squadron off Cape Frio, where she arrived about the 25th. Three days afterward the "Constitution" captured the "Java" off St. Salvador. Disappointed in his attempts to fall in with the commodore, Porter came to the happy decision to act independently and push the "Essex" around Cape Horn, make a dash among the English whalers in the Pacific, and live upon the enemy. It was a bold stroke, but the possession of the specie taken from the "Nocton," and the knowledge that every whaler belonging to the enemy was well found

in stores and provisions, rendered it feasible. The season for doubling Cape Horn was late, the ship deficient in provisions and naval stores, but, as Captain Porter says in his journal, "his course lay between the attempt, a capture or blockade, and starvation." The "Essex" left St. Catharine's January 26, 1813, and after a tempestuous passage around Cape Horn encountered the pleasant southwest breeze of the Pacific March 5, and was the first United States vessel of war to round Cape Horn and to spread her sails on that ocean. There was but one small and imperfect chart of the ocean on board, and the ship was short of provisions and much in want of cordage.

Notwithstanding his necessities, Captain Porter, wishing to make some captures before his arrival in the Pacific was known, determined on a short cruise before proceeding to Valparaiso. Ill fortune, however, continued to prevail, the ship was constantly enveloped in fogs, and no prizes were made. On the 15th of March the "Essex" anchored at Valparaiso, where it was learned Chili had declared itself independent of Spain, and that the viceroy of Peru had sent out cruisers against American shipping. The "Essex's" appearance in the Pacific was of the greatest importance to American trade, which lay at the mercy of English letters of marque and Peruvian corsairs.

The "Essex" returned to Valparaiso on the 13th of December, 1813, from her very successful cruise in the Pacific Ocean, which it is unnecessary for us here to relate, except to say that from her departure from the United States to that time not a dollar had been drawn to meet the expenses of the frigate. The enemy had furnished provisions, sails, cordage, medicines, guns, anchors, cables, and slops. A considerable amount of gold had been given to the officers and men from the money (fifty-five thousand dollars) taken from the packet-brig "Nocton." It was found on her arrival that the Chilian government favored on all occasions the interest of the English in preference to the Americans. Without paying much regard to this circumstance, Captain Porter determined to remain in and off the port in waiting for the "Phebe" (36), Captain Hillyar, one of the ships sent out in quest of him. The "Phebe" arrived as expected, but accompanied by the "Cherub" (20), Captain Tucker. The "Phebe" mounted thirty long 18-pounders, sixteen 32-pounder carronades, and one howitzer, besides six 3-pounders in her tops, and had a crew of three hundred and twenty. The "Cherub" mounted eighteen 32-pounder carronades, with eight 24-pounder carronades, and two long 9's above, making in all twenty-eight guns, and her crew mustered one hundred and eighty men and boys. The "Essex," to oppose this force, had a battery of forty 32-pounder carronades and six long 12-pounders, and a crew weakened by manning prizes to two hundred and fifty-five. The armament of her prize, the whale-ship "Atlantic," of three hundred and fifty-five tons, which had been converted into a cruiser and

renamed the "Essex Junior," was too inconsiderable to be relied on against the heavy armaments of the "Phebe" and "Cherub." It consisted of ten 18-pounder carronades and ten short 6-pounders, and her crew amounted to only sixty souls. The original battery of the "Essex" consisted of long 12-pounders throughout, and Captain Preble, on her first cruise, urged a still heavier armament. About that time carronades of heavy calibre and short range came to be a favorite armament, though now entirely obsolete, and were generally adopted in our navy. At what time they were substituted on board the "Essex" for her original armament I have been unable to ascertain, but that their inefficiency was known previous to her sailing is established by the following letter:[13]

"U. S. FRIGATE 'ESSEX,'
"Bight of Craney Island, October 24, 1811.

"SIR,—Agreeably to your directions, we have examined the carronades of this ship, and find the pommelion-eye of one broken off, the pommelion of the others bored in a direction which prevents the screw shipping perpendicularly and the nice elevation and depression which may some time be requisite.

"In *our opinion the 'Essex' is improperly armed to contend with as fast a sailing-vessel as herself mounting long guns;* but by taking four carronades and the two long 12-pounders from the gun-deck and substituting long 18-pounders she will be rendered as effective as is desired.

"We are, with respect, sir, your obedient servants,

"JOHN DOWNES.
"WILLIAM FINCH.

"CAPTAIN DAVID PORTER,
"United States Frigate 'Essex,'
"Present."

It will be observed that the "Phebe," a vessel of about the same tonnage, was armed with long 18-pounders, guns of the very calibre recommended by the surveying officers of the "Essex." Had the "Essex" been so armed, from the indomitable courage that was displayed under greater disparity, the result of the engagement between these ships might have been different. It was fated, however, that the good old ship, having done her duty to the last, should pass from under our flag, and Porter thus sings her requiem in his report: "*To possess the 'Essex' it has cost the British government near six millions of dollars.*" Truly a profitable investment to the United States was the seventy-five thousand dollars subscribed by the patriotic citizens of Salem!

The particulars of the conflict between the "Essex," "Phebe," and "Cherub" in Valparaiso, on the 28th of March, 1814, which, it will be observed, was the anniversary of her passing the Cape of Good Hope

[13] The original is preserved in the Naval Library and Institute at the Boston navy-yard.

at the beginning of the century, are well known, and can be found in every naval history of the time. In this bloody contest the "Essex" had fifty-eight men killed, including those who died of their hurts, and sixty-six wounded, making a total of one hundred and twenty-four, or nearly half of all who were on board at the commencement of the action. Including the missing, her entire loss was one hundred and fifty-two out of two hundred and fifty-five. The loss of the "Phebe" was only four killed and seven wounded; of the "Cherub," one killed and three wounded. Captain Tucker, of the "Cherub," was wounded, and First Lieutenant Ingram, of the "Phebe," killed. The engagement lasted two and one-half hours. The disparity of loss in the contest was the result of the superior battery of the enemy. Captain Hillyar, in his official report, written two days after the action, says, "The defense of the 'Essex,' taking into consideration our superiority of force, the very discouraging circumstance of her having lost her main-topmast, and being twice on fire, did honor to her brave defenders, and most fully evinced the courage of Captain Porter and those under his command. Her colors were not struck until the loss in killed and wounded was so awfully great, and her shattered condition so seriously bad, as to render further resistance unavailing." This was a noble and generous admission and tribute from the conqueror.

There is in the Naval Library and Institute at the Boston yard a memorandum for Lieutenant Downes, dated January 10, 1814, signed by Commodore Porter, in which he says, should they meet with the "Phebe," "Raccoon," and "Cherub" all together, he would retreat in the best manner he could. If he met with the "Phebe" and one sloop-of-war, the "Essex Junior" was to endeavor to draw off the sloop in chase, while the "Essex" engaged the frigate. If they met the "Phebe" alone and to leeward, he proposed to run alongside of her, and the "Essex Junior" was to remain out of gunshot to windward and watch the action, to assist in case of need. If the "Phebe" was made to windward, he would manœuvre to get the weather-gage before running her alongside.

In conclusion, he directs the "Essex Junior" to avoid an engagement with the sloop if possible, as she was too weak. It was also his intention to run alongside the "Phebe" under Spanish colors, and the "Essex Junior" was to show British colors until the "Essex" hoisted American.

With the capture of the "Essex" in Valparaiso Bay ends the career of the gallant ship in our service. She was after her capture repaired, sent to England, and placed upon the list of His Britannic Majesty's ships, but whether ever employed in active service under the British flag I have been unable to ascertain. In 1833, I find her mentioned as a convict-ship at Kingston, Jamaica. She was finally sold at auction, with other vessels, at Somerset House, by order of the British

Admiralty, July 6, 1837, to be broken up. The auctioneer's advertisement styled her the "'Essex' (42), eight hundred and sixty-seven tons, then lying at Kingston, Jamaica."

Few ships in our service with so short a career have ever been blessed with such a galaxy of captains,—Preble, Barron, Bainbridge, Decatur, Stewart, Cox, Campbell, Smith, and, last but not least, David Porter, the father of our present admiral. Farragut, a young midshipman on his first cruise, obtained his "baptism of fire" and received his only wound on her deck. Through him she forms with Preble and Porter a connecting link of the past with our present navy. It is not known that any portrait or model of the "Essex" is extant.

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "BOSTON," 1799–1814.—The history of this vessel, though she was launched in 1799, belongs to the eighteenth century. At the time when John Adams was inaugurated President of the United States, the country being without a navy worthy of mention, its commerce was subject to almost daily annoyance from British and French ships of war,—the British claiming the right of search for British subjects, and the French capturing every vessel that fell in their way under pretense that it was carrying contraband goods. No American merchant ship could sail on the ocean with safety. Congress had in 1794 provided for the building of the frigates "United States," at Philadelphia, the "Constellation," at Baltimore, and the "Constitution," at Boston; but neither of them was in active service until some time in 1797. Provision was made for the building of other vessels of war, and the voice of the people was clamoring for defense against the outrages committed on our trade by the belligerents of Europe. Under these circumstances, to aid in measures of defense, the merchants of Boston built a frigate of thirty-two guns, which was called the "Boston," and presented it to the government. In like manner the frigate "Essex," whose history has been given, was built at Salem, and the "John Adams" at Charleston, South Carolina, by the citizens of these seaports, and loaned or presented to the government.

Gallatin once said that it would be better for the United States to destroy its navy at the close of every war, if it could secure a new one at the beginning of the next,—a policy which seems to have been adopted ever since. The significance of his remark lies in the "if," as it would be perfectly impossible, in these days of monster steamship ironclads and 100-ton guns, to improvise a navy on the instant, or obtain one until after years devoted to its construction.

The *Columbian Centinel*, June 27, 1798, contains the following notice, which appears to have been the first step toward building the "Boston," but the originator of the project has not been preserved:

"NOTICE.—A subscription will be opened this day for the raising of a fund to purchase or build one or more ships of war, to be loaned to the government for the service of the United States. Those who

would wish to join in this testimonial of public spirit are requested to meet in the chamber over Taylor's insurance office, at one o'clock precisely, to affix their signatures and make the necessary arrangements."

The next issue of the same paper, June 30, has the following announcement:

"THE NERVE.—In compliance with the advertisement in the last *Centinel*, a number of the citizens of this metropolis met at Taylor's insurance office for the purpose of opening a patriotic voluntary subscription in aid of government. Last evening the amount subscribed amounted to one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, and as the subscription still continues open, we have not the least doubt that Boston will outdo every city in the Union in Federal patriotism. We will not omit mentioning that the Hon. William Phillips added ten thousand dollars to this free-will offering. God bless him for it!"

The whole amount subscribed was one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, and the cost of the frigate was one hundred and thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine dollars; the larger part, as it will be seen, having been subscribed within two days. It is needless to add that this loan, as it was called, was never asked for by the subscribers; but it was ultimately refunded by the government with seven per cent. interest. It may be well to mention that the population of Boston at the date of the subscription was, including its islands, less than twenty-five thousand.[17]

[17] A list of the subscribers, which comprised the solid men of Boston in 1800, has been preserved, viz.: William Phillips, $10,000; Samuel Parkman, $4000; Samuel Elliot, $4000; Samuel G. Perkins, $1500; Thomas C. Amory, $1500; David Sears, Stephen Higginson, Eben Parsons, John Codman, J. Coolidge & Son, Theodore Lyman, Thomas Dickason, Jr., Samuel & S. Salisbury, Boot & Pratt, $3000 each; Jeffrey & Russell, William Parsons, Abiel Smith, Benjamin Joy, James & T. H. Perkins, Nathan Frazier, Stephen Higginson, Jr., Arnold Wells, Thomas Walley, John Parker, $2000 each; Mango Mackey, William Smith, James Warren, Cornelius Duvart, Rufus G. Amory, John Amory, Jr., M. M. Hayes, John C. Jones, Henry Jackson, Benjamin Clark, John Derby, John Gore, William Spooner, Jones & Bass, E. Sigourney & Sons, John Gray, Jeremiah Allen, Jonathan Mason, Daniel Sargent, Jr., Marston Watson, John McLean, William Stackpole, Stephen Gorham, Benjamin Green, David Green, James Scott, Daniel D. Rogers, Samuel Torrey, Thomas & George Paine, Benjamin Bassey, William Powell, John Wells, Timothy Nevill, St. Andrew's Lodge, Thomas Amory, Nathaniel C. Lea, Timothy Williams, Samuel P. Gardner, Stephen Codman, Benjamin Cobb, Jr., Joshua Davis, Jr., Nathaniel Goddard, Thomas English, John Lowell, Jr., Simeon Elliot, Gorham Parsons, Head & Amory, Peter C. Brooks, Bradly & Fletcher, Edward Tuckerman, Charles Miller, Tuthill Hubbard, Eben Preble, Benjamin Cobb, Gregory & Prickard, Edward Edes, Brewer & Carter, John Hoffman, $1000 each; Thomas Davis and Arnold Wells, Jr., $750 each; Isaac P. Davis, Josiah Knapp, Samuel P. Gardner, Charles Sigourney, Stephen Codman, John Davis, Benjamin Cobb, Jr., Thomas Dennie, Joshua Davis, Jr., Benjamin Goddard, Sylvanus Gray, Perrin Way, Nehemiah Parsons, Dr. Isaac Rand, Benjamin Sumner, Edward Blake, Jr., Josiah Quincy, Henry Hill, Edward Davis & Son, Thomas Bartlett, Aaron Dexter, Thomas Davis, Arnold Wells, Jr., Thomas

In April, 1799, by the recommendation of those who had charge of the building of the frigate, President Adams appointed Captain George Little, of Massachusetts, to be her commander, and thenceforth the work was carried on with great rapidity. "The rigging and equipments of the 'Boston' frigate," says the *Centinel* of May 29, 1799, "are progressing with patriotic celerity." Again, June 9, the same paper says, "The 'Boston' is almost completely rigged. She bids fair to do honor to her namesake." June 12, "The 'Boston' frigate yesterday hauled off into the stream; the enlistment of her crew progresses rapidly." July 9, Captain Little gave notice in the newspapers that, "Having received sailing orders for the United States frigate 'Boston,' all officers and men belonging to her are ordered to repair on board immediately." July 24, 1799, the "Boston" sailed on a cruise, when the *Centinel* declared, "She is one of the handsomest modeled ships in the world."

After a cruise in the neighborhood of Hispaniola, Captain George Little captured, on the 12th of October, the French National corvette "Le Berceau," armed with twenty-two 9-pounders, two 12-pounders, and two hundred and thirty men, and with this prize arrived in Boston early in November. In the action between these two ships the "Boston" had four men killed and eight mortally wounded. "Le Berceau" was supposed to have lost thirty-three men. When taken she had one hundred and ninety-seven men on board, eighteen of whom were wounded. The victory was highly honorable to Captain Little and his men, but was not profitable to the government. A treaty or convention had been signed orentered into a few days before the action, in consequence of which "Le Berceau" was repaired and given up to the French Consul, and her officers received one thousand livres a month during the time they were prisoners in the United States. The repairs and refitment of the "Le Berceau" cost thirty thousand dollars. She left the harbor of Boston July 4, 1801, firing a salute at morning, noon, and night of twenty-one guns each. This whole affair created violent political feeling, and the quarrel of words between the Federal and Democratic parties seemed to be more bitter and ferocious than ever. The officers of "Le Berceau" complained that they had been despoiled of their personal property by the crew of the "Boston," and Captain Little was tried by a court-martial, which held its sessions on board the frigate "Constitution," on charges of dishonorable conduct. But, notwithstanding all the efforts to get him convicted, he was honorably acquitted of every charge. The letter of the Secretary of the Navy[18] approving the action of the court is a curious document, and

Bartlett, Edward Blake, Jr., Josiah Quincy, each $500; Edward Blake, Henry Hill, Edward Davis & Son, Aaron Dexter, Jr., $400 each; Mango Mackey, Jr., $200. In 1866 only two of these subscribers were living, viz.: Benjamin Goddard, then more than ninety years old, and Josiah Quincy, in his eighty-seventh year.

[18] See *Columbian Centinel*, October 28, 1801.

shows how hard it was to approve officially an act which partisan feeling would have condemned.

The "Boston's" history aside from the capture of "Le Berceau" can be briefly told. During the French quasi-war she made prizes of the French ship "Les Deux Anges" and privateers "L'Heureux," "La Gourde," "La Fortune," and "La Pelican," all in the West Indies, and sunk three barges out of nine that pulled out from the Isle of Gonaive to engage her.

In 1801, under the command of Captain D. McNeil, she took out Mr. Livingston as the American Minister to France, and then joined the Mediterranean squadron. On her return from this cruise she was laid up in ordinary at the Washington navy-yard, and in 1812 was reported as unworthy repairs. When the city was captured by the British in August, 1814, she was burnt by order of the Secretary of the Navy, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy and so swell his triumph.

The "Boston" had a predecessor of the same name in the Continental navy, a 24-gun ship, built at Newburyport in 1776, which, after doing good service in the war of the Revolution under Captain Samuel Tucker, was destroyed at Charleston, South Carolina, May 12, 1780, when that city was surrendered to the enemy. In 1778 she carried John Adams to France, and was struck by lightning and near blown up. Among her captures, assisted by the "Confederacy" (32), in 1799, were the privateer ship "Pole," of 24 guns, and schooner "Patsey" and sloop "William;" and the same year, on a subsequent cruise, in company with the "Deane" or "Hague," she captured the privateer schooner "Tryall" (10), letter of marque "Glencarn" (20), packet "Sandwich" (16), brig "Venture" (2), ship "Thorn" (14), privateer schooner "Flying Fish" (10). There was also a private armed ship of the same name, mounting twenty-two guns, with a crew of two hundred and ten men, and a brig "Boston" packet, of six guns and fifteen men, fitted out as cruisers in the State of Massachusetts during the war of the American Revolution.

The "Boston" also has had a successor in the United States navy,—the sloop-of-war "Boston," of eighteen guns and seven hundred tons, built at the Boston navy-yard in 1825. Her original cost was one hundred and nine thousand one hundred and fifty-six dollars. Her keel was laid May 16, 1824, and she was launched at 1 P.M., October 15 following. She made six cruises, viz.: on the coast of Brazil, 1826–29; Mediterranean, 1830–32; West Indies, 1836–39; East Indies, 1841–43; coast of Brazil, 1843–46; and was lost during a squall at night on the island of Eleuthera, West Indies, November 15, 1846, all hands saved.

It is understood the name is to be perpetuated in the navy by one of the steel steam cruisers now (1884) building.

PART II.

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car,
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariots through the fields of air."
DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN, Part I., Canto I. (published 1781).

"See how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As crashing o'er their crested heads
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.
* * * * * * *
With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by;
When seas are silent and serene,
With even keel she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart,
She veils her shadowy form;
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm;—
* * * * * *
Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep,
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire."
O. W. HOLMES.

The First and Second English Model Steamboats, 1787–89—The Charlotte Dundas, 1802—Fulton's Steamboat, the Clermont, 1807—The Phœnix Screw Steamboat, first to navigate the Ocean, 1808—The Demologos, the first War Steam Vessel, 1814—Cleopatra's Barge, the first American Yacht to cross the Atlantic, 1816—The Savannah, the first Steamship to cross the Atlantic, 1818—The Margaret, the first American Vessel to enter a Port of Japan, 1800—Some Salem Vessels, 1812—The Kahumanna, 1821—The Baron of Renfrew, 1824—The United States Steamship Princeton, first Man-of-War Screw Steamer, tragedy on board of, 1843—The Chinese Junk Keysing, 1846—The Resolute, 1850—The Great Republic, 1852—The Merrimac, 1856—The Warrior, 1859—The Missionary Packet Morning Star, 1866.

THE FIRST AND SECOND ENGLISH MODEL STEAMBOATS.—The "Charlotte Dundas." While poor John Fitch was pursuing his inquiries in steam navigation under difficulties in America, Patrick Miller, James Taylor, and William Symington were making similar investigations in England, the result of which was, in 1801–2, the com-

pletion of the "Charlotte Dundas," the first successful English experiment. "The result was produced," says Mr. Scott Russell, "by one of those happy combinations in which individuals are but tools, working out each his part in a great system, of the whole of which no single one may have comprehended all the workings."

In the autumn of 1785, as is narrated by Mr. Taylor himself, he went to live in Mr. Miller's family as a tutor. In the summer following he attended him repeatedly in his experiments on paddle-wheel boats at Leith. In the spring of 1787, Mr. Miller engaged in a sailing match with some gentlemen of Leith against a custom-house wherry, which was esteemed a first-rate sailer. Mr. Miller's was a double boat sixty feet long, propelled by two wheels turned by two men each. The boats left the harbor in the forenoon, and sailed about for some hours in the firth; but it falling calm, the custom-house boat could make but little way, and they landed at Inchcolm, and waited some hours for the breeze to spring up. In the afternoon they were favored with a fine breeze from the west, fair for the harbor of Leith. The custom-house boat was managed by a Mr. Weddel. Mr. Miller managed his own boat, manned by four men at the wheels, Mr. Taylor being on board. Both boats started at the same time for a fair run to the harbor, and Mr. Miller's paddle-wheel boat came off victor. Mr. Taylor says, being young and stout, he took his share of labor at the wheels, which he found very severe exercise; but the experiment satisfied him that a proper power only was wanting to produce much utility from the invention. He conversed with Mr. Miller on the subject, and told him that unless he could apply to the wheels a more commanding power than men he was afraid the invention would be of little use. Mr. Miller was of the same opinion, and said that power was just what he was in search of. This matter became the subject of daily conversation, and they talked of many plans, but none satisfactory or preferable to a capstan. At last, after beating over the whole system of mechanics, Mr. Taylor said to Mr. Miller he could *suggest no power equal to the steam-engine* or so applicable to the purpose. Mr. Miller expressed his surprise, acknowledged its power as an agent, but doubted its answering their purpose. Their conversation, however, continued, and at last Miller was won over to Taylor's views, and said, "Mr. Taylor, you are right. If we cannot accomplish the whole we may a part. Show me how you will connect the engine with my wheels, and I will think of it." These conversations took place at Dalswinton in the summer of 1787, two years after Mr. Fitch had been struck with the idea of propelling boats by steam in America. Mr. Miller the same year published an account of his "Naval Experiments" in a small volume which he printed at Edinburgh in the French and English languages, illustrated with plates and descriptions. Copies of it were presented to every sovereign in Europe, to the American States, and to

the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh. In this volume he first suggests the application of steam as a power to propel ships by means of paddle-wheels. After enumerating the advantages to be derived from wheels as an auxiliary to sails, he adds,—

"From the experiments I have made in different vessels with wheels wrought by cranks, it appears to me that ships, however great their burden, if there be no wind and the water smooth, may be made to pass through it at the rate of from three to four miles an hour.

"When the wheel comes to be aided by mechanical powers so as to accelerate its revolution, the before-mentioned rate of going will be in proportion to the power used. I have also reason to believe *that the power of the steam-engine may be applied to work the wheels so as to give them a quicker motion*, and consequently increase that of the ship. In the course of this summer I intend to make the experiment, and the result, if favorable, shall be communicated to the public."

In an agricultural county of Scotland, remote from the mechanical skill of the capital, it was not possible for our two inventors to prosecute their project further than by frequent and earnest intercommunication. The approach of winter carried Mr. Miller and his family, Mr. Taylor accompanying him, to Edinburgh, where it became possible to carry their schemes into execution, and where Mr. Miller was introduced to the sagacious and accomplished mechanic, William Symington, a school-fellow and early companion of James Taylor, who was henceforth to occupy a prominent place as one of the triad in this attempt at steam navigation. During the summer Taylor appears to have written Symington in full as to the plans of Miller and himself, who, replying under date August 20, 1787, said,—

"If your summer's inventions are once made to perform what their author gives them out for, they will undoubtedly be one of the greatest wonders hitherto presented to the world. Great success to you, *although overturning my schemes.*"

Mr. Symington had just constructed a model steam-carriage, and the friends, as we may call them, on their arrival in Edinburgh, proceeded to the house of a Mr. Meason, where it was deposited, for inspection, and he conversed with Mr. Symington on the practicability of adapting a similar engine to that which turned his carriage-wheels to the paddle-wheels of Mr. Miller's boat. In this simple transposition of service Mr. Symington saw no difficulty. His portable steam-engine required but little change to adapt it to this application. He at once expressed his confidence in the applicability of it to the paddle-wheels of Mr. Miller's boat, and undertook the necessary adaptations. An engine was immediately constructed under his and Mr. Taylor's superintendence. The cylinder and castings were made by George Watt, a founder of Edinburgh, in the summer of 1788. They were put together at Dalswinton by the two young men, and in October the task was accom-

plished. The engine, in a strong oak frame, was placed in the pleasure-boat, the boiler being parallel to it on the opposite side of the vessel, and the paddles in the centre of the boat. The machine thus constructed and placed was put in motion on the lake at Dalswinton the middle of the same month, viz., October, 1788, and was completely successful. The vessel moved delightfully, and notwithstanding the smallness of the cylinders, which were only four inches in diameter, went at the rate of five miles an hour.

We may here stop to remark that Mr. Fitch had already propelled a boat by steam on the Delaware in July, 1786, and that he again propelled a boat of fifteen tons on the same river, by the same power, on the 22d of August, 1787, and that in the July preceding this experiment on Dalswinton Lake his steamboat made a voyage from Philadelphia to Burlington, twenty miles, and was afterward run frequently between those places in the year 1788, at the rate of seven or eight miles. The fact that his invention had not been heralded through England shows the incomplete and dilatory communication of inventors between the two countries.

The steamboat continued to ply on Dalswinton Lake for some days, for the amusement of the projectors, and to the astonishment of the country people, who assembled from all quarters to witness the wonders of a "boat driven by reik" (smoke). After having satisfied its projectors, the engine was removed into the library of the Dalswinton house, where it stood for a long time as an ornamental model.

Satisfactory as was this first experiment, it did not fulfill all the patriotic purposes of the three inventors. A model ship as large as this might succeed and still leave it doubtful whether a larger scale might not impair the efficiency of the contrivance. Mr. Miller was enough versed in experiments to know this, and determined to put the new system to the test of an expensive trial on a large scale. From this determination resulted the *second* steamboat, which was constructed by the same three at Carron in 1789.

It was proposed to make a second experiment on the Forth and Clyde Canal. For this purpose Mr. Miller's large pleasure-boat and a twin boat, both sixty feet long, were sent up from Leith to Grangemouth to receive the new engine, for which cylinders of eighteen inches diameter were proposed. The engine of this second steamboat was in all respects a larger machine than the first, but identical in construction, being of about twelve horse-power, whereas the first had been only one. The date of commencing the second steamboat is fixed by the following letter; the original has been preserved:

"DUNFERMLINE, 6th June, 1789.

"GENTLEMEN,—The bearer, Mr. William Symington, is employed by me to erect a steam-engine for a double vessel which he proposes to have made at Carron. I have therefore to beg that you will order the

engine to be made according to his directions. As it is of importance that the experiment should be made soon, I beg also that you will assist him, by your orders to the proper workmen, in having it done expeditiously.

"I am ever, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

"PATRICK MILLER.

"TO THE CARRON COMPANY, CARRON."

The engine was accordingly, within six months, fitted up on board the vessel at lock No. 16 on the Forth and Clyde Canal, where there is a level reach about four miles long. The first trial was made in the presence of Mr. Adam, of Blair, Mr. Belfow, of Pilrig, Mr. Ambrose Tibbetts, Mr. Stimton, and a multitude of spectators. The boards of the paddle-wheels proved insufficient to withstand the power of the engine in turning them, and were broken off. They were, however, repaired, and on the 26th of December, 1789, the experiment was repeated, and the vessel was propelled with perfect success *nearly seven* miles an hour. Next day the vessel repeated her voyage, and an account of the experiment was published in three of the Edinburgh newspapers. After this signal success, the vessel, being a slight skiff and unfit for permanent use in this way, was replaced in her original station at Boress Haven as a pleasure-boat, and the engine deposited at the Carron works. Mr. Miller felt he had done all that his duty to mankind required when he put them in possession by publication of what he had accomplished; and having expended above thirty thousand pounds in his various experiments, he now left the public at liberty to avail itself of the grand result.

THE "CHARLOTTE DUNDAS," 1802.—After these experiments had been brought to a successful termination, Mr. Symington returned to his ordinary duties as engineer of a mining company, and the project of steam navigation, so far as he was concerned, was permitted to slumber for ten years, when his attention was once more directed to it by Lord Thomas Dundas, of Kerse, an extensive proprietor in the Forth and Clyde Canal, who applied to him to construct a steam vessel, intended to supersede the use of horses in towing vessels along the canal. A steam vessel was accordingly built by him and completed in 1802, at a cost of some three thousand pounds, and named the "Charlotte Dundas," which, if not the first practical steamboat, was certainly the first tug- or tow-boat ever built. Mr. Symington thus narrates the success of the experiment, and his testimony is confirmed in all its particulars by an eye-witness:

"Having previously made various experiments, on March 20, 1802, at lock No. 20, Lord Dundas, the great patron and steamboat promoter, along with Archibald Spiers, Esq., of Elderslee, and several gentlemen of their acquaintance being on board, the steamboat took in

drag two loaded vessels, 'Active' and 'Euphemia,' of Grangemouth, Gow and Elspine masters, each upward of seventy tons burthen, and with great ease carried them through the long reach of the Forth and Clyde Canal to Port Dundas, a distance of nineteen miles, in six hours, although the whole time it blew a very strong breeze right ahead of us; so much so that no other vessel could move to windward in the canal that day but those we had in tow."

The performance of the "Charlotte Dundas" as a steam-tug appears to be about as great, says Mr. Scott Russell, in 1841, as any since accomplished by the many boats which on the same canal have attempted the same duty. So simple was the machinery that it might have been at work to this day with merely ordinary repairs.[19] A prejudice that the action of the paddle-wheels would injure the banks of the canal caused the proprietors through their directors to refuse permission to the "Charlotte Dundas" to navigate it. The Duke of Bridgewater died just as he was intending to introduce the system on *his* canal; and Mr. Symington, having exhausted his resources, was forced to lay up his vessel in a creek, where she remained for many years exposed to public view. An authentic drawing of the "Charlotte Dundas" is printed in the seventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," showing her paddle-wheel at the stern and her steering apparatus at the bow. The cylinder of her engine was twenty-two inches in diameter, with a stroke of four feet, placed with its axis horizontal, and turning the wheel with a crank. When unimpeded by other vessels in tow, the "Dundas" went steadily six miles an hour.

In 1825 Mr. Symington memorialized the Treasury, and one hundred pounds was awarded to him from His Majesty's privy purse, followed by a further sum, a year or two afterward, of fifty pounds. During this enterprise Symington asserts that he was visited by Fulton, who stated to him the great value such an invention would have in America, and took ample notes. In the attempt he thus makes to claim for himself the merit of Fulton's subsequent success he is defeated by the clear and conclusive evidence that Fulton exhibited in a court of law of his having submitted a plan analogous to that he afterward carried into effect to Lord Stanhope in 1795, six years prior to his alleged visit to Symington.

THE "CLERMONT," 1807, THE FIRST RIVER STEAMBOAT.—Though it is beyond question that many attempts or suggestions were made at navigation by steam, both in Europe and America, a long time prior to the success of the "Clermont" on the Hudson,—as, for instance, those of Dr. John Allen, in 1730; of Jonathan Hull, in 1737; of Daniel Bemonilli, in 1757; of James Watt and Mr. Boulton, in 1769; of Genevais, in 1759; the Comte de Auxiron, in 1774; the Marquis de

[19] The machinery of this boat was displayed at an exhibition in London a few years since.

Jouffray, in 1778 and 1782; of James Ramsey, John Fitch, and Robert Evans, between the years 1775 and 1788; of Patrick Miller, in 1787; of Earl Stanhope, in 1795; and of Thomas Lord Dundas and Mr. Symington, in 1801–2; and of John Stevens and Robert L. Stevens, in 1803–4, —yet it remained for the genius of Fulton to surmount all obstacles and produce the "Clermont," the *first successful river steamboat*, in 1807. We think we hazard nothing in saying, after a fair and dispassionate examination of the claims of all previous inventors and suggestors, that the "Clermont" was the first steamboat that ever navigated a river for any distance, or that, leaving one port, arrived at another one hundred and ten miles distant, accomplishing a distance of one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours, at an average of about five miles an hour, and made the return voyage in about the same time. We should, however, say except Fitch's boat, which, in the summer of 1790, made more than thirty trips between Philadelphia and Trenton, and it has been estimated steamed between two and three thousand miles.[20]

Fulton engaged in experiments in propelling boats by steam as early as 1793, and offered his inventions to Napoleon, but receiving no countenance from him returned to the United States in December, 1806, and soon after entered into partnership with Chancellor Livingston, the result of which was the construction of the "Clermont." Finding the expenses unexpectedly heavy, these partners offered to sell one-third of their patent; but no one would invest in an enterprise universally deemed hopeless. The boat, however, was launched in the spring of 1807 from the ship-yard of Charles Brown, on the East River. She was supplied with an engine built in England by Watt, and was driven by steam in August from the New York side to the Jersey shore. The incredulous crowd who had assembled to laugh stayed to wonder and applaud. The boat had not been long under way on its first trip when Fulton ordered the engine to be stopped. Having observed that the paddle-wheel floats were too deeply immersed in the water, he shifted them nearer the centre of the paddles, so that they did not enter into the water so deeply, and this alteration had the effect of increasing the speed of the vessel.

The "Clermont" soon after sailed for Albany, her departure having been announced in the newspapers as a grand and unequaled curiosity. "She excited[21] the astonishment of the inhabitants of the shores of the Hudson, many of whom had not heard even of an engine, much less of a steamboat. There were many descriptions of the effects of her first appearance upon the people on the bank of the river. Some of

[20] For particulars of early experiments in steam navigation, see "Notes on Steam Navigation" in THE UNITED SERVICE, and "A Chronological History of the Origin and Development of Steam Navigation, 1543–1882," published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia, 1883.

[21] Colden, in his Life of Fulton.

these were ridiculous, but some of them were of such a character as nothing but an object of real grandeur could have excited. She was described by some who had indistinctly seen her passing in the night as a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke. She had a most terrific appearance from other vessels navigating the river when she was making her passage. This first steamboat used dry pine-wood for fuel, which sends forth a column of ignited vapor many feet above the fire, and whenever the fire is stirred a galaxy of sparks fly off, which in the night have a very brilliant and beautiful appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide, which were adverse to the steamboat's approach, they saw with astonishment that it was rapidly coming toward them; and when it came so near that the noise of the machinery and paddles was heard, the crews—if what the newspapers of the time reported be true—in some instances shrunk beneath their decks from the terrific sight, and left their vessels to go on shore, while others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the approaches of the horrible monster, which was marching on the tide, and lighting its path by the fires which it vomited."

Fulton sent the following account of the trip to the editor of the *American Citizen:*

"SIR,—I arrived this afternoon at four o'clock in the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and to give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts. I left New York on Monday at one o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at one; time, twenty-four hours; distance, one hundred and ten miles. On Wednesday I left the Chancellor's at nine in the morning, and arrived at Albany at five in the afternoon; distance, forty miles; time, eight hours. The sum is one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours, equal to nearly five miles an hour.

"On Thursday at nine o'clock in the morning I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's at six in the evening. I started from thence at seven, and arrived at New York at four in the afternoon; time, thirty hours; space run through, one hundred and fifty miles,—equal to five miles an hour. Throughout my whole way, both going and returning, the wind was ahead. No advantage could be derived from my sail; the whole has therefore been performed by the power of the steam-engine, etc.

"ROBERT FULTON."

In a letter to one of his friends, Fulton wrote, "I overtook many

sloops and schooners beating to windward, and parted with them as if they had been at anchor. The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York there were not thirty persons who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were passing off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors. Although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantages my country will derive from the invention."

The *British Naval Chronicle* for 1808 publishes an extract of a letter from a gentleman of South Carolina, one of the favored few who were passengers on board the "Clermont" when she made her first trip, who says, under date September 8, 1807: "I have now the pleasure to state to you the particulars of a late excursion to Albany in the steamboat made and completed under the directions of Hon. Robert R. Livingston and Mr. Fulton, together with my remarks thereon. On the morning of the 19th of August, Edward P. Livingston, Esq., and myself were honored with an invitation from the Chancellor and Mr. Fulton to proceed with them to Albany, in trying the first experiment up the river Hudson in the steamboat. She was then lying off Clermont (the seat of the Chancellor), where she had arrived in twenty-four hours from New York, being one hundred and ten miles. Precisely at thirteen minutes past nine o'clock A.M. the engine was put in motion, when we made ahead against the ebb tide and head wind, blowing a pleasant breeze. We continued our course for about eight miles, when we took the flood, the wind still ahead. We arrived at Albany about five o'clock P.M., being a distance from Clermont of forty-five miles (as agreed upon by those best acquainted with the river), which was performed in eight hours, without any accident or interruption whatever. This decidedly gave the boat upward of five miles an hour, the tide sometimes against us, neither the sails nor any other implement but steam used. The next morning we left Albany with several passengers on the return to New York, the tide in favor, but a head wind. We left Albany at twenty-five minutes past nine o'clock A.M., and arrived at Clermont in nine hours precisely, which gave us five miles an hour. The current on returning was stronger than when going up. After landing us at Clermont, Mr. Fulton proceeded with the passengers to New York. The excursion to Albany was very pleasant, and represented a most interesting spectacle as we passed the farms on the borders of the river; every eye was intent, and from village to village the heights and conspicuous places were occupied by sentinels of curiosity,—not viewing a thing they could possibly anticipate any idea of, but conjecturing about the plausibility of the motion.

As we passed and repassed the towns of Athens and Hudson we were politely saluted by the inhabitants and several vessels, and at Albany we were visited by his Excellency the Governor and many citizens. Boats must be very cautious how they attempt to board her when under way, as several accidents had nearly happened when boarding her. To board ahead will endanger a boat being crushed by the wheels, and no boat can board astern. The difference between the wake of Neptune's chariot and that of a common water-carriage is very materially open to observation, as when you approach the first you will be told by anticipation to pay respect to a lady in the chariot, as you will be readily notified by the expansion of a wet fan, which forms the dimensions of her wake, but moving with great impetuosity from the warm repulsion. It is a curious fan; it only spreads by an aquatic latchet, being sprung by the kicking of the horses.

"I may now venture to multiply and give you the sum total. The boat is one hundred and forty-six feet long and twelve feet in width (*merely an experimental thing*); draws to the depth of her wheels two feet of water; one hundred feet deck for exercise, free of rigging or any incumbrances. She is unquestionably the most pleasant boat I ever went in; in her the mind is free from suspense. Perpetual motion authorizes you to calculate on a certain time to land. Her works move with all the facility of a clock; and the noise, when on board, is not greater than that of a vessel sailing with a good breeze."

Professer Renwick, in a paper read by him before the New York Historical Society, describes the "Clermont" as she appeared on her first trip:

"She was very unlike any of her successors, and even very dissimilar from the shape in which she appeared a few months afterward. With a model resembling a Long Island skiff, she was decked for a short distance at stem and stern. The engine was open to view, and from the engine aft a house like that on a canal-boat was raised to cover the boiler and the apartments for the officers. There were no wheel-guards.[22] The rudder was of the shape used in sailing vessels, and moved by a tiller. The boiler was of the form then usual in Watt's engines, and was set in *masonry*.[23] The condenser was of the size habitually used in land engines, and stood, as was and still is the practice in them, in a large cold-water cistern. The weight of the masonry and the great capacity of the cold-water cistern diminished very materially the buoyancy of the vessel. The rudder had so little power

[22] The beautiful statue of Fulton presented by the State of Pennsylvania to the United States, and now in Statuary Hall at the Capitol, Washington, represents Fulton as completing his first model of a steamboat; but the model has the *wheels* of the boat covered in and protected.

[23] The fire-boxes of the boilers of the new steel cruisers are to be set in masonry.

that she could hardly be managed. The skippers of the river craft, who at once saw that their business was doomed, and in consequence felt no good will toward the new invention, took advantage of the unwieldiness of the vessel to run foul of her as often as they thought they had the law on their side. Thus in several instances the steamer reached one or the other of the termini of its route with but a single wheel.

"Before the season closed the wheel was surrounded by a frame of strong beams, and the paddles were covered in; the rudder was changed to the pattern such as now used on all river boats, and worked by a wheel, the ropes from which were attached to the end most distant from the pintles. The rudder rendered the craft manageable, and the beams placed around the wheel were capable of inflicting, instead of receiving, harm in a collision with sailing vessels. These and other improvements were the result of Fulton's ingenuity, and had he not imprudently allowed them to become public property he might have maintained exclusive privileges as patentee in all parts of the Union. During the winter of 1807–8 she was almost wholly rebuilt. The hull was considerably lengthened, and covered from stem to stern with a flush deck; beneath this two cabins were formed and surrounded by double ranges of berths fitted up in a manner then unexampled for comfort, and the public taste was consulted in the application of numerous coats of rather gaudy paint. Thus improved, she commenced her trips for the season of 1808, and started regularly at the appointed hour,—at first much to the discontent of travelers, who had before been waited for by sloops and stages. At the end of the season she proved too small for the crowds who thronged to take passage, and two boats, the 'Car of Neptune' and the 'Paragon,' were added to the line." A gentleman who was a passenger on the boat on her first regular trip down the Hudson, wrote a communication to the *Cincinnati Gazette* in 1880, in which he says her name was the "Katharine," of Clermont, after Fulton's wife, Katharine Livingston, of Clermont Manor, and that he read the name so painted upon her stern.

THE "PHŒNIX," THE FIRST VESSEL TO NAVIGATE THE OCEAN BY STEAM, 1880.—The earliest attempt to navigate the ocean by steam was made, and made successfully, by Robert L. Stevens, who, in conjunction with his father, John Stevens, constructed almost simultaneously a paddle-wheel steamer, which was in motion on the Hudson only a few days later than Fulton's first successful voyage, yet behind by that fatal quarter of an hour which determines the fate of so many enterprises and of so many human beings.

Mr. Stevens produced, independent of Fulton's plans and experiments, his steamboat, called the "Phœnix;" but precluded by the monopoly which Fulton's success had obtained for him in the waters of New York, Mr. Stevens first employed her as a passage-boat be-

tween New York and New Brunswick, and finally conceived the bold idea of carrying her under steam around Cape May to the Delaware, and so to Philadelphia. This voyage was successfully accomplished in June, 1808, the son of Robert L. Stevens going round in command of the boat. A fierce storm overtook them; a schooner in company was driven off at sea and was absent many days, but the "Phœnix" made a safe harbor,—Barnegat,—whence, when the storm abated, she proceeded to Philadelphia, and plied many years between that city and Trenton. Mr. Stevens thus earned indisputably the honor of first venturing, and succeeding, to encounter the might of the ocean with a steam-propelled vessel. When the "Phœnix" went round to Philadelphia, neither the Atlantic nor any other sea had ever known the domination of victorious steam. The English claim that the first experiment in deep-sea navigation was made by James Watt, from Leith to London, in 1818, ten years later.

By the lucky quarter of an hour Fulton carried away from Stevens the prize of the first commercially successful steamboat. But in 1804, three years before, Colonel Stevens had constructed and put into operation a steamboat of which the motive-power was a *propeller*. This boat was a small one. In it Colonel Stevens put an engine with tubular boilers, the first ever made, now universal in locomotives. The machinery, made under his own direction and in his own shop at Hoboken, set in motion two propellers of five feet diameter, each furnished with four blades having the proper twist, set at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, to obtain which he had the greatest difficulty with his workmen. This vessel, used only for testing the possibility of steam navigation, so completely demonstrated the fact that Colonel Stevens applied it on a larger scale, in 1806, to a pirouge fifty feet long, twelve feet wide, and seven feet deep, which attained very considerable speed. Encouraged thereby, he commenced the "Phœnix," with side wheels, to whose success allusion has already been made. It is proof of the remarkable accuracy and skill of the Hoboken workshop that the engine of the first small propeller, carefully preserved, was set up again not more than ten or twelve years ago in a new vessel, and without altering a screw worked most successfully. The old hull and blades of the propeller were in existence at Hoboken in 1883.

Professor Renwick, in a paper read by him before the New York Historical Society, stated that the first he ever heard of an attempt to use steam for the propulsion of vessels was from a classmate, who, in 1803, witnessed an experiment made upon the Passaic River by John Stevens, of Hoboken. The propulsion of this boat was attempted by forcing water, by means of a pump, from an aperture in the stern.

In May, 1804, Mr. Renwick saw Robert L. Stevens and the late Commodore Stevens, as he was styled, cross from the Battery to Hoboken in a boat propelled by steam.

The utmost limit of speed which Fulton hoped or thought it possible for steamboats to attain was nine miles an hour, and that he did in later boats; but it was again reserved for the name of Stevens, after long and numerous experiments, cautiously conducted and tests as to the form of vessel best calculated to overcome the resistance of the water through which it was to make its way, to launch on the Hudson a boat superior in size and equipments and in speed to all before it, which traveled at the rate of thirteen and one-half miles per hour.

Now the one hundred and fifty miles which separate New York from Albany are passed over by steamboats—not one, but many—in eight or nine hours; and the actual rate of nineteen, and even twenty, miles has been attained by some of the later boats. But when the "New Philadelphia," R. L. Stevens's boat, in 1814, started off at the rate of thirteen and one-half miles per hour, the senses were disturbed, philosophy was at fault, and what had been actually done was pronounced impossible. The steady, far-reaching mind of the younger Stevens knew the secret of his success,—that it was due to the form he had given to his vessel. He saw, too, after some trips, that even that form was far from the perfection he had designed, and accordingly he went to Brown & Bell, the eminent ship-builders, and begged them to put on the "New Philadelphia" a long, sharp, false bow, of which he gave them a drawing.

After considering the proposition they declined, declaring themselves unwilling to encounter the ridicule of what struck them as so unseemly a work, and Mr. Bell added that it would be called "Bell's Nose," and would be the general laughing-stock. Repulsed, but not disconcerted, young Stevens, sure of his own conclusions, built a false bow at his own shop, put it on, and in consequence obtained an additional speed of several miles an hour. This was the commencement of the new models which, alike in clipper steamers and clipper ships, have given to American models superiority over the world.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.—In the April number of THE UNITED SERVICE, and first portion of this paper, page 432, last line but one from the bottom, for "practical," read "poetical;" page 440, for "Somerset," read "Samoset," and for "Argentine," read "Argentina;" page 445, eight lines from the bottom, insert "Camperdown," so that the sentence will read, "the double-screw, steel armor-plated barbette ship 'Camperdown,' of ten thousand tons," etc.; and third line from the bottom, after "guns," add "in ordinary."

"ALL'S WELL."

(Concluded from page 430.)

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW weeks' respite was now granted Mrs. Cello. Storm as she would, she had been powerless to stem the growing intimacy between Captain Colston and her charge. In the freedom from formality enjoyed by garrison life there were times, places, and opportunities for meeting where it was impossible to interfere. Several evening parties were given Anice, where she and Colston gravitated toward each other as naturally as the needle to the pole. One or two aspiring ladies each gave Anice a dinner, where, instinctively recognizing their fitness for each other, they allowed Colston to take her in. There had even been a ride on Black Hawk. And the general's audacity was simply appalling, backed and encouraged, as Mrs. Cello felt sure he must be, by Anice. He was like a "Jack-in-the-box,"—the harder she sat on him the more sprightly he appeared,—constantly asking Colston informally to dinner or luncheon, placing her in positions where, termagant as she was, she could hardly with dignity be rude to her husband's guest; and Mrs. Cello was a woman fully determined to sustain her dignity. With all his sprightliness, however, the general's life was not a bed of roses. Morning, noon, and night—especially night, when there was no escape—she lectured, worried, and threatened, until the little man grew quite thin, and even lost interest in his violin. After all, he was not very anxious for Anice to marry Colston,—he had never thought of such a thing until Mrs. Cello suggested the possibility, and then it had struck him as a very feasible plan, and he had laughed at her fears. But constant dripping will wear the hardest substance, and the general was something very far from adamantine. Moreover, he had been used all his life to rely on his wife's judgment. So when news came of a threatened outbreak at the Indian agency, up the country, and troops were sent for, he gave Colston the command; not only because he was the most efficient man for the place, but because Mrs. Cello had—not for the first time—unduly influenced him, and because he wearied of the strife and desired peace in his own household.

With swelling bosom and triumphant heart Mrs. Cello watched Colston and his little handful of men march out the north gate, across the plains to the agency, where three thousand angry Sioux were to be subdued by the moral effect, it is to be presumed, of the army blue: for surely their strength does not lie in the number sent out by our discerning government to cope with a better-armed and more wily foe, accustomed to a mode of fighting and acquainted with a country of which our men are entirely ignorant. And from behind the curtains, up-stairs, Anice also watched,—not the first woman to whom the glittering muskets and waving plumes have become blurred and indistinct, and even the one dear form lost to view through blinding tears, as the plaintive fife piped forth "The girl I left behind me,"—an air, perhaps, fraught with more tender, sad associations than any grand, soul-stirring cavatina ever written. She did not stop to ask if she had a right to weep at this man's going. Indeed, she had none; she was not his affianced wife, no word of love had ever passed between them. But of what use were the actual words when every commonplace uttered the same thing, when every tone, every look, every thought told each as plain as plighted troth could do that they were for each other or for none? Their lives were rounded, perfected, complete together, or ruined, sad, and lonely if apart.

In all Colston's life of rigid self-repression he had never been called upon to exert such denial as in bidding her good-by the night before,—to tell her of his love, to ask her to wait for him until he proved himself worthy the great boon of her favor. Colston was not a lowly man; he had full pride and confidence in himself; but this strange love, that had come when he was in the very act of scorning love, had made him very humble. He thought sometimes, with a great bound of delight, "She would hear him patiently; she was very sweet and gentle, different with him than with the rest, with whom she was a merry, bright, and somewhat spoiled beauty." And this thought made it all the harder for him to leave her without one word. It was best to do so, he knew, more honorable. He might be back very soon,—and in his absence she could learn her own feelings better,—or he might never come back. The Indians were in a dangerous state. Although far from noble, the red man's soul revolts at an injustice. Injustice had been done them, and, as usual, the little army was to be used to support that injustice, and bear the brunt of the angry, defiant Indians' wrath. Colston knew that he and his small command might be attacked any moment of their stay on the reservation and all massacred. For what? To give glowing head-lines to Eastern dispatches, and opportunities for those who know nothing about it to condemn his rashness in thus venturing into the heart of the Indian country with an insufficient force, only to win glory for himself: they not realizing that a soldier's only motto is "to obey," without thought of weal or glory. Yet it was easier to go

almost unprotected into the enemy's camp than to leave Anice to forget him, or, if he died, perhaps shed a few tears of sentimental pity over his fate and then marry Burbank.

Colston had even condescended to be jealous of Burbank, who, after all, was not such a mean rival. He held, it is true, still a maiden lance, but no doubt it was tried and trusty. He came of an excellent family, had no disagreeable antecedents, and, what is more to this nineteenth century, would ultimately have a snug little fortune,—a match not to be despised by the Secretary's daughter. And yet Colston doubted if Anice's lips would tremble so, and her face flush and pale and grow so pitiful if Burbank held her hand for an instant before starting on a dangerous scout.

Sweet peace reigned once more within the Cellos' home. The voice of the fiddle was again heard in the land, and Mrs. Cello's graciousness of manner became more marked as her fears vanished. She watched Anice closely for a day or two; but she would have indeed been keen to have detected any sign of drooping in that proud spirit and brave little heart. Whatever she suffered was in silence, and to all appearance she was the same bright, happy girl, out for a few weeks' holiday from the formality and burden of her official position. Burbank saw Colston depart with mingled feelings of delight and disappointment. A month ago he would have been indignant that he had not been ordered on the trip, and even now it was hard to see others win that fame a young soldier always pants for in Indian warfare, and, alas! so seldom finds. But it was delightful to have Colston out of the way: a fellow never had a chance with that Apollo around. And now, when Miss Arleigh saw that Colston, as usual, meant nothing serious, and he did,—was really, seriously in love, and, oh! so anxious to marry her,—might she not, taking into consideration his advantages and—well, yes, himself ("I am not a cad, you know"), might she not at least take as much interest in him as she had erstwhile in Colston? Then the young man found a sudden ally in Mrs. Cello. That shrewd woman noted his growing fondness, and, not being at all afraid on Anice's account, gave him every encouragement in her power. When it came the general's turn to remonstrate with her for favoring Anice's lovers, she retorted she was only paying him in kind. Mr. Burbank was her favorite, "and he can at least show a cleaner record than yours." To which the general somewhat sadly replied,—

"He has made no record yet of any kind; and, as for Colston, I fear his record, good or ill, is at an end. It seems a wanton sacrifice of life to send that little party to the reservation, and yet it was all I had to spare; and if I had sent the whole command, it would have been but a drop among so many, and perhaps have incensed the Indians to greater violence without subduing them."

"Do you think—do you really think there is danger?" exclaimed

Mrs. Cello, laying her hand heavily on the general's shoulder, the steely glitter coming into her cruel eyes.

"Yes, great danger; and I feel as if I were responsible, when God knows I am not."

Mrs. Cello tried her best to look properly solemn. There are some feelings we hate to acknowledge, even to ourselves; but she hardly denied that Colston's death would help her out of every difficulty, and be a merciful deliverance from much worry. She had no pity for him in her heart,—better men than he had died. Her own father had been sacrificed in just such a bootless quest, and she was a woman whom sorrow hardens more than it elevates; what she had borne others could bear, and little sympathy would they get from her, their sister in trouble. Anice did not have much time for repining. Never in all its history had the little fort been so gay. Three courts-martial in succession were ordered to convene there, to try such prisoners as might be brought before them; and it seemed as if men deserted and allowed themselves to be captured and tried, just for the pleasure of keeping those merry officers at the post. Hops, dinners, and card-parties followed each other in rapid succession; riding parties when the weather was mild enough, and skating jaunts when the pond was frozen, occupied every leisure moment. A play was put in rehearsal at the miniature theatre, and came off with great *éclat*,—Anice playing the heroine, and Burbank with nervous felicity her lover, where he certainly showed a decided talent for realistic acting in the love-scenes, and quite brought down the house with the apparent fervency of his stage love-making.

Amid all this merry-making, Colston seemed to be forgotten; and as news travels slowly in a snow-bound frontier country, even the general ceased to worry, knowing if anything serious had happened couriers would have been in, and hoping for the best, with unbounded confidence in Colston's prudence and diplomacy. But all things come to an end. The supply of deserters and other offenders being exhausted, the last court had to dissolve, and finally Anice's only diversion was a daily morning ride with Burbank, who could not make up his mind, in the face of her cordial, sisterly manner toward him, to make a declaration. Much of her old coquetry of manner had disappeared. She had unconsciously changed much within the last month, or perhaps, knowing now herself the "sweet pangs of love," she was unwilling to inflict others with the pain.

On this particular morning, riding gayly forward in the bright sunshine, enjoying to the utmost the deceitful mildness which sometimes comes to a February day on the plains, cheating one into believing spring is almost here, they were a tolerably happy, well-pleased young couple. Anice, as she herself expressed it, "was awfully fond of Mr. Burbank;" and although heretofore a flirtation with an

unacknowledged lover had been her sum of earthly bliss, now she was sure, when he got over this foolish fancy for herself, he would be altogether charming. As usual, they had ridden many more miles than either were aware, when, the sun going under a cloud, Anice turned her somewhat dazzled eyes toward the north, and there saw a cloud of dust.

"Look, Mr. Burbank! What can that be?" she cried, pointing in the direction with her whip-handle.

"Some antelope, I imagine," carelessly answered Burbank.

"No; they are too large for antelope, and moving too slowly," said she, of clearer vision.

"By George! I believe they are buffalo," said Burbank, startled out of his apathy. "Or no, hardly buffalo at this season of the year here."

"Mr. Burbank, they are *men!*" solemnly averred Anice.

Burbank shifted uneasily in his saddle, tried to look unconcerned, and strained his eyes to watch the rapidly approaching dust-cloud. Just then the sun burst forth in golden glory from behind the dark cloud and gleamed unmistakably on rifle-barrels, looking from that distance like solid sheets of steel.

"Miss Arleigh," said Burbank, in a strange, husky voice, his face deadly pale, "I don't know who they are, but they are probably farther away than we think. You are on a good horse: turn, and whip him every inch back to the fort. If they are friends, I will follow; if not—well, I may detain them for a few minutes," and the honest fellow's voice broke. He was perfectly willing to sell his life in her defense; but life was very sweet just then, and the sacrifice of his own might not save hers. Then the idea of her falling into the hands of the savages! and he had but one load in his pistol. "Don't hesitate!" he cried, "your life may depend on it."

"And leave you here?" answered the girl. "No! you go with me, or I stay," her father's look of determination settling on her face.

"You may compel me to kill you! For God's sake, spare me that!" he muttered.

"Come with me, then."

There was no time to be lost. They both started; but Anice, woman-like since Lot's wife, turned for one more look, and those far-seeing eyes of hers saw something else.

"Mr. Burbank," she cried, "they are nearer than we think! They are dressed in army blue. I know from what you have told me they ride too regularly for Indians; and—yes, I am sure of it—it's Captain Colston's party, and I see *him!*"

Before he could stop her she had lashed her pony and was dashing northward toward the troops.

Poor Burbank followed despondently: such sudden transitions

from violent emotion are depressing. It was bad enough to be willing one moment to die in defense of the girl he loved, sweet enough to have her refuse to leave him or die with him; but to see her fly off just at this intoxicating moment into the very arms, as it were, of his rival was too much. From that moment Burbank, with a mighty sigh, resigned his aspirations. She was willing to die with him, but live with him—never.

In that wild dash over the plains Anice acted on one of those sudden impulses which so often definitely settle our future life. She never once thought of what her greeting was to be, or how she was to explain her presence, until within a yard of Colston, when his amazed, incredulous countenance cooled her like a dash of cold water in her face, and she stopped, all confusion and abashment, like a timid little child caught in some mischief.

"Miss Arleigh!" exclaimed the captain, hurrying forward. "Is it possible? Did you come out to meet me *alone?* No; you could not have known I was coming. Oh," he cried, a world of love-light in his eyes, "I have so longed to see you! Ah! you are with Burbank," suddenly dropping the hand he had so eagerly clasped a moment before.

"Yes," answered Anice, finding her voice at last, with that odd little laugh which always came to her rescue in her rare moments of embarrassment; "Mr. Burbank and I were taking our usual morning ride,"—that "usual" told on Colston,—"and I just rode up to see if you were Indians: Mr. Burbank said you were."

"And he *let* you?" with an angry glance at the slowly-approaching Burbank.

"Oh, no!" nonchalantly. "He told me to ride home alone, or he would have the pleasure of putting a bullet through my brain, or something equally pleasant. He had no idea I was coming this way. Why he wanted to stay himself I can't imagine."

"I can," answered Colston, heartily grasping Burbank's hand: "you were going to do the right thing, old fellow, if we had been Indians. But we must have a lasso the next time we take Miss Arleigh riding, in case she should wish to investigate any more suspicious-looking parties, who would not receive her with the royal honors we accord her," giving his men a sign, who brought their sabres to a salute, which Anice merrily acknowledged by doffing her jockey-cap.

Then the three rode homeward; but Burbank noticed Colston had said "*our* rides."

CHAPTER VII.

With the return of Colston all Mrs. Cello's fears came trooping back. Anice was undisguisedly glad to see him, and showed it, not only in

her transformed, animated countenance, but in unaffected preference for his society above all others. And the general actually became unmanageable, especially after that official interview, when Colston, with becoming modesty, briefly told of the turbulent state in which he had found the Indians, and how it was only by assuring them he came, not as a foe, but as a friend, willing and able to help them out of their difficulties, that he had left them preparing their fields for wheat instead of burnishing their arms.

"I had to pledge myself pretty deeply," he said, "and the government must redeem my promises. The Indian agent has gone to Washington now; but if he fails, I think I had better go and lay the matter in the right light before the Secretary of the Interior. Properly regarded, the Indians' requests are modest, and granted, a long and disastrous Indian war will be prevented."

"By clear tact and diplomacy," thought the delighted general, "he has saved the government thousands of dollars, and it must be made to see it."

"Of course you can go to Washington," he said aloud; "start right away."

"No, let the agent alone; it's his province. I only go as a last resort."

"Why, the man ought to be commander-in-chief of the army! as he will be some day," exclaimed the general to his wife. "Keep him out of Anice's way indeed! You had better send her down on her knees to thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love, than hold him up to scorn as beneath her notice!"

Then it was that Mrs. Cello thought it time for the Secretary to interfere, and determined to write to him. Balked for the first time in her life, it now seemed to her that, even if the Secretary approved of Colston, consented to Anice's marriage, and would not upbraid her for allowing the intimacy, still something would have gone out of her life, —she would be a conquered woman, and never again entitled to that respect and obedience, not only from her devoted, gentle husband, but all others who for a time were so unfortunate as to be within her power.

She dare not be harsh to Anice, and she greatly feared Colston's reputation would be so secure, after the report of the settlement at the agency had been published, she could not make good those damaging accusations against his character which, she firmly believed, would ruin his matrimonial prospects. The letter was written, marked "Confidential," and posted. Mrs. Cello sat down to await developments, not allowing coming events to cast their shadows before, as she was even polite to Colston, as to a prisoner she was soon to have the pleasure of executing.

The captain resumed his usual post duties, quite content to let the Indian agent reap the reward of his (Colston's) exertions, if he could, but willing to start at a moment's notice if the agent's eloquence failed

to move the Secretary of the Interior, especially as he was anxious to try the effect of his persuasive powers on another Secretary; the matter in hand also relating to home rule, but which, he feared, might be more difficult of adjustment than the vexed Indian question.

He determined to speak to Anice first. Calmly and without varnish he would lay the story of his life before her. He hated to be the first to tear from those pure eyes the veil of child-like innocency, the first to hold to her the picture of human misery, caused by human sin and passion; but if she were to be his wife she must know all, and from him. No malicious outside whisper should some day, when it was too late, pour insidious poison in her ear, turn her joy to sorrow, and justify her in accusing him of deceit.

Then, too, she must have the truth. The stories about him were greatly exaggerated. The poor woman's tragic death had silenced all tongues reproaching her; and, in his deep remorse, he had been glad and willing to bear the brunt, deeming it but meet he should suffer unjustly as well as justly. But now, for his wife's sake,—how his heart bounded at the word as the vision of his winsome wife rose before him! —he would like to be cleared in her eyes at least. He would speak no wrong of a dead woman; but the facts should be told Anice, and she should be judge, to sentence him to a life of tenfold misery since this one gleam of happiness, or else acquit him of his sins and be his guardian angel for the future.

He was officer of the day when he made this resolution, as he had been, many weeks before, when he had laughed at his egotism in resolving to give up a girl who had probably never given him a thought; and now he knew that life without her was not worth the living.

"Yet if she cares for me, as I sometimes think she does, it is because she believes me to be above reproach. What will her feelings be to find her hero clay?" No, not that; for Colston was one who, "tho' he trip and fall, he shall not blind his soul with clay."

Again were they assembled in the general's parlors,—almost the same party who had gathered there the night of Anice's arrival. The clock had just chimed midnight, and Colston, vexed that all day long he had found no chance to speak alone with Anice, was buckling on his sword, declaring he must visit the guard, when Burbank, who still hovered around Anice, like a moth in a candle, knowing he could gain nothing but a singeing, suggested that they all go the rounds,—"Miss Arleigh has never seen that ceremony, and she must not return to civilization without being thoroughly conversant with garrison routine."

Mrs. Cello demurred,—her throat was delicate, she did not like to expose it to the night air,—but finally consented to allow Mrs. Major to chaperone the party, consisting of Mrs. Graves and Mr. Hargrove, Colston, Burbank, Anice and Mrs. Major.

"You walk with Captain Colston," whispered Mrs. Cello to the chaperone; "and take good care of Miss Arleigh, Mr. Burbank: I put her in your charge."

She saw them depart in good order,—Burbank radiant, Colston furious, Mrs. Major scared into silence as she took the captain's unwilling arm, and Anice demure and impenetrable as usual. After the first post was passed—where the sentry, in his excitement at seeing such a large force upon him, almost fired without waiting for the countersign—Anice's hat blew off: the usual Western zephyr was abroad. The three men started in pursuit. Colston caught it, returned it to Anice, calmly offered her his arm, and before the astonished Burbank could remonstrate had her yards in advance, leaving him with nothing to do but escort Mrs. Major, who speedily recovered her equanimity with the less awesome officer and chattered incessantly, allowing him to frame in moody silence his dark threats of vengeance, and the satisfaction to be demanded of Colston.

On the boundless prairie, under the midnight stars, which there burn and glisten with a splendor unknown in denser air, within sound of the coyote's ceaseless bark, and only interrupted now and then by the sentinel's mechanical challenge, scarce stopping in his tramp as the countersign was given, Anice listened to the old story, told as she had never heard it told before, and impressing her as it only once impresses a woman in a lifetime.

"And now that you know I love you, know my only hope and thought is to make you my wife, you must listen to something more before I hear from your dear lips the words that are to seal my fate; for, Anice, I sometimes think my life depends on your answer. You must know me as I am,—as the world knows, or thinks it knows me. Even if you spurn me, it is better you should hear the truth from me than the suppositions and untruths of ignorant strangers." Then slowly—and who can tell with what anguish—the closed chapter of his life was opened. And Anice listened, scarce realizing that this man he talked about, so steeped in wickedness, as it seemed to her pure mind,—and so indeed Colston made it appear, for as he talked the old feeling of remorse came back and he did not spare himself,—was the man she loved, the high-minded, honorable, noble man as she knew him to be, the man who was thus so bitterly accused.

"And the woman died?" said Anice, in an awe-struck voice, interested as she would be in some tragedy just read to her.

"She died," answered the deep tones; "and there all my sorrow lies. The rest was bad enough, for she was a married woman,—though it was what the world easily condones as a 'little flirtation,'—but her death was *murder!* And, oh! Anice, tell me—tell me if you feel, as I have so often felt, that I am that woman's murderer!"

There was silence for a moment; and then a little hand stole into

his, and a soft voice murmured, "How you must have suffered!" So love pardoned all. Justice for the dead? What to her was justice when the man she loved was suffering? He had sinned perhaps,—she could not tell,—but he had suffered; and was she, who would have stood slow torture to save him one pang, the one to add to his unhappiness? He had repented,—fifteen long years he had been an exile to contentment,—and should she banish him to eternal sorrow? No! Hers should be the lot to soothe and solace that unhappy heart.

In not sparing himself Colston had unconsciously thrown himself upon her sympathy; and when does a woman's sympathy ever fail the man she loves?

The rounds were made, the posts were all in order, though it is doubtful if the officer of the day could have sworn to that fact. His heart was too full of happiness. His love had weighed him in the balance and had not found him wanting. The bitter past had been expiated. Once more he could hold his head high among his fellow-men; for had not the truest, loveliest maiden in the land unhesitatingly laid her hand in his and told him where he led she would follow? She forgave his fault; she, knowing all, still looked up to him. And what were the tongues of a censorious world compared to the clear judgment of this good woman?

They returned plighted lovers.

"But I can promise nothing definite until you see papa. Tell him what you have told me, and when he knows my happiness depends on you, he will not deny your request. Only tell him as you told me," she pleaded.

Colston actually shivered. It was a far different matter to lay bare his heart under the blue vault of heaven, with the lady of his love leaning confidingly on his arm, an already partial, prejudiced judge, to sitting in a formal library, with the keen eyes of the crafty statesman fixed upon him, the daring intruder, who with such a record presumed to aspire to the hand of the Secretary's daughter. Colston doubted his ability, under such circumstances, to tell the story as he had to her; but he well knew it must be done, and he would not sadden her this happy night by any fears.

And once again Anice dropped to sleep with the voices, like glad omens, repeating far and near, "All's well! all's well!" The next morning a surprise awaited her. The mail came in about twelve o'clock. The general always strolled over to the adjutant's office to read his official mail and bring home the private letters. Anice was astonished.

"Papa writes for me to come home immediately, not to delay a day; he makes the ball at the English Embassy the excuse. But, general, he writes as if he were not pleased with me. What can I have done? or how can he have known?" she added under her breath.

"Ah, Anice, Anice," laughed the general, shaking his finger at her,

"a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all. It is small wonder if your father has missed you, and is glad of any pretext to bring you home; what we will do without you I cannot bear to think. But, my dear," coming to her and laying his hand gently on her arm, "if you think a little bird has been whispering unkind tales to him, I will try and make it right; for I approve your choice, as I know your father will when he learns the worth of the man you have chosen."

At this unexpected ally, one whom she felt would have full weight with her father, Anice stared in open-eyed amazement; then, rushing to him, she kissed the gentle old face, exclaiming, "Why, General Cello, how did you know anything about it? But if you approve, I am sure my father will; and, oh! you have made me so happy!" the tears starting to her eyes as she clung to her friend.

At this interesting juncture Mrs. Cello glided in. "Any letters, general?" she purred, wondering what mischief those two were up to now.

"Anice has one," was the answer.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Cello, one from papa calling me home. He is so urgent I think I must start to-morrow. I can never thank you," she continued, in a tremulous voice, turning toward the general, "for your kindness to me. . I have been happier these few weeks with you than ever before in my life, and I hate to go; but perhaps"—a glad thought coming to her—"we may be together again some time. Ah, how I dread that long journey home alone!"

"Now, that's quite the luckiest thing I have ever heard of!" cried the general, as usual making just the wrong suggestion. "I have had letters this morning that will require Colston's presence in Washington. He must go to-morrow, and what could be better than putting you in his charge?"

Mrs. Cello was speechless. With much credit to her powers of dissimulation, she had feigned surprise at Anice's sudden departure, exhausted herself in conjectures as to the Secretary's reasons, and appeared inconsolable at the thought of Anice's absence. But was this for what she had worked and planned and schemed,—to have the Secretary meet his daughter, after a four days' railroad journey, in the sole society of the man against whom she had so bitterly warned him!

"General Cello," she said, with flashing eyes, "I hope I know what is befitting the position of Secretary Arleigh's daughter better than to place her in charge of any man, unchaperoned, for such a journey. No, my dear,"—to Anice,—"I will take you home; I will give you safely to your father, and then I will return, freed at least from all responsibility."

"Why, Mrs. Cello, you won't think of such a thing!" cried Anice. "I traveled all the way here alone, shifted about from one conductor

to another like an express package. Surely I can go home the same way, if you object to Captain Colston." And, quite as defiantly as Mrs. Cello, Anice walked out, the curly brown head held high, and the white teeth set in angry determination not to utter the torrent of words that rushed to Colston's defense.

From long experience the general knew it was useless to argue when his wife unsheathed her claws.

"Certainly, my dear," he answered, quite cowed. "If you think Anice is not to be trusted, go with her by all means. Will you object to Colston's escort? he goes to-morrow."

"I do certainly object to our all arriving in Washington together as a happy family. Anice and I will go the day after to-morrow: the Secretary will not object to the delay when he knows the cause. Oh, why, why did I ever bring her here?"

"You will live to thank the day that brought her here," prophesied the general, retiring to the library, where with much secrecy he indited a letter to the Secretary.

There was no moving Mrs. Cello, despite appearances, despite the almost open insult to Colston. He departed the next day, and the day after she left with Anice, who bade a tearful adieu to even the major, so dear had all connected with the little fort become to her by association. Burbank, poor fellow! nearly wept at the drear prospect of life without the sound of Anice's voice; but he was man enough not to upbraid her for his failure to win her love. He had sought an explanation with Colston, but from the few cautious words uttered by the captain he had guessed the truth, and quietly resigned the not dignified position of a rejected lover quarreling with the accepted suitor.

So, leaving many regrets among the kindly people who had taken her to their hearts during the three months' visit, Anice stepped from the little platform at the dingy station, to be whirled back to the world, finding either it or herself so changed it could never again be just the same place she had left a season before.

CHAPTER VIII.

On one of the many squares that dot and dimple the asphalt surface of Washington, like verdant oases amid a desert of stone, stands a comfortable brick mansion, plain almost to homeliness without, broad, spacious, and luxurious within.

In the most charming of all the many rooms, the library, with its dark-green and gold walls, its Persian rugs and leathern chairs, its fine engravings and rare bronzes, and, above all, its rows and rows of books in dwarf cases,—to say nothing of the deep, tiled fireplace, where on

dogs of polished brass huge hickory knots cracked and spluttered cheerily,—on one of the straightest, most uncompromising chairs sat the Honorable Secretary, totally unappreciative, just at this moment, of all the comforts surrounding him.

The fine head, scantily covered with silvery locks, the strong features and bright brown eyes, were strangely like a younger and more familiar form; but in Anice's darkest moments she had never worn such a look of worry and discontent as did the older face, which ought to, having obtained the summit of ambition, have been wreathed in smiles. In truth, the Secretary thought he was unjustly treated. It was enough to have the worry of official life and political strife, without having domestic matters to add to his annoyance. He loved his daughter very dearly, but this was the second time her foolish love-affairs had been thrust upon him. It seemed hard that once they should have caused trouble because she would not marry, and now they seemed likely to provoke a quarrel because she would. He did not like to oppose his pretty daughter; it was easier to indulge her. He recognized her likeness to himself, and knew that any opposition would only make her more determined. He was older, wiser, and had learned it was sometimes better to submit, while she—— "Pshaw! that I should dread an interview with my own child." There was something curious in the circumstances. That letter of Mrs. Cello's had spoken lightly of the possible danger of a fascinating, unscrupulous man, who made it his pleasure to entangle any pretty woman in a flirtation and, considering Anice's advantages, winning from her a promise of marriage. A handsome adventurer was the man, as Mrs. Cello put it, with an ugly story in his past,—not a fit associate for Anice, and one she would never have met had he not unexpectedly returned from what was to be a winter campaign; "probably," she maliciously added, "considering the comfortable fort, inhabited by a charming Eastern girl, more desirable quarters than a dangerous Indian agency." Leaving the Secretary to infer that Colston was not only flirting with his daughter, but had deserted a responsible post of danger to be near her. It was an easy matter to send for Anice and take her away from his influence before it was too late, so the letter summoning her home was written, and the Secretary thought all danger at an end. But here, on the very day Anice was expected, came a letter from the general, the very opposite of his wife's, congratulating—yes, actually congratulating—the Secretary on his future son-in-law.

"I presume nothing has been definitely settled without your consent." ("I should think not!" he ejaculated.) "But matters, my dear Arleigh, have gone too far for us old fogies to interfere. It was well to let that wise little head make its own choice in life; and I tell you she has chosen wisely. I am glad she has met her fate at my house; and I assure you, if I had a daughter, it would be my pride

and happiness to give her to such a brave man and true gentleman as Captain Colston."

"Well, this is most extraordinary," thought the Secretary. "Mrs. Cello is a clever woman; I would trust her judgment far. And the general—the general is usually influenced by his wife. But sometimes he rises above her, and then he too is to be trusted. Women are often prejudiced. Again, Cello is sentimental. Could Anice have dictated that letter? No!" spurning the thought so unworthy his daughter. "Well," with a heavy sigh, "perhaps they both exaggerate the affair. It won't kill Anice to give up a man she has only known two months. I don't want her to marry any one, least of all a poor army officer, when she might do so much better." And the Secretary sighed again, as he thought of the rejected English coronet and the English pounds accompanying it.

He would read the paper, although from last dispatches he would find small consolation in the political aspect.

The Secretary almost swore,—three columns of the Administration organ devoted to Indian affairs, when he wanted an exhaustive report on a campaign of far more interest to him. "What was this? 'Disastrous Indian war averted.—Facts concerning the bloodless settlement of the recent troubles at the Sioux agency.—Captain Colston's interview with the Secretary of the Interior.—The captain highly complimented on his diplomacy, forbearance, and bravery in not only hastening with a small force to the protection of the agent, but in quietly listening to the Indians' complaints, persuading them to abandon the most unreasonable of their demands, and promising his best efforts in securing them their just rights.'" Although the agent had failed in his mission, he had well paved the way for Colston by enthusiastic recommendations of his course at the reservation.

"Colston!" exclaimed the Secretary, "that's the man who is troubling me. This sounds as if Cello knew what he was talking about." The Secretary read on, now deeply interested. "'The subject to be discussed at the Cabinet meeting to-day, when Captain Colston will probably be asked to give his views on the troubled question.' Ah! then I shall soon see this peculiar combination of character," quoth the Secretary, reminded that the hour for the Cabinet meeting was approaching, and ringing for the carriage. "Miss Arleigh will arrive at half-past seven this evening," he said to the servant: "I will meet her. Have the carriage here in time."

"Excuse me, sir," answered the ever-watchful footman; "but, if you please, I think you have a dinner engagement at eight at the White House."

"Certainly I have. Well, take the note you will find on this table, and give it to Miss Arleigh at the station: it will explain my absence."

Thus it happened that Anice's father was not the first to greet her on her return. She was reading his note as she stepped from the cars, a little disappointed at not seeing him, when a voice calling her softly by name caused her to turn with a start, in which all disappointment was swallowed in a glad surprise. It must be confessed Colston was not above strategy in love or war, and accidentally learning from the society column of an evening paper the names of the guests at the Presidential dinner, he felt that he could brave Mrs. Cello's wrath for one glimpse of Anice beyond the ken of the paternal eye. Mrs. Cello was undoubtedly wrathy, but here was not the place to show it; and having declared open war with Colston, she contented herself with a frigid bow and hurrying forward to the carriage. How Colston blessed the immense length of that station! There was time for a hurried clasping of hands, an interchange of many foolish words, and then a careless—

"I have seen your father, Anice," suddenly brought the young lady to a realization of mundane affairs.

"You have?" she cried. "What did he say? how did he act?"

"A most grave and reverend seigneur," laughingly answered Colston. "I only saw him officially, dear, at the Cabinet meeting this morning. I wonder if he has ever heard of me? I fancied he watched me very closely. I am coming to see him to-morrow. Pray for my success, Anice."

"Come, Anice!" cried an exasperated voice. "I am tired out." Then the carriage door was closed, and the captain was left bowing and smiling on the station steps.

"He is in better spirits than I have ever seen him," thought Anice, as indeed he was. Few men could have received the adulation that day showered upon Colston and not be happier for it. He felt, too, that his present fame would help him in his suit with the Secretary. And then the brief interview with Anice strengthened and refreshed him like a draught of wine.

The Secretary returned early from the wearisome state dinner, which that evening had been somewhat enlivened by the animated discussion of the government's actual concession to a request from its noble red men, and frequent praise and commendation of the humble officer who had wrought the good work. For Washington society, the very fountain-head of hero-worship, was without its usual supply of the article just then, and seized upon Colston as the fancy of the moment, the hero of an hour.

As the Secretary opened the library door, he paused for a moment on the threshold to realize how pleasant it was to see again the slight figure nestling on the rug, and the sweet brown eyes peering wistfully into the blazing logs, when, seeing Mrs. Cello, he hurried in, clasping Anice with one arm, and extending the other hand to Mrs. Cello,

hospitably greeting her, but secretly wondering at her presence, which was entirely unlooked for. He was not long in doubt. After a cosy chat before the fire, with his pretty daughter sitting on his knee, and Mrs. Cello across the hearth playing the agreeable as only she could when she desired, he jumped up, declaring himself a selfish brute to thus keep two weary travelers entertaining him when they ought to be asleep.

They left the room together, but in a second Mrs. Cello had glided back, and then followed a long and serious conversation, when the Secretary actually found himself defending Colston's character from the bitter aspersions cast upon it by Mrs. Cello.

"The man don't look like a rogue," he said, almost amused, as a vision of Colston's thoughtful, intellectual face rose up before him, with its crown of snow-white hair.

"You have seen him?" she cried: "you approve of him?"

"Not as my daughter's husband, perhaps; but, from all I can hear, he is an exceptional officer. However, because a man knows how to manage Indians is no reason he should be equally proficient in the management of a civilized wife."

"But I tell you he did nothing; that is all newspaper reputation. He left the agency to the Indians, and I dare say he did promise them anything to get back to Anice. Then there is the other story which is so kept in the background; you have never heard a word of that."

"Except from your letter," he answered, gravely; "tell it to me." This was Mrs. Cello's long-looked-for opportunity, and she told the story as *she believed it*, not as it was; for she had never heard the truth, only exaggerated reports, to which she added her prejudiced surmises. The Secretary's face grew graver as he listened.

"If this be so, then the man's presence in this house would be an insult; and if Anice knows, it would be impossible for her to love such a creature."

"He has probably given Anice a romantic version," said Mrs. Cello. "I hope you believe," she continued, "that I did my best to prevent this. I was amazed when I found he was to be at the fort; I dreaded it from the first. I tried to keep Anice out of his way, but there seemed to be a fatality in their being thrown together, and as soon as I discovered real danger I wrote to you."

"You did all that was right," he answered, "and whatever happens I relieve you from all responsibility." But he kept the general's letter a secret, and Mrs. Cello wondered why she had not made more of an impression on him.

She had hardly departed before another figure stole in, two soft arms were thrown around the Secretary's neck, and the voice to which he had never yet denied anything pleaded, "Oh, papa! I could not rest. I know she was talking about me; but don't believe her, please don't!

Wait until to-morrow, till you hear *him*, and then believe him and the general and me, for we know the truth."

"There, Anice, don't cry," rather pettishly answered the Secretary. "I haven't an idea what you are talking about. You are tired and nervous; go to bed. I am not going to make you wretched," he said, with sudden determination, "if it comes to letting you marry the devil himself——"

"Papa!" exclaimed Anice, shocked. But she retired with a comforted heart for all her father's violence.

The Secretary looked uneasily around, wondering if there were any more women liable to chase one another through the room, each with her love-lorn tale,—like "'The Dream of Fair Women,' which, after all, was a nightmare," he grimly said, "and I wish I could wake as readily from this."

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What more is there to tell? Grand weddings are all alike. The society friends of the day were not quite as exhaustive on the subject as they would be now, but all were unanimous that the bride looked lovely; and the groom, generally the least thought of and most insignificant personage of the occasion, rose superior to the usual position, and created quite as much comment by his striking appearance and the undefinable air of romance surrounding him as did the blushing bride.

It will be more satisfactory to pass over four or five years and peep into a pretty stone cottage, embowered in vines, set in the midst of a small garden, within a larger garden sloping off into rolling meadows and forest glades, again opening on fields of wheat and blooming orchards, and then fading into whispering pines and glassy lakes, where swans are idly floating.

A glorious day in June it is, and the fields are white with daisies. The foliage is yet pale and tender, save the dog-wood trees, whose dark-green leaves are a perfect background for the creamy blossoms lying on them. Roses are blooming over the cottage, and from the open latticed window the familiar sound of a squeaking note is heard. A cat-like tread is also recognized, and a voice, somewhat softened, as is the glittering eye and older face, says,—

"General, Anice is coming." This time no bitter sarcasm is needed to arouse the musical enthusiast. Instantly laying aside the beloved instrument, they both hurry to the broad hall to welcome a beautiful woman, whose face, save for a pretty matronly expression, is still the face of winsome Anice Arleigh, and a little tot clinging to the hand of her youthful-looking father, whose snow-white hair is as much a source of wonderment to her as it is to strangers.

"His hair grows whiter every year," declares Anice, "and his face younger. If it were not such a delight to baby, who calls it her 'snow-storm,' I should insist on his wearing a wig, if only to save the com-

ment he is subject to in public." From which it will be seen that neither Anice nor her husband enjoy undisputed sway in their own household.

In the long June twilight, after the pleasant tea which Anice and her husband often drive out to share with the old general and his wife, the conversation naturally reverts to the little Western fort and a certain happy winter there, of which the general and Anice love to talk; but Mrs. Cello changes the subject. She never thinks of that time without a deep sense of shame and humiliation coming over her, it all seems so strange. But how could she have foreseen it?—Anice happily married to Colston; she and the general retired, and comfortably ensconced at the "Home,"—a conquered woman it is true; but she realizes it was better that it should be so, and tries to atone for former harshness to the parents by an almost idolatrous love for the little Anice, who, with strange, childish discernment, calls her "pussy grandma," and loves her more for the "cookies" with which she is so lavish than for herself.

"Mrs. Cello is greatly improved since the time she traveled a thousand miles to prevent my marrying you, Anice," said Colston, on the homeward drive.

"Yes; and I like her better than I ever thought I could then," answered Anice. "But, oh! I shudder sometimes when I think what my life would have been if she had triumphed, instead of (for the first time in her life) failing in her determination."

"What my life would have been, you mean," said Colston, the old look of sorrow coming for an instant to his eyes. "But, darling, love and fate were too strong for her; and now, please heaven, no mortal's will can ever come between you and me to mar the perfect beauty of our lives."

THE FIRST SCENES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Old soldiers are credited with a fondness for fighting their battles over again, and perhaps I am no exception to the rule. Yet I have never troubled the public with any of my personal recollections. I have never felt a burning desire to do so. If I take a new departure now, it is not because I expect to be instructive; the public is already surfeited with instruction on the subject. If I can rescue from oblivion some of the more amusing incidents of those stirring times I shall be satisfied. They may have no historical value; yet the picture, when painted, would be a dreary composition without them. It would be a pity to deprive the future historian of any material that might add interest to his story. With this excuse for my new departure I approach my subject.

Pleasant as the undertaking appears to be, it is not easy. The moment one begins to parade his recollections on paper he loses all respect for them: they seem to be so silly, so trivial, so insignificant. He feels that people can have no interest in them,—that they already know enough on the subject; that they have read accounts of it, more or less true, more or less romantic; that they have already formed their opinions, crowned their heroes, and closed the case. Then he remembers that they have gathered their information from a broad field: from able historians, public documents, and private notes. Is it any wonder that one should feel diffident in producing before such an audience his own starveling reminiscences? They have been gathered from no such broad field,—they are, they must be, narrow and insignificant as was the horizon which limited his view: mere relics from the lumber-room of memory,—the very ghosts of dead ideas, dusty and cobweby. To be sure they might be polished up, but that would ruin their reputation. Cobwebs have been known to impart respectability and flavor to very poor wine; let them cling to my story then. In their name I crave indulgence; they are my excuse for telling the story.

It was my fortune to be present at the opening scenes of the grand drama of the American civil war. There were but few of us on the Union side on that occasion, seventy odd I believe, but to save my life I could not now tell exactly how many. One would naturally think that in such a handful of men any one of the party

would know pretty much all that occurred; yet I have to confess that I know very little, and that little is so abominably mixed up with self that I am ashamed of it. I might read up and prepare a presentable story, more comprehensive and in better form; but that would be wiping away the cobwebs, which I have decided not to do. So, uncouth and unconnected as the story may turn out to be, I shall confine myself strictly to what I find in my memory,—facts and impressions the recollections of which have withstood the erosions of almost a quarter of a century. They were stored away without design; they have been preserved without effort; they are now reproduced without polish or paint, and I hold myself in no way accountable for their homely looks.

The rebellion began before the war did, and the war began before the first shot was fired. I had been stationed in Charleston harbor for some years prior to 1861, had made some acquaintances among the business men of the community, and had a fair opportunity of judging early in 1860 how the political wind was blowing. That the State would secede was never doubted after the disruption of the Democratic convention. Secession was referred to as a gratifying certainty, and war with the North was a pleasing possibility. Defeat was considered less likely than a second deluge. Cotton was king.

Fort Moultrie, where I was stationed, was a historic work. Its importance rested rather upon what it had been than upon what it was. It was an inclosed work, bastioned on the land side. Its water battery consisted of eight or ten 8-inch Bomford columbiads, mounted *en barbette* on wooden carriages. Its scarp was of brick masonry, and perhaps ten or twelve feet high. The land-front mounted 24-pounder guns and 8-inch howitzers. It was provided inside with barracks and quarters for two companies of artillery. The commandant's quarters, hospital, commissary and quartermaster's stores, and laundresses' quarters were outside. It was one of the regular defenses of Charleston harbor, and for that purpose was fairly effective; but as against a domestic enemy it was worthless. The sand had drifted against its scarp wall to such an extent that cows, tempted by the grass which grew on its slopes, had no difficulty in jumping in, and soldiers of convivial and owlish habits had no difficulty, even when too far gone to jump, in rolling over the rampart in time for reveille. The rebel leaders no doubt felt that they could walk into Fort Moultrie whenever they wanted to, in spite of the seventy odd men which constituted its garrison.

The garrison consisted of two companies of the First Artillery and the regimental band. The companies were small, perhaps purposely kept so, numbering, if I remember rightly, about thirty men each. According to the organization, their strength should have been fifty-four, but yellow fever had played sad havoc among the men in

1858, and requisitions for recruits had remained unheeded. Hence the numerical weakness of the garrison.

The commanding officer was Lieutenant-Colonel John L. Gardner, First Artillery. Colonel Gardner was well advanced in years, but active, energetic, and perfectly competent. He was brave. His conduct during our yellow fever trial two years before proved that to the soldiers' satisfaction; and they rarely make mistakes on that point. They had confidence in the colonel, and felt that the honor of the old flag was safe in his keeping. But he had been born in Massachusetts. To be sure, he would have been a stranger in his native State. His manhood had been spent in the service of his country, and mostly in the Southern States. He had no visible politics, and no perceptible prejudice against the "peculiar institution." Still, his birth was against him at that time, and in that place. Then he was a religious man, and had a weakness for returning prodigals. He would rejoice over one reformed rascal more than over ninety and nine good soldiers who needed no reformation. He was the first officer I ever heard talking religion to his men. I remember the points of his speech on that occasion; they were few but forcible. It was Sunday; church call had sounded, and the men were paraded in accordance with an old army custom. The colonel approached, and the men felt they were in for a lecture. They had been neglecting their religious duties, and the colonel knew it. He said substantially, "I want to say a word. Men, —soldiers are men; and men are merely animals with a religion. Therefore soldiers must have a religion. There are only two religions, —Christianity and infidelity. Therefore soldiers are either Christians or infidels. Which are ye? March the men to church." It was a short sermon, earnest, opportune, and well meant, but fruitless. It was the old story of the horse and the water-trough. The men were marched to the church door, declined to enter, and were marched back again. The colonel could not compel attendance. He could not cram the gospel down their throats, but he could compel them to listen to the Articles of War. This he did very frequently during the hour of divine service. The officer detailed to do the reading, who seemed to hate the whole performance as cordially as did the men, read in a rapid monotone, except when he ran across the words, "shall suffer death," which he did very frequently. These he read with all the emphasis he could command, pausing for a moment when the dread penalty had been pronounced, and glancing furtively, but in vain, for some symptom of repentance among the constructive infidels whom he addressed.

The country was fortunate in having Captain John G. Foster in Charleston harbor at that time. Captain Foster was an officer of engineers, and disbursed the funds appropriated by Congress for the defenses of Charleston. He had quite a number of men, perhaps a hundred and twenty, at work upon Fort Sumter, which was still unfinished,

and some more making repairs on Castle Pinckney. These workmen were principally from Charleston City, but some were from Baltimore. The rebel leaders doubtless believed that they would be "loyal to their State," which was the fashionable way of saying they would be disloyal to the United States. The work they were doing for United States wages would, in the opinion of the rebels, ultimately be for the benefit of the rebel South. It must have been a gratifying spectacle, and a strong encouragement to those on the brink of rebellion, to see the purblind government building and arming works to be used against itself. But Captain Foster was not altogether blind. He set a large gang to work upon Fort Moultrie. It was the only work with a garrison in the harbor. In its then condition it was untenable. The rebels hoped it would remain so until they were prepared to attack it. They knew that no sane officer would attempt to defend a work that wouldn't keep the cows out with such a handful of men, and confidently expected surrender when the demand was made. But Foster's operations must have disturbed their dreams. The sand was cleared away from the scarp wall, new flank defenses were added at the salients, traverses were constructed, and many new and mysterious arrangements were made inside, all of which meant fight before surrender. Then, as if to add insult to injury, Colonel Gardner closed the gates against all civilians unprovided with a pass from him. These proceedings were the first unmistakable symptoms of resistance, the little cloud which advertised the deluge.

That we would have to fight in Fort Moultrie was no longer doubted by the men. Everything began to wear a warlike look. All soldiers were required to sleep inside the fort. Guards were strengthened,—in fact, the whole garrison was put on guard at night. Non-commissioned officers were posted as sentinels. The men were permanently assigned to the several batteries. Commanders were designated. Alarms were sounded by night and day as an exercise, and to test the vigilance and efficiency of the men; and very soon the garrison was in splendid condition and ready at any moment to repel an attack. If appearances were worth anything, the garrison would suffer a defeat before it would think of surrender. This was very displeasing to the rebel element, and the less cultivated among them could not conceal their displeasure. Crowds gathered daily opposite the gate to watch the warlike preparations. These were not of a reassuring character. The artillery exercises especially were suggestive. They consisted in practice with improvised hand-grenades and shell-torpedoes. The hand-grenades used were common shells with five-second fuses; the fuse was ignited by hand, and then the soldier had time to throw or roll the shell over the parapet before explosion took place. Some of the men became very expert in this practice. It was capital sport for the men, and had a wonderfully cooling effect upon the ardor

of the spectators. Few among the latter would have volunteered for a forlorn hope with any kind of confidence. Yet the whole thing was brag. We kept no prepared grenades on hand, and none would have been thrown if an assault had been made on Fort Moultrie.

The shell-torpedo was also a scarecrow; it consisted of a ten-inch shell, loaded with a blowing charge, and provided with a fuse which ignited by being trodden on. It was buried, fuse up, some six inches under the surface; a piece of plank was laid over the fuse, and the whole covered with sand and raked smooth. To fire it some one struck over the plank with a long pole, and explosion resulted. It was intended to illustrate the danger of treading on forbidden ground. We were not annoyed by inquisitive strangers prowling around the work after that; they kept strictly to the public roads. Although there never was a shell-torpedo planted in earnest, they evidently believed the sand was full of them. Humbug is highly essential in war.

To the lay mind Fort Moultrie was becoming formidable. Even now they thought it could not be taken without bloodshed, and it was getting stronger every day. Colonel Gardner was an energetic fool. Could he not see that he would have to surrender anyhow? and might he not do it gracefully without bloodshed? But it was impossible to mistake his intentions. He evidently meant to fight until he was forced to surrender. He was too old to appreciate the situation. If he continued in command peaceable secession would be impossible. Peaceable secession was highly desirable. Colonel Gardner was an obstacle in the way; therefore Colonel Gardner must be removed.

Removing an old but active officer who was willing to serve was less easy then than now. There was no retired list to which he could be honorably transferred; and if he would neither get sick nor ask for leave of absence, nothing remained but summary removal. In this case the last method was inconvenient, unless it could be made to appear that it was done in the interest of the government. A report to that effect was necessary as a basis of action. So the Secretary of War sent an officer to inspect the work. I remember his arrival well. We all wondered what it meant; would it end in the withdrawal or reinforcement of the garrison? The officer sent was a captain then, but has since become better known as General Fitz-John Porter. He wandered about the work for two or three days and then returned to Washington. In a few days after Lieutenant-Colonel John L. Gardner was relieved from command of the post, and Major Robert Anderson was appointed in his place.

Major Anderson was a native of Kentucky. He was a fine, soldierly-looking man, with features clean cut as a cameo, and an expression and bearing which indicated a haughty, imperious disposition. Perhaps the soldier's description of him is the best pen-picture that can be drawn,—"He looked like a thoroughbred."

The men, although sorry to part with their old commander, took to the new one kindly from the first. I remember well the day he took command. He had been down at Colonel Gardner's residence, which was outside the fort, and quite a crowd of citizens had collected in front of the main gate to get a glimpse of the new commander. As the major approached, the sentinel offered the appropriate compliment and salute, and the gates swung open for his admission. Acknowledging the sentinel's salute, but declining the proffered compliment, he called for the commander of the guard, and directed that the gates be left open in future. Then, after hesitating a moment, he turned to the crowd and, with a courteous gesture, said, "Walk in, gentlemen, if you wish to. We have no secrets here."

A new policy, as well as a new commander, was inaugurated at Moultrie that day. The *gentlemen* walked in, curious, but uncomfortable. They kept strictly to the brick walks. Their recollections of shell-torpedoes made them less inquisitive than they would have been. They saw little, and understood less, of what was going on. Yet to a certain extent the cat was out of the bag. The mounds of sand which their imaginations had made so formidable when concealed, were simple enough, and seemingly harmless enough, when seen. But why did Colonel Gardner close the gates? Why did the man with only sixpence in his pocket fight so hard with the highwayman? To hide his poverty.

The preparations for defense were continued with as much energy after Major Anderson's arrival as before, only there was no concealment. Mystery no longer magnified our efforts. What we did was seen and judged by all who chose to enter. By and by we were almost ready, as far as labor and sand could make us so. We had overhauled our ammunition, counted our cartridges, and considered our wants. We needed many things. We needed men worst of all, but we knew we could not get any. If we were to stand a siege we needed more provisions,—we only had one month's supply,—but we knew it would be useless to ask for them. Then we needed more friction-primers. We knew there were plenty in the arsenal over in Charleston, but they might as well have been at the north pole. If we asked for them in the regular way, we would only expose our weakness and destroy every hope of procuring the needed supply. The only way was to get them out of Charleston by stealth. An officer of the garrison took charge of the undertaking. He went to the city, in mufti, one day, and several soldiers who were on pass happened over on the same day, also in mufti. They met by chance at the arsenal. The officer anticipated no difficulty in getting the primers. It was getting them out of Charleston which constituted the difficulty. This he hoped to overcome by means of the soldiers. Each man could carry at least one thousand primers without attracting attention. There

seemed to be no great difficulty about it, yet the scheme failed. The fact that disguised soldiers from Fort Moultrie were assembling at the arsenal got abroad in the city, and there was some trouble. At any rate, the officer and his party had to come home without the primers. We had some on hand. The failure of the expedition was not altogether ruinous, but it was very unfortunate for all that.

By this time South Carolina had seceded. The Palmetto flag floated everywhere except on Moultrie. We were virtually a beleaguered garrison without the formality of a declaration of war. We were watched by everybody during the day, and by an armed steamer with militia on board during the night. The time for us to be eaten up was evidently at hand. Prudence required that we should prepare ourselves for the sacrifice. There was but little that we could do except get rid of our impedimenta. We had a fine collection of women and children to dispose of. It was natural that we should desire to place them in safety. The chivalry of the South could not well object. So two large schooners were chartered to carry them to Fort Johnson. Two large schooners to carry the wives and children of a garrison of seventy odd men! It is a solemn and significant fact; and not more than a third of the men were married at that. The schooners arrived a little before dusk. After dark they were loaded. Everything eatable at the post was put on board. We were bound to see the women and children provided for. But what did they want with ammunition? Why was our store of powder surreptitiously slipped on board? Pat never inquired. It was Foster's laborers that loaded the schooners, and they were not familiar with the external appearance of ammunition packages. Besides, they were disguised. Many an Irishman smoked his dhudeen in a comfortable way that night seated on a powder-barrel, and coolly knocked the ashes out on the chine in blissful ignorance of his danger. By daylight all the contraband of war was on board and stored below. The hatches were secured and the laborers dismissed. A detail of soldiers now appeared, and furniture began to arrive. Chairs, tables, boxes and bureaus, beds, mattresses and cradles were piled on deck. At last the women and the children marched on board, sad and tearful. A few hasty good-byes were said. An officer stepped on board. The lines were cast off, and our principal impedimenta were on the way to safety. "It was kind in the major to send an officer with them, though." "Faith, and few commanders would have even sent a sergeant," were remarks that might have been heard on the wharf after their departure. But then the speakers knew nothing of what was in the hold.

As amicable relations had been, to all appearances, permanently established between the gentlemen of South Carolina and the officers of Fort Moultrie, there was nothing strange in most of the latter being the guests of some of the former the day before Christmas. It was a

little strange, however, that the officers should come home before sunset. It was said the major had been taken ill. Then our captain, a strictly temperate man, who, moreover, had not been at the party, and who never was known to make a bet, acted as if he had laid a large amount by way of a wager with some betting lunatic as to the amount of ammunition that the men could carry on their persons if they were to try. I do not mean it be understood as saying that he made such a bet, or that he said he had done so, only that the impression among the men was that he had. So to decide this imaginary bet, as the men thought, they were required to fall in at retreat roll-call loaded down with cartridges.

It may seem that we were mighty obtuse; but, so far as I know, not a man had the remotest idea that we were going to move. Everybody had made their minds up that the coming fight would be at Fort Moultrie. They knew nothing of the ammunition that had been shipped; and everything that had occurred indicated resistance and not removal.

The drums beat off retreat as usual, and the flag came down, but, instead of being chucked away in its box by the flag-staff, it was carefully folded up under the direction of an officer and brought down from the ramparts. Everybody knew then that something serious was in the wind, but not a word was spoken. Without a word, excepting those of command, the men were marched away, and as they left the fort the gates were shut. Without any effort at concealment, except that the arms were trailed, the men were marched to the front beach, where boats with muffled oars awaited them. They embarked, and the boats were headed for the guard-steamer, lazily lying at anchor in mid-stream. Were we going to capture her? No doubt dozens thought we were, for many hands stole furtively around to be assured about the bayonet being there, and ready to be fixed at a moment's notice. Whatever was thought, nothing was said. Only the measured dip of the muffled oars disturbed the stillness, and that could hardly have been heard if it had not been seen. Discipline is invaluable at all times, but especially so in moments like these; one word might have spoiled the game. We passed close to the steamer. We could hear the songs and laughter of those on board. Many among us who had already braced their nerves for the assault found out that they were wrong. Sumter, and not the guard-boat, was our objective-point. Nerves were relaxed, eyes twinkled, faces melted into smiles; yet not a word. One danger was past, and another was approaching. The laborers in Sumter—rebels almost to a man—must be surprised. If they discovered our approach in time they could defeat our purpose; but they were as careless as the soldiers on the guard-boat. It was Christmas-eve, and both parties were making a night of it. The laborers, or some of them at least, were playing "seven up" when the

muzzles of half a dozen rifles appeared at the door. They got no chance to talk. "Come out of there, and be quick about it," was all the sergeant said; but the muskets of his men were ready, and the soldiers only waited for the word. The sergeant was not there to answer questions. There was nothing for it but obey. The laborers turned out, —sulkily enough,—out of their snug, warm barrack, out of the fort, and saw the gates close behind them. The thing was done,—the transfer was made. Sumter was occupied; the garrison was safe. It was one o'clock in the morning, however, before it was thought wise to advertise the fact. Then three guns were fired from Sumter, and the four men left in Moultrie lit their torches; and the officers, with the women and children, cut loose from Johnson and made for Sumter. And the watches on the guard-boat found out they had been fooled; and a ruddy glare in the direction of Moultrie told them, and all who were awake in Charleston harbor that night, that Fort Moultrie was on fire.

There were four men left in Moultrie, and they had important work to do. Fort Moultrie with its armament complete was more than a match for unfinished Sumter with its guns unmounted. Therefore the armament of Moultrie must be destroyed. This was the work intrusted to the four men on that eventful night. As soon as the garrison had left the guns were spiked; and combustibles were piled around the wooden gun-carriages; and the old flag-staff was cut down; and all the war-like stores, as far as practicable, were destroyed. Then when the signal-guns were heard the torch was applied; and tongues of flames shot up and lighted up the bay; and our careless friend, the guard-boat, whistled the alarm; and Charleston awoke and sent a shower of rockets upward to the sky; and blue-lights burned; in short, there was a first-class Fourth of July celebration in Charleston harbor at one o'clock in the morning of Christmas-day.

The four men left in Moultrie did their duty well. They meant to have no failure in their work, and they had none. They remained in the fort until afternoon. Meantime, a large crowd collected in front of the entrance. The gates were shut, and a sentinel was pacing his measured beat as if nothing unusual were going on. They told him that the fort appeared to be on fire, and asked how many men there were within. But he made no reply. Then they crowded closer to the gate, and seemingly intended crowding the sentry off his post. They could no longer be ignored. The sentry with his bayonet-point scratched a line across the road, and said, "I'll shoot the first man that puts his foot across that line." They laughed at that at first, but by and by they lost their tempers some and cursed the sentinel. They said the fort was theirs, and they would enter when they chose. But no one put his foot across the line.

About 1 P.M. the sentry was withdrawn. The little wicket opened; the sergeant's face appeared, and called the sentinel. The

sentinel withdrew; the wicket was reclosed; and the mob yelled and threatened. Meantime, the four men hurried to the other side of the fort, jumped from the parapet, and made their way to Sumter. Such is the story of the destruction of the armament of Fort Moultrie, as told to me immediately after the event by those who did the work.

Sumter was hardly defensible when we got there. We had a very busy time for several weeks. Guns had to be mounted. Extra embrasures, which we had not men enough to defend, had to be bricked up. Then provisions were rather scarce for a siege. We had some, it is true. We had fallen heir to the rations of the workmen, in addition to those shipped from Moultrie. We could get along perhaps for two months, if it were not for the women and children. Then the Governor of South Carolina, perhaps to make us prodigal of the supplies we had, kindly permitted us to purchase in open market, in the city, one day's rations at a time; that is, of fresh meat and vegetables. When that permission was withdrawn, which it was in due time, as a matter of course our troubles began. Then we had to beg. Not for bread,—we knew that would be useless,—but for permission to send away the women and children. This at last was granted, and the siege began in earnest.

I shall only refer to a few incidents of the siege. Shortly after the departure of the women and children we were put on short allowance, which gradually became shorter, until it reached one cracker a day, and finally disappeared altogether. The only thing we had plenty of was salt pork, fat and rusty, a look at which was as satisfying as a ration. I have never had an appetite for pork since. But the men were cheerful as a rule; I heard no grumbling. They seemed to realize the situation, and were too busy or too patriotic to complain. And that reminds me that I have not disposed of the workmen whom we so unceremoniously turned out of doors on our arrival.

Men were too valuable to be thrown away. If any of the workmen were willing to cast in their lot with the garrison and fight for the honor of the old flag, the garrison would be thankful for their assistance. Captain Foster conducted the negotiations. The astonished workmen were huddled together on the wharf, trying hard to understand what had happened. Foster called them up, one at a time, to the wicket in the main gate, and put to each the momentous question, "Are you willing to share the fortune of this garrison and fight in defense of the old flag?" If the answer was yes, and the man seemed honest about it, he was taken in; if he said no, he remained outside.

Quite a number of them elected to remain with the garrison, among them the foreman bricklayer, the foreman carpenter, and the foreman blacksmith. The bricklayer was a Baltimorean, a bright, active, intelligent man, and thoroughly loyal. He at once took charge of the

masonry-work essential to the defense of the fort by so small a garrison. Fortunately, there was plenty of building material in the fort. The embrasures of the second tier were all bricked up. There were no guns mounted on that tier. About three-fourths of the embrasures on the lower tier were also bricked up; not because there were no guns there, but because we had no men to defend them in case of assault. A breast-high wall was also built across the main sally-port inside the gate, to facilitate the defense of that entrance when the gates were demolished. In short, the boss bricklayer had plenty to do, and his services were invaluable. When the bombardment began he acted as a cannoneer, and was the only man seriously wounded during the fight.

The boss carpenter was also invaluable. He was intelligent, a capital workman, and intensely loyal. His usefulness was not confined to his trade; he was handy at anything.

The boss blacksmith was a character. He was, I think, an Englishman, and must have weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds when he joined himself to the Sumter garrison. He was a skillful workman, of course, or he would not have been boss of his department, and did valuable service in the defense; but toward the close of the siege he had a terrible time with his appetite. Yet he was good-natured throughout, was a prime favorite among the men, and never expressed a regret at having joined the garrison. He fought famously during the bombardment, and left Fort Sumter a comparatively thin man.

Those workmen who declined to cast their lot with the garrison were sent to Charleston, the barge making, I think, two or three trips for the purpose.

We had been a week without marketing. It was well known to our adversaries that we were suffering, and many believed we were starving. That they would have compassion on us we had no right to expect, and didn't expect. In their frequent trips by steamboat to Morris Island, with material for the batteries they were building, they passed as close to Fort Sumter as practicable. They could see the gaunt-looking sentinels pacing their weary round in the air, sixty feet above the water, and seemingly expected them to say something. Perhaps they expected every trip to be hailed and asked for transportation to Charleston by the Sumter garrison, starved into mutiny. But our men were forbidden to talk. The eager looks of expectation directed toward them from the decks of the passing steamers, and which undoubtedly were looks of sympathy, were misunderstood, and deemed an impertinence by the sentinels. Unable to answer in unadorned Anglo-Saxon without disobedience, and still determined to be even with the "Johnnies," the sentinels, when no officer was around, resorted to a very expressive pantomime, which seemed to give them great satisfaction, and never failed to make the other fellows impolite. I have seen a sentinel, who believed himself unobserved on such an occasion,

with his musket balanced on his shoulder, the thumb of one open hand at his nose, the thumb of the other touching the little finger of the first, and an expression on his face which would have broken the heart of Grimaldi if he had seen it; and I knew that a steamer was passing the fort within hailing distance, and he was conversing with the men on board. Then let some one in authority make his appearance, and the change in that sentinel would be miraculous,—the musket and the man would straighten up simultaneously, and the latter would be ready to swear that he had held no conversation with the steamboat.

It was generally believed among outsiders that many of the garrison would desert if they only had the chance. From their stand-point, and with their ideas of patriotism, the belief was not unnatural. The investigation of a homicide which had occurred some six months before on Sullivan's Island gave them an opportunity to put this idea to the test. The case was before the grand jury, and some six or eight Sumter soldiers were subpœnaed as witnesses. The subpœnas were brought over under a flag of truce and delivered to the major. Sure enough, when the day appointed came, the men were sent to Charleston. They were there, I think, two days. When they returned—which they all did—they informed me that they had been treated splendidly while they were in the city; had had plenty to eat and drink and tobacco "till they couldn't rest," and nothing to pay; that they had been permitted to go where they pleased and buy what they liked; in short, treated like gentlemen until they announced their determination to go back to Sumter. Then they were kept under surveillance by the police, and when they went on board the boat which had been sent for them they were searched, and all the eatables, drinkables, and tobacco which they had been permitted to purchase were taken away.

The episode of the "Star of the West" was a very exciting incident while it lasted. The strange steamer was first seen off the bar early in the morning. What she was doing there was a mystery. She seemed to be at anchor. Presently she got under way and stood in toward the harbor, taking the Morris Island channel, and flying a United States flag of unusual dimensions. As she approached the excitement increased, and the probability of enjoying a square meal in the immediate future brightened the eyes of many of the garrison. At length a puff of smoke from Morris Island, then another and another in quick succession, told us, even before the sound had reached our ears, that the rebels had a battery around there, and were firing on the steamer. The long roll was beaten, and every man sprang to his gun with a will. The guns already loaded were pointed on the rebel battery in an instant, and the hands which held the lanyards trembled with eagerness for the word to fire. But the word was not given. The major had some kind of a consultation with some of his officers; they were not all there. The consultation was held in the laundry.

Of course I know nothing of what was said at the conference. The opinions I formed were based upon the conduct of Captain Foster. He left the laundry in a hurried manner, smashing a rather seedy silk hat, which indicated a condition of mind bordering on lunacy, seeing that that silk hat was the only head-gear he possessed. He habitually wore citizen's dress, and having on this occasion buckled on a sword over an ordinary walking coat, was a figure calculated to attract observation in a garrison. I knew that Foster was for fighting, and judged from appearances that the major wasn't.

The affair of the "Star of the West" gave rise to a lengthy correspondence between Major Anderson and the Governor of South Carolina, which was no doubt high-toned and honorable, if not a little bombastic; but nothing came of it, not even an additional cracker to our contracted ration.

Another amusing incident was the visit of a Yankee schooner. The captain had lost his reckoning. He had no idea where he was, except the general one that he was somewhere on the Southern coast. He had been some time at sea, and knew of no unpleasantness at any of the Southern ports. He was loaded with ice, which may account for his coolness, and was bound from Boston to Savannah, Georgia. Having arrived off the harbor, which he mistook for the mouth of the Savannah River, he set his ensign proudly enough, and made for the harbor. As soon as he came within range, the "Star of the West" battery, as we had named it, treated him and his flag to a regular broadside. This astonished him, no doubt, but did him no material injury. He was near enough now for us to see all his movements with a glass. He was evidently scared, and just as evidently puzzled. He rushed to his ensign halliards and gave them a savage tug or two, looking at the same time in the direction of the battery in a nervous, angry manner, the same as to say, "Don't you see that flag, the ensign of the universal Yankee nation? What do you mean?" when bang! came a second broadside from the "Star of the West," and a first one from Fort Moultrie. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. The bewildered skipper seemed to give it up. He hauled down his ensign, cast anchor, and commenced mending his mainsail, through which a couple of round-shot had found their way. He was visited immediately by a boat from the rebel batteries, and also one from Sumter. When our boat returned, the men said that a madder American would be hard to find than was on board that schooner. He left for Savannah that night.

Still another incident which created quite an excitement happened in this way. The rebel batteries were now finished, and practicing every day. Sometimes the guns were shotted, and the targets aimed at were the buoys to the right or left of Sumter; but more frequently the practice was with blank cartridge, to perfect the men in the manual

and accustom them to the racket of the guns. Well, one day they were having practice with blanks from Stevens's Battery. Stevens's Battery was the nearest rebel work to Fort Sumter, being twelve hundred yards distant. It was an ironclad battery, and mounted three guns, bearing upon the gorge wall, the main gate, and the wharf of Fort Sumter. The post of sentinel No. 1 was on the wharf, and the sentinel was an ex-officer of the Prussian army, as he was very fond of telling his friends. He may have had more rank in the Prussian army than he had in the American, but I defy him to have had more dignity. On post, he was the impersonation of military intolerance. He seemed to look down on all mankind, and feel himself a superior being. Presently a solid shot came screaming from Stevens's Battery, and struck the coping of the wharf immediately in front of the main gate, smashing a large block of granite to "smithereens." The sentinel was within a few feet. He halted, gazed at the demolished rock for an instant, seemed to realize the situation, threw his arms to port, and called loudly, "Sergeant of the guard, No. 1!" When that functionary appeared, without moving one unnecessary muscle, the sentinel pointed with his head in the direction of the demolished stone, reported "round-shot," brought his musket to a "right-shoulder shift," and resumed walking his post. Although the sentinel remained cool as a cucumber, the garrison was thrown into commotion. The long roll was beaten at once, and the batteries were manned; but before anything further could be done a white flag appeared on the offending battery, and a boat put out from it similarly equipped and pulled for Sumter. It brought the culprit, an impatient rebel, who, having grown weary waiting for the war to begin, had surreptitiously slipped a solid shot into his gun. The rebel officers offered to turn him over to Major Anderson for punishment, but the major declined to receive him, saying they might punish him themselves if they thought it necessary. I doubt if they did. The culprit certainly did not expect it. He looked as if he felt himself upon the very pinnacle of fame.

There was no end to our devices for defense, and some of them were ludicrous enough. We could see our adversaries by the thousand drilling on the beach over against us every day, and the chances that we would have with such a multitude if they ever assaulted us forced themselves on our consideration. That the main gate would be battered down early in the action could not be doubted, and if an assault were attempted it would be at that point. Of course the enemy must come in small boats, but they might do that under cover of darkness. Then they must land and form some kind of a column before they could charge any fairly-defended breach with success. The wharf was the only fit place for such landing and formation. The wharf, therefore, should be subject to a grape and canister fire. There were no embra-

sures in the gorge wall, and the guns, *en barbette* sixty feet above the water, could not be depressed so as to be effective. To remedy this, part of the parapet was cut away in front of two 24-pounders which could be brought to bear upon the wharf. The kind of projectile to use in these guns was the subject of much debate. At last it was decided to load them with a stand of grape and a bag of broken stones. These filled the gun nearly to the muzzle, and much curiosity as to the effect of such a charge was experienced. To satisfy this curiosity it was determined to fire one of them off.

The night before this trial was made I was on guard. In making my rounds, just after sunset, I found a ten-pound cartridge which had been carelessly overlooked when those spread out to dry in the sun had been taken in. It might rain before morning, and it was too late to get into the magazine; so I took out the tompion of one of the 24-pounder guns, crammed in the cartridge, and replaced the tompion, intending to take it out again in the morning. Of course I forgot; and the gun was the one selected for the experiment. I was up there myself, and very much interested in the result. The tompion was removed, the gun was aimed and depressed, and then fired. It was a capital shot. The surface of the water was churned into foam all around the wharf, but the gun behaved in an unaccountable manner. There was an unusual amount of smoke. Part of the parapet was blown away, and the gun recoiled to and over the counter-hurters, and then turned a kind of hand-spring to the rear, to the amazement of the gunners and the officer in charge. Just as she was on the turn, I remembered the cartridge. The officer in command charged No. 2 with having failed to remove the tompion. This he easily refuted by producing the tompion. Then science was appealed to. Paper, pencils, and formulæ were produced, and much figuring was indulged in. This soon disclosed the cause of the disaster; the charge should have been diminished. Everybody was satisfied with the solution, and I thought it would be a pity to spoil such a fine demonstration. At the same time, I was not convinced of its correctness.

Another laughable device was known as "Wittyman's *cheval-de-frise*." Wittyman was a kind of carpenter. He was a German by birth, and had never mastered the English language sufficiently well to understand technical descriptions. The captain of Wittyman's company was convinced that the fort could be successfully assaulted, after the gate was battered down, by landing parties all around the work on the five or six feet of rip-rapping between the water and the foot of the scarp, and then rushing round simultaneously to the gate. To prevent the rushing, he proposed to place a *cheval-de-frise* across the rip-rapping at each end of the gorge wall. So he sent for Wittyman, and ordered two *chevaux-de-frise*. Wittyman knew no more about *chevaux-de-frise* than he did about parallelopipedons. Explanatory descriptions and

illustrations were now in order. The captain was a deft draughtsman, and Witty man soon got an idea; that itwas a wrong one was not immediately apparent. He gave it bodily form and placed it in position, such as it was. I shall not attempt to describe it. Suffice it to say that it was a source of amusement to the garrison during the siege. Whenever a man felt particularly hungry or specially blue, he would step around and take a look at Wittyman's masterpiece, and he was sure to forget his misery in roars of laughter. Nor was that the only good effect it had: there is no telling how much influence it had in preventing an assault. It puzzled the rebels very much. Not a steamer or small boat passed the fort but every glass on board would be leveled at the nondescript. And they never found out what it was. After the fighting was all over, some rebels, who expressed a wish to see the corner which was so nearly breached, and were told they might go round and look at it, hesitated a moment, and glancing furtively at Wittyman's production, remarked, "It's mined, ain't it?" They were assured it was not, but the nondescript was too much for their curiosity: they didn't go. Some of the men, probably Wittyman himself, unwilling that the mysterious defense should become known to the enemies of his country, soon afterward removed it and threw the fragments into the water.

Our experience with hand-grenades at Moultrie had been so satisfactory that we developed the idea at Sumter, and made grenades an important feature in the defense. Sumter was admirably adapted to their use. We prepared and distributed large numbers of them about the work, principally 10-inch and 12-pounder shells. The larger shells were intended to be used from the parapet, and the smaller from the loopholed windows in the gorge wall. We had improved upon the Moultrie idea. Instead of using time fuses, which would be impracticable in action, we used lanyards and friction-primers. The shells were loaded with heavy bursting charges, and wooden plugs were driven in the fuse-holes; gimlet-holes were then bored in the plugs and friction-primers inserted. Lanyards of spun yarn or marline, fifty-five feet long, were fastened at convenient intervals on the parapet, and prepared grenades were stowed under a convenient bomb-proof shelter. To throw a grenade, it was lifted on the parapet, the lanyard was hooked into the eye of the primer, and the shell was permitted to roll over; it descended the length of the lanyard, when the primer was fired and the shell exploded, just five feet above the ground. It would be difficult to conceive of a simpler or more destructive weapon for repelling an assault; we tried several, and they worked admirably. The smaller grenades were similarly prepared. They were stored away in the back casemates along the gorge wall.

In the early days of our sojourn in Sumter it was pleasant to see little children around; but it was not always free from danger, as the

following incident will show. One day a great racket was heard in an empty upper room; it had been going on for some time, and seemed to be getting more boisterous. At last somebody went up to see what was going on. He found three or four children there, having a famous time rolling improvised ten-pins. The game, however, had to be stopped. The balls they were rolling were 12-pounder shells, loaded, primed, and ready for use as hand-grenades.

I shall never forget these shells. After the firing was over, the grenades were still on hand; not one had been used, as no assault had been made. For some reason or another the major did not wish the rebels to get the idea of the grenades. He could not honorably throw them overboard, so he ordered the primers to be drawn. To draw the primer from a loaded shell is about as dangerous as to extract the fangs from a rattlesnake. Yet we had to do it, and did do it. It would be difficult to hire men to do that kind of work.

The barrel-grenade was a device similar to the shell-grenade. It consisted of a barrel filled with stones broken to the size of road-metal, having a demijohn or canister containing a large charge of powder in the centre. The barrel was headed up, and looked harmless enough. It was fired by a friction-primer and lanyard, as described for the shell-grenade. Only a few barrel-grenades were prepared. We never tried but one as an experiment; it worked splendidly.

The rebels had an idea that Sumter was mined all over, and that we could blow it out of existence at pleasure. This idea arose out of a misinterpretation of observed facts. In fortifying against assault, we had observed that the sills of the embrasures were less than five feet above the rip-rapping. Parties were therefore set to work to excavate pits in front of the embrasures, some two or three feet deep. This operation was observed and misunderstood by the rebels: they supposed we were planting mines in front of the scarp.

As a matter of fact, there were only two mines planted at Sumter, and they were in the wharf. As already stated, the wharf was the most likely muster-ground for an assaulting column. If the rebels should determine to assault, and should land on the wharf, which darkness might enable them to do, to be able to blow them out of existence in a moment would be a manifest advantage to the defense. Consequently two pits were dug in the wharf,—which was of masonry, filled in with rubbish, and paved,—one near each end, and a five-gallon demijohn filled with powder was placed in each. A wooden trough, containing the lanyard and a powder-hose, connected the mines with the interior of the work under the wharf pavement. The lanyard was attached to the eyes of primers inserted in gimlet-holes bored through the stoppers of the demijohns, so that a single pull fired both mines simultaneously. The powder-hose was an auxiliary arrangement intended for use if the primers should fail. It terminated in a

well about two feet deep just inside the main gate. The well was covered with a large flat stone, to guard against accidents. The lanyard, after entering the fort, divided into many branches leading to various points within the work. As no assault was made, we had no opportunity of testing the efficiency of our mines, and during the excitement of the bombardment they were almost forgotten.

In this connection a rather touching incident occurred. The bombardment was over. The barracks were still on fire, and sentinels were posted to keep over-curious Carolinians at a distance. There were thousands of them, in all kinds of craft, from steamboats to canoes, around the fort; but none were permitted to land. Our old acquaintance the ex-Prussian officer was again on post,—the same post on the wharf. He was in full uniform, and, as usual, fully impressed with the dignity of his position; in fact, rather more than usual, for his bearing had a heroic element in it hard to account for. He was hungry, we all knew that, and tired and weary, as we all were; for he had just had thirty-six sleepless hours of the hardest kind of work. Yet there he was, stately as a guardsman, and evidently happy. His orders were to keep everybody away from the wharf; they must not be permitted to approach it within two hundred yards. It was some time before we found out the cause of his elation. We had all forgotten that the wharf was mined; but he had not. He was on the post of danger, and he knew it. There were some three feet of live coals on the top of the stone which covered the free end of the powder-hose. The gallant Prussian knew that fact too, and supposed that he was posted there to see that people kept far enough away to escape destruction when the wharf blew up. It was not for him to remind his officer that there was a sleeping volcano under his feet. He was a soldier, and knew how to obey. Poor fellow! he was fond of beer, and quarrelsome in his cups, but God help the heart that cannot warm to such a man.

Unanimous as the people of South Carolina are supposed to have been in favor of secession, there were some loyal men among them. I remember one specimen, who, although Irish by birth, had spent his best years in the State. He was now hard on to sixty years of age, and fairly well off for a man of his station in life. He was a drayman and owned quite a number of teams, which he let for hire. When Captain Foster commenced work on Fort Moultrie a good deal of hauling had to be done, and McInerry, the drayman, willingly let his carts for the purpose. This displeased the rebels, and a committee waited upon him and demanded that he withdraw his teams. The committee reminded him that he was a citizen of South Carolina, and that patriotism demanded that he should not help the enemies of his State.

"A citizen of South Caroliny is it?" replied the drayman. "Faith, and do ye suppose I crassed the broad Atlantic to become a citizen of only one Shtate?"

Of course McInerry's motives may not have been unmixed with mercenary considerations in that transaction, but the following is believed to be pure. There was a tobacco famine in Sumter. A piece of tobacco was almost worth its weight in gold. This condition of ours had got abroad in some way, or lovers of the weed had guessed at it, and one generous donation was received from a leading manufacturer in New York. But that supply was exhausted, and we were as badly off as ever again. One Sunday a small boat was observed leaving Sullivan's Island, and coming in the direction of Sumter. It had no white flag, and contained only three men. When it got within five hundred yards of the fort it was hailed by the sentinel and ordered off, a shot being fired in front of it as a warning. The boat stopped, and the figure in the stern-sheets commenced gesticulating violently, and no doubt shouting, although we could not make out what he said. At last he seemed to give it up. He ceased gesticulating and sat down. Then some inexplicable proceedings were indulged in, and presently a large white flag was displayed, and the rowers resumed pulling toward the fort. The sentinel reported "Flag of truce approaching," and the officer of the day ordered a boat away to receive it. But the flag of truce was too quick for him. While he was yet talking it came sweeping around the corner of the fort, and in an instant had hold of the wharf with a boat-hook. The officer of the day was furious at this irregular proceeding. He ordered the boat to cast off at once, on pain of being fired into. "Fire away if ye loik, and divil a hair I care!" said McInerry, for he it was in the stern-sheets of the boat. "Do ye suppose that afther ruining my Sunday shirt by tearing the tail aff for a white flag, that I'm going to be driven away like a dog without givin' the by's the tobaky?" Meantime, he was throwing plugs of tobacco ashore to the men. After distributing in this way a good armful of navy plug he dropped away, without waiting for thanks, and the officer of the day promptly withdrew, in order that the men might have an opportunity of expressing themselves without committing a breach of discipline in his presence. This they did with a will, and many hearty cheers were sent after the generous and loyal Irishman, who had risked his life and ruined his Sunday shirt on their behalf. Poor McInerry! I saw him in 1872 sweeping the streets of Charleston.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE recent riots in Cincinnati have taught anew the necessity of a well-organized and disciplined militia. Whatever may have been the short-comings of the military force summoned to the rescue of the city from the reign of terror which for three days appalled its inhabitants, the fact remains, that it was only through the instrumentality of the military that order was restored. That their work might have been better done, that had they been better drilled and better disciplined they would have accomplished the result they strove for in better style, and with less waste of life and ammunition, goes without saying; but this fact only emphasizes the lesson,—one of several lessons—which the lamentable occurrence teaches, and which we have already indicated. Members of the Peace Society, and goody-goody people of all names and creeds, wring their hands over these periodically recurring eruptions of lawlessness, and weakly declare their belief that the like will never occur again, and so seek to excuse their opposition to the formation and support of military organizations, and to all measures for the improvement of their efficiency. But statesmen and legislators ought to recognize and profit by the teachings of experience, and in their several spheres of action, State or national, they should give every well-considered measure for the improvement of the military arm, including both the militia and the regular army, their earnest and hearty support. In respect of riots the attitude of the State forces and of the regular army is exactly the reverse of what it is in case of war. In the latter, the regulars are the first line, and the militia the reserve; but in the suppression of riots the State forces are the first resource, and the national troops are resorted to only in the event of the insufficiency of the former to cope with the emergency. Within a few years we have had examples of the need of both the State and national forces in the suppression of rioters, and it is perfectly well established that both are essential for the preservation of internal order as well as for the national defense. On several occasions since the war efforts have been made to induce Congress to do something for the militia, but without success; and there is now pending a bill providing for an increase of the annual appropriation for arming and equipping the militia, which seems to hang fire, but which ought

to pass. When it is considered that no increase in the annual appropriation for this object has been made since the passage of the first bill in 1808, the country meanwhile having vastly increased in population, with, of course, a corresponding increase in the number of its militia, the reasonableness of the proposed increase of appropriation is sufficiently manifest. Of course much more needs to be done to improve the efficiency of the militia than is comprised in an increase of the annual appropriation for arming and equipping it, and much, we are glad to know, is being done in many of the States towards making it an efficient and reliable resource, whether in case of internal disorders or of actual war; but the failure of Congress to pass the bill now before it will measurably increase the difficulties with which the militia is beset in its struggles to attain a higher plane of efficiency, while its passage would be both a substantial assistance and a note of encouragement to continued endeavor.

THE British campaign in the Soodan seems to be at an end. With the exception of a small force left to hold Suakiw with the assistance of the fleet, the troops composing General Graham's column are being transported to the stations from which they were collected, and all further military operations are at least suspended, if not definitely abandoned. Meanwhile, General Gordon, having got himself bottled up in Khartoom, is apparently to be left to take care of himself as best he may. He finds his former influence with the sheiks and tribesmen much weakened, if, indeed, it may be said to longer exist in any considerable degree; and yet it is unquestionably to moral rather than physical resources that he must look to "pluck the flower safety from the nettle danger." The little reliance which he can place on the troops composing his force is well exemplified by the miserable cowardice displayed by them on the occasion of a recent sortie made by him against the beleaguering rebels. His situation would seem to be one of grave peril, his best chance of safety lying apparently in the division of sentiment which is said to exist among the chiefs of the so-called rebellion.

OFFICERS of the army have not failed to note the quiet force which has marked the administration of the War Office under Secretary Lincoln, and to be most favorably impressed with the dignified, intelligent, and impartial manner in which its duties have been discharged. While entirely removed from the arena of partisan politics, they are keen observers of political events, and it may be said that all of them, irrespective of party affiliation, welcome most heartily the signs of a growing disposition on the part of the Republican masses to demand for the

honored chief of the department under which they serve either the first or the second place on the ticket to be voted for at the coming national election. While recognizing in its full extent the magic of the name he bears, they, better than most others, recognize also that he owes far less to that adventitious circumstance than to the inherent strength of mind and character which is his both by heredity and self-culture. The possession of a name made illustrious by a father is perhaps quite as much an obstacle as an aid to the achievement of great success in life. It can at best but assist in giving opportunity, for all beyond that it rather hampers than helps, in that it seems to exact from its wearer a measure of greatness conformed to a standard that may be, under the changed conditions of his life,—as contrasted with his father's, —entirely unattainable. The army, while yielding to none in its veneration of the immortal name he bears, honors and respects Mr. Lincoln for himself, and would rejoice to hail him in a more immediate sense than now its chief and head.

ACTIVE preparations are on foot in Philadelphia for the unveiling on July 1st of the equestrian statue of General John F. Reynolds, which is to be placed on the north front of the new Public Buildings, now nearing completion in that city. General R. Biddle Roberts, now of Chicago, formerly colonel of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, will be the orator of the occasion, and the Reserve Association have fixed their annual reunion for the same date in order to co-operate with the Reynolds Monument Association in the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of the statue. It is expected that the attendance will be large, including besides the survivors of the Reserves many representatives of the other commands which served under Reynolds, his surviving classmates at the Military Academy, and others.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

"FAMOUS AND DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD," Captain Charles King's new book, has just been issued from the press of Messrs. J. C. McCurdy & Co., and more than meets the expectation which Captain King's previous successes in authorship had aroused. In "The Colonel's Daughter," and in "Kitty's Conquest," the two military novels originally published as serials in THE UNITED SERVICE, and subsequently in book form by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Captain King had shown grace of diction, beauty of description, and an imagination so vivid and yet chastened as to impress the creations of his brain with an effect of realism that makes them, like Dickens's characters, actual entities to the reader's

mind. In the new field which Captain King has now attempted there was needed a qualification, the possession of which his former successes did not necessarily imply,—the faculty of close and accurate study. In writing of the great battles comprised within the limits of authentic history he was dealing with real persons and events,—persons and events, moreover, that have been the theme of the poet, the painter, the orator, and the historian. Here, if ever, the writer must "hew to the line," and, discarding the suggestions of fancy, keep himself within the limits of ascertained facts. Captain King has amply filled this condition of success, and his studies of the great battles of antiquity no less than those of modern times will bear the closest historical criticism, while, clothed upon, as they have been, with all the author's grace and picturesqueness of style, they are the most spirited and entertaining accounts of the great events they describe of which we have any knowledge. Combining thus the solid meat of history with the piquant sauce of an easy and vivacious style, this book furnishes the reader profit and pleasure in a degree seldom equaled. At the family fireside, and in the student's closet, it will be alike welcome, and we are much mistaken if it shall not largely enhance the reputation of the writer.

The publishers have spared neither pains nor expense in the make-up of the book. It is handsomely printed on good paper, and is profusely illustrated with maps, cuts of arms and armor, pictures of notable battle scenes, and vignettes of celebrated soldiers. Its price in cloth, with gold and black ornaments, is $3.00; in leather (library style), $3.75.

We are informed that the first edition of *The Manhattan* for April was exhausted within five days after its issue. The sales of the last two numbers have been more than three times as large as those of any month previous to January. This magazine seems to be phenomenally successful, considering that it is now but a year old.

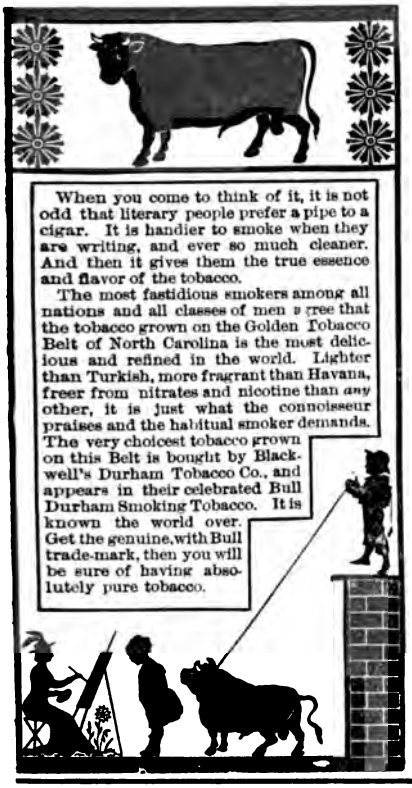
General James S. Brisbin, United States Army, of Fort Keogh, Montana, has prepared and printed ten thousand complete sets of information regarding Montana and the Northwest. This information is comprised in two pamphlets, maps, charts, and circulars. Persons desiring to remove from the East to the West, or who think of visiting the West on business or pleasure, and who wish to secure accurate advice, would do well to send for General Brisbin's books. Stock-raising, farming lands, coal lands, railroad lands, timber, mining, grazing, the National Park, and reduced rates of fare, are all treated in General Brisbin's work. The complete set can be had by sending one dollar to pay cost of printing and postage to the author at Fort Keogh, Montana.

In the U. S. Circuit Court in Maryland, it was, on the 10th of March, 1884, adjudged and decreed that a perpetual injunction be issued against Louis E. Wetter, and eighteen others, restraining them from imitating the labels of the Rumford Chemical Works, manufacturers of Horsford's Rumford Yeast Powder, and also from using their old bottles.

The defendants were required to bring into court all fraudulent labels, and all imitation powder, for destruction.

It was decreed that the Rumford Chemical Works be entitled to receive the profits which have been diverted from it by reason of the infringement, and the defendants were ordered to pay all costs.

Thus is another victory scored for the Rumford Chemical Works, who, not long since, caused several parties to be heavily fined for violating the injunction of the Supreme Court restraining all persons from offering for sale "Acid Phosphate" (so called) in any package which shall be a substantial or colorable imitation of Horsford's Acid Phosphate.



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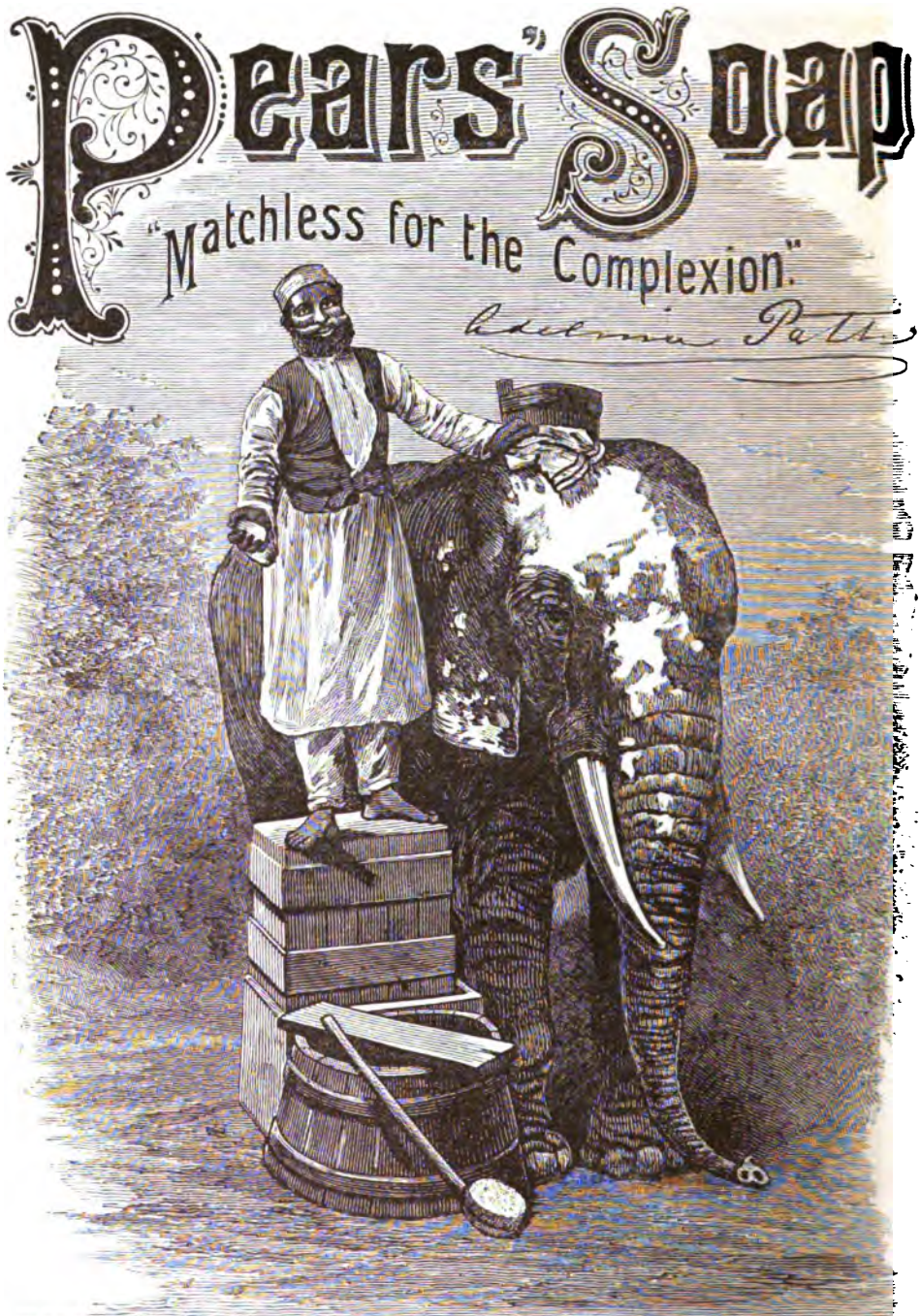

THE REAL SECRET OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

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UNITED SERVICE.

JUNE 1884.

A CHAPTER ON THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

THE present juncture in Anglo-Egyptian affairs is a singular instance of vagueness and indefiniteness of purpose in both politics and war. In outline, the policy of the British nation is, plainly enough, to protect and advance the civilization of Egypt; in detail, it is to benefit Egypt, to benefit the world, or to benefit the British Empire, according as its guiding principle is Egypt for the Egyptians, Egypt for humanity, or Egypt for the British.

Under the first assumption, the policy is perfectly unselfish; under the second, inasmuch as one-sixth of the habitable world is British, imperfectly unselfish; under the third, purely selfish. As it is only with the correct notion on this point that current events in Egypt can be intelligently followed, it is the purpose of the writer to show, for the benefit of such few as may need to be shown it, which of the foregoing assumptions is the valid one.

As regards its selfishness or unselfishness, we shall have to judge of the end by the means. It is a presumption against the unselfishness of an end that the means are selfish. Now, Great Britain, in its doctoring of Egypt, finds it necessary to dismember it of the Soudan. By so doing it deprives Egypt of a possible source of wealth and power, and creates an opportunity of helping itself to it, of which opportunity it has to some extent availed itself already. The Soudan has, so far, been of no substantial benefit to Egypt; it has, perhaps, cost her more than it has rendered her; but, whether Egypt would or would not lose by parting with it, Great Britain would gain by the acquisition of it, or of a judiciously-chosen part of it. Egypt, moreover, cannot but lose by relinquishing her claim to it. All that is needed by the Soudan

to become a source of wealth is a sensible government and administration, both of which could be as easily established and maintained in the Soudan as they can in Egypt proper. Why are they not? Either because their expense, at least for a time, would have to be covered by the British exchequer, without yielding any commensurate advantage, or because, involving as they would the maintenance of Egyptian or Anglo-Egyptian supremacy, they would be either an injustice to the Soudan, whose subjection to Egypt has never been more than nominal, or a misfortune to the world at large, or, in the long run, a disadvantage to Egypt. In other words, it is out of consideration for the British, or for humanity, or for the Egyptians.

Perceiving not only that every nation is essentially selfish, but that our venerable mother-country stands pre-eminent among nations for that trait, I am constrained to refer her remissness to the selfish reason.

"The British government never dreamt of the abandonment of the Soudan until it became plainly obvious that only its active interference could save it. . . .

"The reconstruction of the Egyptian government included a bureau for dealing with its affairs."—*Blackwood.*

The release of the Soudan out of consideration for humanity, is, in the light of British history, to say the least, improbable.

When has Great Britain ever served the cause of humanity, with humanity, for the sake of humanity? Was it in 1783–84, when in the West she reluctantly let go an outraged and indomitable colony, while in the East she planted her heel on an unformed, inoffensive community of barbarians? Was it in 1793, when (albeit through error of judgment rather than depravity of instinct) she gave her gold and her sympathy to the implacable enemies of civil liberty and self-government? Was it in 1854, when, for the security of her Oriental plunder, she preserved by force of arms to one or two million Turks the privilege of oppressing and plundering eight million Christians? Was it from 1861 to 1865, when she might, with a plausible plea of humanity, have become the open ally of either American belligerent, instead of which she skulked away from both, and opened in an aggression upon helpless China? Or was it a few years ago, when she bullied the Zulus for simply being better prepared for war than an adjoining British colony?

It may seem that it was in 1827, when Greece was liberated, through European intervention, from Turkish tyranny and oppression. There was as much humanity in this as there is charity in giving alms to an importunate beggar, and no more. The simple truth is that Europe was sick and tired of Turkish brutality. Had the Turks contented themselves with tyrannizing on the European plan, there would have been no battle of Navarino. And in 1877 it was the nausea from the Bulgarian atrocities rather than approbation of the just cause of the Rus-

sians that stayed the hand of British power, which hand it was, in 1878, which prevented the rescue of the last four million Christians from Turkish thraldom.

If commiseration with the Soudan had been the cause of forcing Egypt to part with it, the British powers would not now be planning the spoliation of it, and a part, if not all, the kindly interest which they are taking in Egypt proper would be apportioned to the Soudan. This would be the case, too, if, with a broader magnanimity, the British government had a view to the advancement of civilization in general or to the good of the world at large; for it can hardly have failed to see that there are greater possibilities for Upper and Lower Egypt united than separate and independent, and that there is a needier and no less promising subject for its philanthropy about the head-waters of the Nile than there is about the delta. Moreover, how can this plea of humanity face the obvious fact that the independence of the Soudan means the license of the slave-trade? Which deserves the more to be humanely treated by their common master, the slave-master or the slave? If the latter, then the cause of humanity, no less than the interest of Egypt, demands the retention and "reconstruction" of the Soudan. It is proposed, however, to counteract the advantage to the slave-trade of Soudanese independence by a sort of obstruction, of which more hereafter. I would say here: I know of nothing in the past, I see nothing in the present, I believe in nothing in the future to prove that the British government, in the political liberation of twelve millions of people, can be actuated solely, or even primarily, by humanity.

As to considerations for Egypt, when has Great Britain ever seen the benefit to herself of parting with a province, colony, or possession of any kind? Her case, however, has never been quite parallel to the one in point; so I will not question her sincerity on the ground of inconsequence. But I cannot ignore the fact that she is thinking seriously already of retaining a strip of the Red Sea littoral for the security of her passage to India, which she would not be doing had she not previously effected its abandonment by Egypt. With respect to the Soudan, she defends this confiscation on the ground of its antagonism to the slave-trade. But the British government cannot expect to remove this inward sore by external cutting and plastering; the best it can do is to make it less offensive to the outside world. Such unskillful treatment is unworthy of the most experienced commercial doctor of the world.

A rational measure for putting an end to the iniquity would be to encourage some other trade or trades, so that they shall prove more certain and remunerative. With Cairo in the hands of the Egyptians, Suakim in the hands of the British, and Massowa in the hands of the Egyptians or Abyssinians, what chance is there of the Soudan's getting

a start in any trade that depends—as every legitimate trade from the Soudan must—upon free and rapid communication with the outside world? A slight knowledge of the commercial theory and practice of these prospective port-wardens of the Soudan will enable any one to appreciate how small it is, especially as compared with what it would be were these ports all open and in easy and rapid communication with the interior. I say this in spite of the pledge of Mr. Gladstone before the House of Commons (July 24, 1882) to "promote a settlement of Egyptian affairs based upon the maintenance of international right, based upon the avoidance of every selfish purpose and design."

Another gradual extinguisher would be to deny to slavery the protection of the law; in other words, to make it impossible to recover a fugitive slave through the courts. This measure proved itself efficacious in India; we know how effective it would have proved in our own country.

A measure perhaps indispensable to the absolute termination of the slave-trade is the raising of the people above the toleration of the harem, since the institution affords a home market for a class of female slaves which I believe are not given to running away. The accomplishment of this difficult reform might be intrusted in part to the public schools, and in part to the force of example of monogamy at home and abroad.

To reconcile her interests with those of humanity, Great Britain should have restored the Soudan to Egypt, and then settled with Egypt for Suakim; for the slave-trade is more favored by the independence of the Soudan than it could be damaged by the blockade of every port on the African coast. To return to the British-Egyptian relations, Egypt, it may be said, has reason to be grateful to Great Britain for the services rendered as a police by her military force. Perhaps she has. Great Britain stepped in between the party in power and a rebellious opposition in time to prevent the supremacy of the latter. How far that deliverance entitles her to the gratitude of the Egyptian government and of the Egyptian people it is hard to say, seeing that she has herself as effectually destroyed the authority of the Khedive and the *status quo* which she intervened to preserve as Arabi Pacha could have done. It remains to be seen how her rule will compare with the superseded, and with the prevented rule. Furthermore, how far Great Britain is responsible for the riot and rebellion which she suppressed, and for the perhaps more serious rebellion which she has not suppressed, is a matter about which little is known, and upon which must in part depend her title to the gratitude of her *protégé*.

"Personally, neither Ismail Pacha nor his ministers, with rare exceptions, had the slightest abstract objection to the slave-trade, or the most remote reluctance to sharing in its profits. But at this period

[upon his accession in 1863], it was a great object to the viceroy to enlist in his favor the sympathies of the European powers, and especially of England. He conceived that there was no better and cheaper way of obtaining this object than by appearing before the world in the character of the suppressor of the Central African slave-trade. In order to sustain this character, two distinguished Englishmen, of whom I have spoken [Baker and Gordon], were intrusted successively with the governorship of the Soudan. If they had carried out the real wishes of their employer, they would have contented themselves with issuing proclamations against the traffic in human flesh and would have connived practically at its continuance. The governors, however, understood their mission in a different light, and both of them made a vigorous, and to a great extent a successful, attempt to suppress the slave-trade. Unfortunately, though he destroyed for the time a cruel abuse, he did nothing to establish a new order of things in lieu of the old social order (vicious and pernicious, if you like, but still an order), which rested on the slave-trade as its basis. Whether he *could* have done anything is a different question; as a matter of fact, he did nothing, and the net result of the Baker and Gordon *régimes* in the Soudan was to disorganize the existing institutions of the country, to render all its powerful elements hostile to Egyptian rule, and to bring about a state of things under which the Mahdi's insurrection became a possibility."

While not reproaching the British people for the conscientious efficiency of their servants, one cannot but condemn the entailing of their employment and disingenuous disacknowledgment of so doing.

However, Britannia is doing more good perhaps in Egypt than merely undoing her own mischief. The question is, is it love or self-love that prompts her? Before intervening between Arabi and Tewfik, did she inquire into the import of their quarrel, as regards the destiny of Egypt, and satisfy herself that the balance of right and patriotism was on the side of the Khedive? She did not. What was it, if not self-interest, that excluded from her mind so natural a preliminary? It might well have proved more than an empty form.

A recent contributor to the *Westminster Review* expresses himself in this regard as follows:

"It is evident that any circumstance which would prevent British influence from being felt at all at Cairo would be regarded as a serious evil, and that it was not merely because Arabi was at the head of a very threatening revolt against the Khedive that we went with arms to Egypt, but that any revolt against the ruler of that country might in the end prove inimical to the interests of Britain. If these principles were not at the root of our policy, we do not understand our policy at all. We cannot see why we, why Europe, should have thought armed intervention necessary in Egypt unless there were other interests

involved than those of a weak ruler and an insurgent national party. Indeed, apart from our own interests, our whole sympathy ought to have been with the wordy programme of Arabi and his accomplices; and we think it would be wrong to shut our eyes to the fact that, had we not interfered, had we not overthrown the power of Arabi, which had come to such a sudden height, the result to the people of Egypt might have been as happy as it will be under the British tinkered rule of Tewfik, and much happier than it would be if we quitted the country and allowed the old order of things to take the place which it used to occupy. It is true that foreigners would have been excluded from the country; it is true that Turko-Circassians would have been excluded from the offices which they had for years monopolized; it is true that there might have been a massacre of the Copts; but that ultimately the condition of the fellahin would have been improved seems to us more than probable. The reason of our interference, the right we had to interfere, was that we had vital interests in Egypt, and that these interests were safer in the hands of Tewfik, strengthened and supported by our countenance and guidance, than in any other hands. The reason of our meddling in the organization of public departments—of law courts, of police, of army—is that the order and well-being of the mass of the inhabitants of the country is a condition of orderly and quiet government, and that our interests are bound up with the internal peace and the rule of law in Egypt."

To judge of how Egypt would be affected by the loss of the Soudan, one must understand the importance to her of a control of the Nile, at least as far south as Khartoum. In order to this understanding, one must bear in mind that the Nile is not a mere water-way, that it is the fellah's rain and compost, and that unless watched and regulated it may be a calamity instead of a blessing. Now there is at Khartoum a contrivance called a Nilometer, which measures the height of the water in the Nile. The telegraphing of this measurement day by day to Cairo foretells there every approaching flood twenty-four or twenty-five days in advance. There is another at Berber, at the confluence of the Nile and the Atbara. It is to the Atbara, it seems, that the Nile is mainly indebted for its fertilizing qualities. The loss of the Soudan, which involves the loss of the greater part of the Nile, including its every tributary stream, involves also the loss of control over its main waters. If this is not death to Egypt it is the next thing to it: it is the loss of every assurance of life. It was no doubt with this view of the matter that Cherif Pacha, the late Prime Minister of Egypt, resigned his portfolio rather than accede to the surrender of the Soudan.

Irrespectively, now, of the release or the retention of that province, is it possible to reconcile a generous feeling for Egypt with the apathy of the British government as regards the relief of the Egyptian

garrisons? Only a few days ago the commander of the garrison at Kassala telegraphed that he had supplies but for one month, and asked to be relieved. Subsequently to this the force at Suakim was transferred to the delta, and a few days later we read in the press dispatches,—

"The Haddendowas, reinforced by survivors of Osman Digna's army, are investing Kassala. They fire heavily into the town every night. The governor of Kassala asks for British relief."

"The governor of Kassala is asking daily for assistance. He reports that many Bashi-Bazouks have joined the rebels, and that the garrison is in a panicky state."

How different is the demeanor of the British government from what it would be if its heart were in its work, as would be the case were the late garrisons of Sinkat, Shendy, and Tokar and the present garrisons of Berber, Sennaar, Kassala, and Khartoum British instead of Egyptian! The true British way of suppressing a rebellion and punishing rebels is to be judged from the methods employed in the suppression of the Sepoy mutiny. There seemed to be a tending toward it a few weeks ago, when Admiral Hewett offered a reward for Osman Digna's head.

Sir Samuel White Baker says, "If the Soudan were abandoned the following consequences would assuredly ensue, which would ultimately endanger the existence of the more civilized country,—Lower Egypt. The entire Soudan, which is inhabited by many and various races, would relapse into complete anarchy and savagedom. A constant civil war would be waged, cultivation would be interrupted, trade would cease. The worse elements of debased human nature (which must be seen to be understood in those regions) would be uncontrolled, and the whole energies of the population would be concentrated in the slave-trade. The White Nile—where General Gordon has devoted the best years of his life, and where I laid the foundation before him, in the hope that the seeds then sown would at some future day bear fruit—would become the field for every atrocity that can be imagined. Even those naked savages believed on promises that England would protect them from slavery.

"They would be abandoned to every conceivable outrage, and the slave-hunting would recommence upon a scale invigorated by the repression of the last thirteen years, but suddenly withdrawn.

"The anarchy of the Soudan would call upon the scene another power,—Abyssinia. The march from Gallabat upon Khartoum is the most certain movement, and could hardly be resisted, if well organized.

"A portion of the Soudan would certainly be annexed by Abyssinia. Other portions, after long civil conflict, would have determined themselves into little kingdoms, and the whole would be hostile forces beyond the Egyptian frontier. The state of tension would entail the

necessity of a military force in Egypt that would be a crushing burden upon her revenue."

A strong point in favor of the plea of British disinterestedness in Egypt is, to some minds, the earnest desire of the British government to withdraw its forces from Egypt at the earliest opportunity. Until we know what it regards as an opportunity we cannot say that this desire arises from a respect for Egyptian interests or Egyptian self-respect, or that it does not arise from a regard for British interests, financial or political. As regards British interests, the financial are much less a consideration than the political, for the cost of the military occupation of Egypt will be borne largely, if not wholly, by Egypt. As to political interests, the readiness to withdraw is perhaps attributable to a jealous apprehension of doing Egypt too much good by remaining,—of making her something more than a buffer between Great Britain and its India-coveting enemies.

It would be a singular retribution of fate if, in the course of events, the political nursling that Great Britain is forcing upon Egypt, to the exclusion of her own offspring, to be reared as a political henchman, forever to watch and ward her India-and-England water-way, should, despite British surveillance, grow into a sturdy, self-sufficient, independent nation, and—the leopard changing his spots—Turkey should do like Egypt, and these two powers, with the co-operation of Russia and the approval of the rest of the world, should thrust their would-be mistress from their borders, secure her permanent exclusion from their affairs, and provide for the barring of her east-and-west passage at their will.

Such a consummation need not detract one jot from the true grandeur of the British empire; it might only serve to show the vanity of its present Oriental policy. Nevertheless, may it not be a vague pessimistic apprehension of something of this sort that disposes the British government to an early desistance from the political amelioration of Egypt?

To sum up the pros and cons, we have, on the side of evidence of selfishness, the reasons for the abandonment of the Soudan, the mooted confiscation of the Red Sea littoral, the inconsiderate condemnation and suppression of the National party, the apathy toward rebel massacres, the acknowledgment of selfishness by British writers and speakers, the past and contemporary history of Great Britain.

On the side of unselfishness, we have the asseverations of the director of British policy, the eminent British premier, and of other authoritative writers and speakers; the impatience of the government to leave Egypt to herself.

Not even the strictest fairness, I think, requires further argument on these grounds.

I believe I have shown, therefore, that Great Britain's guiding

principle in the regeneration of Egypt is not Egypt for the Egyptians, or Egypt for humanity, but Egypt for the British; that the details of its policy are calculated to particularly benefit, not Egypt or the world at large, but the British Empire. The end of its policy is the security of British rule in India. It is not an aggressive or grabbing policy, except incidentally. The British nation is not trying to extend its colonial possessions, except so far as the security of its actual possessions requires. How far *that* may be, heaven only knows. In the carrying out of this policy it will not scruple to damage the interests of any and every other nation.

It is with this understanding of its position that we should look at what it has done, and only with the logic of British self-interest that we can reason therefrom to what it is going to do.

JOHN BIGELOW, JR.,
First Lieutenant Tenth Cavalry, U.S.A.

A NINE-DAYS' WONDER.

After four years of study and hard work it is an agreeable thing to become one's own master again. To be free, to be not quite twenty-four, to have had a crisp sheep-skin presented one by Uncle Sam, and to have earned the right of wearing Uncle Sam's little keepsakes in the form of brand-new shoulder-straps, with field, gules, and bar, minus, is altogether a delightful sensation while it is fresh. The crispness soon leaves the sheep-skin when it has lain in one's trunk for more months than one likes to count, among, if not under, a lot of class-books; and the field, gules, begins to assume rather a blank appearance when the bar still persists in remaining minus.

But these latter contingencies had not presented themselves to the mind of Second Lieutenant Leslie Hardinge, as, on the 3d day of October, he paced the bluff overlooking the bay at his new post, Fort Guardswith. He had only joined a day or two previous. Having graduated in June, his furlough had kept him at home in Massachusetts throughout September, and now he was gradually acquainting himself with his new life and duties. Fort Guardswith being but a "one-company post," Hardinge had made up his mind that he was not destined to have a very lively time of it. But now, as he paced the bluff, with the salt, damp breeze from the ocean fluttering against his face, the sunlight, that seemed to shine alike from blue sky and blue ocean, dancing into his eyes, while he looked down over the cannons that frowned an ever-silent menace across the bay, and listened to the rushing water as it beat against the beach and the sea-wall protecting the old gray fort, he felt that his lot held its own compensations. This thought was dominant in his mind as, turning from the walls of the new fort that towered above the bluff, he began to descend the incline in the direction of the "office." Behind the low frame office-building rose a wooded hill, which crowned the bluff, and at the base and farthest visible end of this shaded knoll, outlined against a dark background of trees, was perched a tiny gray figure, which quickly arrested Hardinge's eye, causing the thought which still lingered in his brain half unconsciously and vaguely to swell to yet more satisfactory proportions.

It was the figure of a slim young girl in a gray dress, with a broad,

black-brimmed hat, from under which a quantity of short, curly yellow hair fluttered about in the wind. It was a very delightful figure, and the pose was grace itself. Hardinge wondered a little as to its identity, slackening his pace that he might keep the pleasing picture in sight as long as practicable.

"Some young lady from one of those pretty places along the road outside the fort," he told himself, knowing the girl was too old to be the daughter of any officer at the post.

As he bestowed upon himself this bit of information the figure laid aside its book, and presently, rising, began a timid and hesitating descent of the steep slope.

"By Jove! she must be rather sure-footed to attempt that," soliloquized Hardinge, doubt mingled with his admiration.

Cautiously the small figure picked its way, "tacking" from right to left rather than proceeding straight downward, until a large clump of late yellow daisies was reached. Hardinge walked a little nearer. "What luck if she should slip and I could rush down to the rescue!" he thought, wickedly.

Now, any one who has ever stood beneath an apple-tree, eying with wistful gaze one round, ripe sphere in particular quite beyond the reach, only to see it on a sudden drop from its snug abode to the ground, as if mesmerized, may be able to grasp some faint realization of Hardinge's half-guilty, wholly-startled sensation on beholding his pretty human "apple" (having tugged too pertinaciously at a long-resisting, suddenly-yielding stem) lose her balance, catch frantically at a few frail tufts of grass, and then begin hopelessly slipping down the steep incline.

In a few seconds Hardinge was at her side, had seized her outstretched hand, and, steadying himself, landed her fairly on her feet once more. Then the two looked at each other. It was impossible for either to restrain a smile.

"Thank you very much," said the girl, a ripple of laughter underlying the polite conventionality of her tone. "I shall be all right again now."

"Better allow me to help you to the top," Hardinge returned. And she acknowledged the wisdom of this advice by silently obeying it.

The young man stole a side glance at her downcast face as they plodded up the slope together. It was not strictly a beautiful face, but it was something infinitely more delightful: it was charming, and eyes, complexion, and hair were perfect. The features were small and somewhat irregular, but the amber-brown eyes were large, and full of a peculiar dancing light that fascinated while it puzzled the beholder.

Hardinge racked his brain during the two or three moments occupied in the ascent to hit upon some plausible excuse for a further inflic-

tion of his society upon the young lady, and finally succeeded only half to his satisfaction.

"If you are fond of those yellow flowers," he said, indicating the two or three daisies his companion still held, "I can, if you will permit me, show you where you might find a quantity of them."

"Thank you," replied the maiden, "but I had better not trouble you. Perhaps you could *tell* me where to look."

"Oh, well—really, I'm afraid I couldn't explain the situation very accurately," Hardinge asseverated, a little blankly. "It would be no trouble, I assure you; I have no duties this afternoon. I—to tell the truth, I have only just come to this place, and am rather strange and awkward yet. It would be a charity if you would let me occupy myself for you. I noticed the flowers this morning down by the beach, —not very far from here,—and thought how much my sister would fancy them."

Hardinge was accustomed to believe that both the cadet-gray and army-blue uniforms were in themselves passports to the respect at least of a young lady, and if, as he had guessed, this particular one was a dweller upon the island, she ought by now to be well acquainted with the virtues of the latter. Still, he scarcely dared believe she would accede to his proposal.

His new acquaintance eyed him in a shy, yet not unfriendly manner. "As you are one of the officers, I think there should be no objection to my going with you," she presently said, with frank *naïveté*. "I ought to know every spot about here myself, as this is my home," she added; "but I have only just returned from school in Massachusetts. It was too bad! I was taken ill, and had to leave soon after the fall term of my last year began."

"But you are going back again?" questioned Hardinge, congratulating himself on the run of luck he was having.

"No; my father says he cannot spare me any more. I have been away since I was ten years old, vacations and all,—eight years' separation. It is a good deal. I have had all the pleasure I ought to expect." And she sighed profoundly.

"Most young ladies think the greater part of their pleasure begins when school-days are over," returned Hardinge, smilingly.

"But then, you know, perhaps I am not a young lady. I have learned since I came here that some people would say *not*," the maiden replied, obscurely.

Hardinge turned his eyes upon her,—upon the dainty figure, the small, clear-featured, oval face, with the soft shadows cast by the heavy lashes upon the delicate cheek; but she was not looking at him, only engaged in a minute inspection of her daisies.

"You are not so very old, to be sure," he ventured. "Still, even now, I believe that I should unquestionably call you a 'young lady.'"

She smiled at him in a puzzling way, and Hardinge hastily rushed upon another subject. Girls under nineteen were, he had heard, confoundedly sensitive about their age,—or youth rather. It was different when they were over twenty-five.

"Well," he began, "I hope that you *may* find a great deal of pleasure in your new home. I hear there are a number of young people on the island."

"They will be of no use to me, of course," the girl retorted, quickly. "But," she continued, in a different and softer tone, "there are other things for me,—the ocean, for instance, and all the ships, great and small, that go by from mysterious somewhere to somewhere. I shall never tire of them. I like, too, to think of the 'somewhere' that they have seen, though I may never see."

"Well, then, since you say you are not going to let the young people of this island be of any use to you, I am very glad that I cannot be counted in the category. I don't belong to the island at all, and I hope that you'll allow *me* to be of use to you. If you will, my belief in the 'law of compensation' will be more firmly fixed than it has been, even within this last half-hour."

"Do you need compensation?" she asked, with a faint emphasis upon the pronoun.

"I was telling myself something to that effect as I came from the fort, a short time ago. But here, I am sorry to say, are the daisies,—*your* 'compensation,' I fear you will call them."

"But *why* are you sorry?" and she looked up with a smile flashing from eyes and lips.

"Because"—bluntly—"I wish they had been farther on."

"Oh!" A short pause. Then, still smiling, yet with an indefinable change in the smile, "Another time, perhaps, I will walk again with you, if, after you have lived here a little longer, you still desire it."

"Thank you," said Hardinge, pleased and puzzled again. But he was already growing used to be puzzled by this girl. "I will claim that promise as early as you'll let me. All the other officers here are old fellows, married, with absorbing interests of their own, and I've been expecting to put in rather a dull time of it. But if you were to take pity on me once in a while, don't you know, I might begin to forget my privations and——"

"'Think ob your *marcies!*'" quoted the young girl, laughing brightly. "Very well; perhaps it may be lawfully my duty to do as you ask. Therefore, don't ask too much, please."

How exactly could it lawfully be considered the duty of a young lady, Hardinge wondered, to amuse a young officer? And why was it that this girl's ideas seemed to assume such different form from those of any other he had ever known? Later, he remembered this last odd speech of hers with a pang, realizing *then* its hidden meaning.

He did not, with all his wondering, forget to thank her; and, later, when again they had climbed the fort road, he recurred to a subject on which he had meant to question her before. "Did you tell me that you had been at school in Massachusetts?" he asked.

"Yes; at a small place near Lynn. My mother used to live there."

"Near Lynn!" Hardinge exclaimed, with as much eagerness as he could well have displayed had he discovered a gold-mine. "Why, my home is at Lynn."

"Is it?" She flushed a little. "I knew nobody at Lynn,—nobody except one or two girls, who came to school from there."

"But you know the place? Really, I think we ought to be friends."

"*I* know that I must go now. Thank you for the flowers. Good-by! I will get my book, which I believe I left on the bank before we met."

He was virtually dismissed; raising his forage-cap, he turned slowly away, leaving his late companion alone to go where she would.

Thinking it over as he walked off, he decided that this chance acquaintanceship had proved so far rather a peculiar one. The girl was essentially a lady. Being so, was it not somewhat—well, somewhat remarkable that she had permitted a stranger thus to walk and talk with her? Having allowed it, how was it that she had with seeming unconsciousness placed an intangible barrier between them, keeping him at so much of a distance that he had not even dreamed of trying to make it less? All this had not occurred to him while in her presence, but now that he pondered upon it with unbiased mind the whole affair looked odd. He had not even asked her her name. What a colossal fool he had been! for how easily he could have brought in such a question under the circumstances, while now, at a second meeting, it might be decidedly embarrassing to do so. He had not given her *his* name, to be sure, but, from one or two little things she had said, he fancied both name and identity were not unknown to her. As it was, he could, by describing her to one of his brother-officers, doubtless find out what he wanted to know; but, somehow, he had a vague feeling against mentioning his "incognita" at all. At any rate he would wait, he thought, until they had met again, as they were not unlikely to do before many days had passed.

A man in the uniform of a soldier, with a corporal's stripes upon his arms, had stood at the brow of the cliff watching the parting of the two young people from a distance, and now he hastened after Hardinge with something white in his hand. "Did you drop this handkerchief, lieutenant?" he asked, saluting. Hardinge took the handkerchief and glanced at it. It was the coarsest sort of cotton, looking much more apt to be the property of the soldier than of the smart young officer.

"No," said Hardinge; "it is not mine. What made you think it was?"

"It lay on the walk where you passed, sir," the corporal answered, in as surly a tone as could be safely employed with an officer. And as he spoke the eyes of the two men met,—Hardinge's surprised and half amused, the soldier's angry and menacing.

"What is your name, corporal?" Hardinge inquired, rather sharply, his amusement merging into some vexation at the man's look and bearing.

"My name is Blood, sir. It's a queer name, and I want you to remember it," said the other, fingering the handkerchief over in a nervous manner.

"Come, come, Blood, see that you don't give cause to have it remembered in a way you won't approve," remarked Hardinge, turning on his heel, and walking off in the direction of his quarters.

The corporal with the sanguinary name looked after him strangely for a moment, and then in his turn sauntered, with a muttered oath or two, down the street, and on toward the office.

As Hardinge sat reading on his piazza, a little later, he heard a tap upon the board partition which formed the dividing line between his quarters and those next door. "Mr. Hardinge," said a high-pitched yet not unmusical feminine voice, following the tap, "I know by the odor of a Vanity Fair cigarette that you are moping in solitude on your piazza, and that you need an invitation to come over here and be amused by me." It was Mrs. Vance, the wife of the only first lieutenant present at the post (the other being "on leave"), and Mrs. Vance had already given Mr. Hardinge to understand that a little harmless flirtation, merely *pour passer le temps*, would not come amiss with her. So, throwing aside his "Vanity Fair," he stepped over the railing which separated the stairways of the piazzas.

Mrs. Vance was looking remarkably pretty, and was not unaware of the fact. She was twenty-four, and had married a man of thirty-seven. It was therefore, perhaps, not a thing to be wondered at that she should be willing to go forth and pluck for herself a few of those "goods" with which the gods had not provided her. In fact, she had become a "type" not unfrequently to be met with in the army. Hardinge she looked upon as a "good," and consequently saw no weighty reason why she should not be provided with him. That all second lieutenants "went down before Mrs. Vance at the first shot" had become a proverb in the —th, and now it merely remained to be seen whether the latest candidate for honors could "hold his own" or not.

"Are you very lonely and homesick, Mr. Hardinge?" she began, with an effective upward glance from her dark eyes into the young man's rather unimpressionable gray ones.

As he replied, Hardinge flashed a backward thought to a certain

small pale face bending over a bunch of yellow daisies, while smiling eyes and mouth both queried, "*Why* are you sorry?" and so answered that he believed he was neither lonely nor homesick. He had fancied he should be both, but now—he was growing a little better acquainted. Did Mrs. Vance know many of the people outside the post?

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Vance, "that they do not like us army people much, although, perhaps, a slight exception may be made in favor of the bachelors, in a mild, 'lawn-tennis' sort of way. When it came to something more serious, it would be a different affair; so I advise you not to fall in love with any island young ladies. Their papas would not approve unless you had papers to show you had come over in the 'Mayflower,' and in the end you would have to come for sympathy to me." It was thus that she liked to turn the wayward current of conversation back to personalities.

But the new candidate proved obtuse, and merely left unasked a question he had thought to put.

The next day there was "tracking drill" to claim his attention through the morning, and, with a repetition of that, plenty of target-practice, and a court-martial that came up (of course he was "recorder"), he had very little time to himself for the ensuing week. He had seen a good deal of Mrs. Vance, and at a garrison hop at Fort Hammerton had met a number of pretty girls, so that altogether the impression made by a certain interesting combination of circumstances with brown eyes and yellow hair had faded perceptibly from his memory.

A week later, however, as he was walking rapidly ferryward, he came in sight of a broad hat which had a familiar look in drooping over short blonde curls, and, quickening his steps a little, he ventured to join the young lady, startling her with his voice at her side. "May I walk with you," he said, "since our paths lie in the same direction?"

She looked up, smiling and flushing a little. "I suppose it would be too much trouble for you to go across the street?"

"Yes, it would by a great deal," in the same tone. "I am too fresh from West Point to be fond of exertion."

"I thought you liked it. You are fond of rescuing young la—young persons from dangerous positions, and you are fond of dancing, I believe. Was it a nice hop at Fort Hammerton the other night?"

"Pretty well. Why, were you there?"

"No; I only heard about it. If one is *in* the world, yet not *of* it, one naturally likes to hear of those who *are*. We danced at school, but I am trying to believe it a vanity and delusion now. That is the way to do when one can't have things, isn't it?" adding quickly, before Hardinge (who was wondering if her father were not a Methodist parson) could reply, "Shall I be in time for the eleven o'clock ferry, do you think?"

"I hope so," said Hardinge, "since I expect to cross on that myself."

"You are surprised, I suppose, because I am going alone; but that is nothing for me. I go very often, and always alone. See! I am going to sell this," and, tearing loose the wrappings of the parcel she held, she displayed to Hardinge a dainty water-color sketch, for which yellow daisies formed a frame. "That is what I wanted those flowers for the other day,—so much that I didn't mind being indebted to a stranger. I can sell little pictures like these at a shop in New York, which makes me meanly wonder at the blindness of its proprietor all the time my purse is being filled."

"Unjust as well as mean, for the picture is beautiful. But do you know I too am going to New York alone, and the idea has just occurred to me that it would be something delightful in the way of a 'lark' if you would lunch with me at Delmonico's. Come, do say you will."

"Mr. Hardinge," the girl began, with a seriousness that drew Hardinge's attention from the fact of her knowing his name, "I do not want you to suppose that it can be to me anything of a '*lark*' to go to New York alone. It is merely as a matter of business that I do it, and a matter of business it must always remain."

Hardinge was silenced, but, in spite of his disappointment, his respect for the girl was increased. At the New York ferry-house they therefore parted, Hardinge having learned that the young lady would return by the four o'clock boat. He had meant to remain in town till later, but now, without mentioning his decision, he suddenly determined to leave at that hour. Afterward he was very glad that he had done so, for there was an accident on the boat,—the bursting of a couple of flues in the boiler,—and a terrible panic among the passengers ensued. Women screamed and fainted, and several leaped into the water, ignorant of what had really taken place, in their blind frenzy of fear. At the sound of the explosion (which told its own story to those who had sense to understand), Hardinge set out to force his way from the bow to the upper stern-deck, where he knew that the young girl had been sitting. He found her clinging to the railing, pale and still, while the frightened crowd jostled her and each other in their wild search for safety from the unknown peril they thought near. "Don't be frightened now," he said; "there is no danger, I trust, except for those who jump into the water." And then, raising his voice, he made an effort, with small success, to reassure the crowd, while the girl laid two trembling hands upon his arm and held it tightly. There was a vague sense of pleasure in the confiding touch and the knowledge that his companion looked to him for protection. Through the ensuing moments, while the boat floated helplessly, and those crushed in the crowd groaned with pain and fear, the two stood side by side, motion-

less and silent, close against the rail. The whole affair was over in fewer moments than they could afterward believe. A boat from Brooklyn had come alongside, rescuing all save one or two of those who had jumped into the water, and taking off the passengers left on board; but after such an experience, passed through together, it was impossible that Hardinge and his companion could ever be to each other quite as mere chance acquaintances again.

"You were very brave," the young man said, as, after having been landed again in New York, they sat waiting for the next boat which would take them to the island.

The girl was secretly dreading the trip, and she had not refused the wine which Hardinge had procured for her from some saloon or drug-shop. "If it had not been for you, I should not have been brave," she answered, with a voice that trembled a little. And yet Hardinge had never learned her name!

They rode together up the straight, quaint country street in the island horse-car, when their second essay on the ferry-boat had ended successfully, and at the fort gates Hardinge rose to get out. "I suppose you go farther on," he said, rather wistfully, half hoping he might be invited to go too, but she merely said, "Yes, a little farther. Good-by! and thanks again for your kindness to me."

That night, as Hardinge sat before the fire he had kindled in his lonely parlor, the girl's face rose before his mental vision, pale and large-eyed with terror, as he had seen it that afternoon, and he was haunted by it,—a not unwelcome ghost. "She is the bravest little thing I ever saw, and perhaps the sweetest," he found himself thinking as the bugle sounded for "tattoo."

The next morning Hardinge was compelled to do a thing which was from all points distasteful to him. During drill Corporal Blood once or twice sulkily pretended to misunderstand his orders, behaving altogether with so much ill-subdued and persistent insubordination that the young officer forthwith ordered him into arrest. It was something which, in his brief experience, he had never had occasion to do before, and he hated the duty with a cordial hatred, especially in the case of Blood, with whom some personal feeling might be supposed to enter. After the drill was ended, he called up the first sergeant to speak with him on the subject of Blood. "What sort of man is he in the battery, sergeant?" he asked. "Has he the reputation of a drinking man? There is a decided peculiarity about his manner which would lead one to suppose something of the kind."

"No, lieutenant," answered the old sergeant, shaking his head mysteriously. "It ain't drink as does it, in my opinion. Blood's smart, and he don't drink no more than common, as I knows on, but he's wicious, wery wicious. If I was any one as he had a spite against, I'd look out fur him, I would,—meanin' no offense, sir."

"Well, he has no occasion for spite against me," returned Hardinge, with indifference.

"There's no tellin' what queer ideas he gets into his head, sir, and that's a fact," the sergeant returned, sententiously. "He's a great friend of the ordnance sergeant's, though, for my part, I can't make out what Shannon sees in him."

Later, when "guard-mounting" also was over, and Hardinge was walking back to his quarters, he came face to face with the colonel's wife, Mrs. Van Buren. She had shown some cordiality to the young officer, and he had liked her, so that now his hand rose alertly to remove his forage-cap, and a smile kindled in eyes and lips, only to be quenched suddenly in utter bewilderment as the lady hurried past him without a recognition.

"Perhaps she is near-sighted," he told himself, while the flush of surprise and mortification faded from his face. "Well, next time will show, at all events, and I've done nothing to cause acute near-sightedness among my friends."

Mrs. Vance sat on her piazza, busy with her crewels, as he ran up the steps at his side of the way. "Good-morning!" he said, half pausing by the railing as he spoke, and wondering if he should tell this friend what had just happened. But the pretty face drooped still lower, the unsmiling cheeks crimsoned, and Mrs. Vance had become near-sighted too.

What had he done to merit this "cut direct," and from Mrs. Vance especially, who had been to him something more than merely kind?

There remained now only the wife of his captain and the post surgeon's pretty bride. Hardinge wondered, with grim humor, if the sudden epidemic would extend to them also, as he shut his front door and sat with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and an expression that was the reverse of amiable spreading over his frank and handsome face.

It was not a delightful outlook, to say the least, thus beginning life at his new post. Well, it was "greatness thrust" upon him. He had done nothing to merit it, and, he told himself, he could "grin and bear it," he supposed, but, "confound it all!" that should not be without his having learned the reason why. He would wait until he should have ascertained the other ladies' line of conduct. He would put himself in their way, and so should soon find out. Without pausing for further reflection, he pulled his forage-cap into place from the angle it had assumed at the back of his head, and started off down the street past Dr. Wheeler's quarters. Mrs. Wheeler and Captain Paulding's wife were on terms of intimacy, as "all the post" knew; and now, as luck would have it, he met them both, strolling arm in arm toward the quarters of the latter. Their conversation was checked with sus-

picious suddenness as he approached, and with guiltily-flushing countenances both ladies "cut him dead."

Hardinge had with custom grown a little hardened to the prevailing fashion now. It was Mrs. Vance's treatment which had hurt him worst, and so, smarting with indignation as he was, it would have been vaguely a disappointment if Mrs. Paulding and her friend had given him no cause of offense against them.

The only panacea left would be in discovering the cause of these repeated insults. Perhaps he might be waited upon by the husband of one of the offended and offending ladies during the day, but, if not, he should take the matter into his own hands, he decided, and ask a plain question in a plain way. He waited until night, and then, as he had been wholly left to himself, he spoke to Vance, whom he met on the way back from "tattoo," and asked him to step into his quarters for a moment.

"Can you, or rather will you, tell me why your wife and the other ladies of the garrison suddenly refuse to bow to me on the street?" he questioned, bluntly, his face a little pale, and his eyes unusually bright.

Mr. Vance's manner underwent a sudden change. He grew constrained and ill at ease immediately. "I have nothing to do with women's quarrels, Hardinge," he said.

"Thanks! I'm glad to know it; but I should also be glad to know what reason they can have for cutting me. Surely I'm aware of none; and no man likes to be condemned unheard."

"Well, no, perhaps not; but there are some matters that don't bear much talking about," Vance said, hesitating.

"Speak out, man, and tell me what it is," Hardinge cried, excitedly.

And Vance spoke out. "It is that affair between you and the ordnance sergeant's daughter that bothers them. I say it's none of their or our business if you choose to find a little amusement in that direction, but they think differently. They maintain—mind, you've forced me into telling you this—that an officer puts a disgrace on his battery and regiment, as well as himself, when he stoops to a *liason* with the daughter of a common soldier. They make no allowance for attractiveness of face or manner of the girl in particular. They deal in generalities, for that's a woman's way, you know. They say it's a disgrace, and that the ladies of the garrison should make it their duty to show their opinion of it, that's all, and cutting you is the nice little method they've adopted for beginning of hostilities."

Hardinge had listened to the whole story in silence. When Vance ceased speaking, he began, "I was not even aware that the ordnance sergeant was blessed with a daughter, much less that I had had anything to do with the young woman. Why, the idea is ridiculous!" and he laughed.

"Oh, come, Hardinge, now, you are going it too strong," said Vance, with disapproval in his eye. He could condone the wrong, but not a lie which denied it. "Why, I myself saw you walking with her below the bluff when you hadn't been here a week. Corporal Blood was glaring at you from a distance as if he could have killed you with his eyes. I mentioned it to no one till to-day, and then only to my wife."

At Vance's first words Hardinge had started, and opened his lips to speak, but had closed them again, his teeth shutting tightly as a vice. "What is the ladies' charge against me?" he asked, with ominous calmness, as the other ceased.

"Oh, pshaw! if you will have it, this is the story that has gone the rounds. Mrs. Vance went to the city yesterday. She drove to the ferry with some friends, and on the way saw you and this Rosamond, or 'Monny' Shannon, as she is called, walking down the street together. She was showing you something, and you had your heads much too close together to please Mrs. Vance's sense of what was right. Then you were together on the ferry-boat, sitting almost alone on deck, where it was too cold for the passengers to want to stay, and you presumably spent the day with her in New York, as you were seen about five o'clock, in the ferry-house, drinking wine and waiting for the boat. Mrs. Vance intended crossing at the same time, and would have been glad of a gentleman's escort, as hearing of the accident just before had quite upset her nerves; but seeing you and the girl together so displeased her that she went away and waited for the next boat. Unluckily, however, Mrs. Wheeler saw you in the street-cars with Miss Monny, and informed Mrs. Paulding of it, also that you had held the girl's hand a longer time than seemed strictly necessary. Mrs. Van Buren was present during the narration, and, later, all the ladies, *happening* to meet at the latter's house, compared views on the subject. That is the whole thing, except that my wife got out of me what I had seen against my will, and that was like oil poured on the fire. It's none of my business, I tell you, and if you're quiet, the trouble may all blow over in a few days more."

"I agree with you in thinking that it is not your business," returned Hardinge, white with rage, "but this much I will make your business, if you please, for the sake of the girl whose name has been so cruelly used, that, when I saved her from a fall on the slope, and showed her where to find some flowers, I had never seen her before, nor have I seen her since till to-day, when we chanced to meet on the way to the ferry. Coming home we were in the accident together, and, waiting for the next boat, I got her some wine, and I scarcely think I need to add that that is all. I had no idea until you told me that she was the daughter of the ordnance sergeant. How should I? Such men are not in the habit of educating their daughters away from home, as this girl has been educated. But, being what she is, I think her

none the less entitled to my respect. That is all I have to say; and if the ladies still see fit to cut me, they may do so without further protest from me."

"Oh, certainly, it will be all right now," stammered the good-natured but blundering Vance. "I'll make a point of telling everybody, and they'll regret their hastiness, I'm sure. No wonder you didn't discover the class the girl belonged to. It was her mother's wish, when dying, that the child should be sent away for an education, the gossips say, and there has been much gossip since pretty Monny came to her home. Old Shannon has saved up money, I believe, and his friend Corporal Blood knows it, and would not be averse to have a share, with a handsome wife too. It would seem a shame though, for the girl feels herself above him, and Blood is one of the worst men at the post." Thus saying, Mr. Vance arose to go, with a look of infinite relief at the prospect of doing so.

Left alone with his own conflicting thoughts, Hardinge set himself to the hard task of analyzing them. He had for the moment forgotten his anger against the ladies of the post, remembering only that the bright, fascinating little being, the dainty, ladylike maiden, whose varying phases of character had already proved so bewildering a study, was not what she had seemed, but merely the ordnance sergeant's daughter. It was hard to believe, and yet, believing it, he experienced a vague sense of resentment against the girl herself. Then her face arose before him, as it had looked the day before, the large eyes appealing to him for justice, as they had appealed for courage then. She had never meant to deceive him,—he was sure of that,—and most certainly she had never used a single art for his attraction. Glancing back, he could see that she had supposed her name and station known to him, even as his was to her. The young people of the island could be nothing to her, she had said, and he, not understanding, had asked that he might be "of use." Yet already, it seemed, he had, unconsciously and blunderingly, done his best to blight her life and reputation. His power of self-analysis was keen enough to teach him what his own danger was. Should he allow himself to see only a little more of the girl, not all his judgment, not all his pride of caste could keep his love in check; yet, at the same time, should he master this growing inclination and hold himself aloof, the vivid impression her bright personality had made upon him would be forgotten by and by. Of course the latter was the only course for him to pursue, for his own sake and for hers. He was not anxious, in any case, to fall in love, but in the present case it was a thing not even to be thought of. The only reparation he could make for the unconscious harm he had done would be to meet the girl no more, and so the scandal would die a death of inanition. There would be some temptation, no doubt, but he could withstand it, and he would. Which was his resolution over-night.

The next day Mrs. Vance bowed to him again. The day after, Mrs. Van Buren and the rest followed suit, and presently he received invitations to dine, which he could not bring himself just then to accept. Once in a while he saw Monny Shannon on the street,—on the first occasion, as he chanced to be walking beside Mrs. Vance. The meeting was uncomfortable for all three. Mrs. Vance stared superciliously at the rising bloom on the girl's tell-tale face, and Hardinge saw it too, with a guilty pang, as he lifted his cap and passed on. Somehow he had a queer, unreasonable feeling that he should have left Mrs. Vance and taken his place at Monny Shannon's side, but of course that was all nonsense, and he quickly banished it from his mind. After that he seldom saw her, but, in spite of himself, her image haunted him. He never went out without wondering if he should meet her; and if he did not, as generally happened, he experienced a vague restlessness of regret.

One day in November a gay party of young ladies, with three or four officers, had come over on "the launch" from Fort Hammerton, and Hardinge was petitioned to take them round the old fort and out on the sea-wall. They were all laughing a good deal as the girls peered curiously into casement after casement in the old stone structure, when finally, perched upon a great gun, with sketching materials in her hands, they came full on Rosamond Shannon. The light from the embrasure streamed over her face, gilding her hair until it resembled a golden network above the dark and earnest eyes; and, as Hardinge bowed, the Fort Hammerton men looked on, admiring and expectant. But the wished-for introduction never came. It would not have been fair to the girl, and she would have not desired it; and yet, as the party passed on, she clasped her hands, and hid her burning face between them.

All pleasure now was gone for Hardinge. He became restless and ill at ease. The pained, hunted look on the girlish face, as for an instant he had seen it, hurt him, in memory, like a stab. He was therefore deeply relieved when the party had had their fill of sight-seeing, and had clambered, breathless and laughing, to the top of the hill. Then it was discovered that one of the ladies had lost a gold coin from her bangle while below (she knew she had had it just before they went into the fort), and of course Hardinge, as the only one familiar with the place, must go in search of it. His heart beat perhaps a trifle more rapidly than was its healthy habit as he neared the casement where Monny had been sitting, but in an instant more all self-consciousness had gone. There she was,—the little dark figure lying in abandonment among the shadows on the stone floor, the face hidden between the pinky-white hands, and all the fluffy yellow hair dropping and coiling lovingly about them.

Hardinge stood still only long enough to hear one gasping sob, and

then he was beside her, with his heart in his eyes, but only stammering utterances upon his lips. "Won't you tell me what is the matter?" he said. "Won't you let me help you?"

She looked at him, frightened and abashed. "Oh! I thought you had all gone, long ago," she cried, sitting up in shame, and putting the tangled hair away from her tear-wet eyes. "What will you think of me, to have seen me so?"

"Think? Nothing but what is good. You let me help you once, won't you do it now?"

"You could not. It was only—you all looked so happy and fortunate, so different, so far away from me, I'm afraid I felt jealous of you all, just for a moment. It was silly and unreasonable, and—I wish you would go away, please, and forget about it, quite."

"I can't forget, and I don't want to go away." Hardinge had totally lost sight of his real errand at the fort, and now he was in a fair way to lose something still more indispensable, his head. "Don't make me go until I have done something or said something to help you."

"The distance between you and me, Mr. Hardinge, is too great for any help of yours to reach me," said the girl, rising to her feet. "I thought you had been finding that out for yourself, long ago."

"I have found nothing out, nothing, except that I love you, and can't get on apart from you any more."

It was thus that Hardinge kept his resolution.

But if he had lost his senses, Monny had not lost hers,—her heart, perhaps, who knows? she was not yet eighteen, but her wise little head she still retained.

"Don't! don't say so," she exclaimed, putting out her hand to hold him away from her. "Do you not know you would be socially cashiered if you were to fall in love with me? I won't let you do it, and, besides, I—do not want your love. We are strangers almost, and it must be so forever. I did not understand at first, but your learning it taught me the lesson too." And, breaking away from him, in an instant she was gone, leaving Hardinge to stand, dazed, with the sensation of a man who has waked from a delirium. What had he done? He scarcely knew; but, whatever it was, while the memory of that lovely face was fresh in his mind he was ready to abide by it.

Now, however, Monny had gone beyond his reach, and it behooved him to shake off his abstraction and bestir himself to search for the article he had come to find. In this he succeeded by and by, restoring the coin to its owner, who had given it up in despair.

An hour later, on returning to his quarters, he found thrust into the frame of his shaving mirror the following remarkable effusion:

"Ef yoo no wat is gud fur yoo, yoo will let Mony Shanon allone. Yoo was Seen and herd in the fourt and ther is frends of hers Hoo

wont stick to sein and heerin allone ef yoo kepe on as yoo ar goin now. Yoors, One hoo menes wat He Sees."

Hardinge threw the dirty bit of paper aside, and laughed. "That fool Blood again, I suppose," he said to himself. "Well, let him blow. He can't hurt her while I am near; and as for myself—pshaw!" He dropped the missive into the fire and watched it burn, for it was better to have it destroyed, he thought. But, so far from being intimidated by the anonymous letter, Hardinge would gladly, in his present desperate state of exaltation, have met Monny Shannon every day. He loved her, though he scarcely knew what he intended to do about it, or what she meant to let him do. He wanted her to care for him. He wanted to see her look again as she had looked that day on the boat for a moment, in which it had seemed as though they were in a world all their own. He intended her no harm, and yet the vague, half-sad, half-delightful dream in his excited mind spoke less of a possible future marriage than of farewell. It was all a romance. There was not, scarcely could be, aught of reality about it.

But, in the mean time, fair Monny kept out of his way; and it was impossible for the officer to seek her in the sergeant's house. While she remained within its doors she was safe from any advances from him, and she felt the humiliation of this truth bitterly.

Hardinge was pondering his position, and trying mentally to bring order out of chaos, a few nights later, as he sat waiting till it should be time to inspect the guard. He was "officer of the day," and intended going about a half-hour after midnight to perform that ever-irksome task. There was a *partie carrée* for cards next door, at Mr. Vance's, to which he had not been invited. The sound of laughter came to him sometimes through the thin partition that separated the two houses, and he could distinguish Mrs. Vance's high-pitched voice. They had not been very warm friends since the "cutting" episode, as Hardinge had not been able to forgive Mrs. Vance, and Mrs. Vance had found it hard to forgive him for not forgiving her.

His fancies were ending in a half-waking dream when the clock began to strike out the hour of twelve. At the same time there was a quick rush of footsteps on the piazza, and, a second after, an imperative tapping at the window near his chair. Jumping up, he swept the curtains apart, and saw the face of Monny Shannon gleaming, ghastly pale, through the outer blackness of the night. "Open the window! Let me in!" she cried, pressing her hands with wild impatience against the glass. Astonished beyond words, Hardinge threw up the sash of the French window, and drew the girl into the warm and lighted room.

"Good heavens! what has brought you here at this hour?" he questioned, in a tone that sounded like reproach.

"Don't speak that way," she said, in a choking whisper. "I am frightened. Wait an instant, till I get my breath, then I can tell you."

As she spoke she swayed dizzily, and Hardinge tried to place her in a chair, but she resisted him. "No, no," she said; "you will delay me. There is so much to tell, and so little time. Oh! I hope you will believe and understand me. It is about Corporal Blood, and he means to kill you! I heard it. I was reading at home, an hour ago, when he knocked, and I let him in. I supposed he wanted my father, who was out, but he didn't ask for him, only acted so strangely I thought he had been drinking. He would not go when I told him father was away, and I grew afraid of him, for he came and stood in front of me, and would not let me pass. Then he said terrible things—I cannot tell you what—of me and of you, and finally spoke some words about to-night being the last night you would stand in anybody's way, and said what I did not understand then, but it came to me afterwards, about there being no officer of the day to go to guard-mounting to-morrow. Then he let go of me, and went towards the mantelpiece; and I, not thinking what he meant to do, ran out of the room and up-stairs. When it was too late I remembered about the pistol that a friend had given father, which, because it is handsome, he always keeps on the mantel, and I ran back. But Blood was gone, and the pistol was gone too. Then I understood all. I felt sure *you* were officer of the day, and I knew that you would be sitting here alone, that soon you would be going out into the dark. So I have come to you—I have run all the way to tell you—to beg you to believe in the danger, to go away from this house next door, where there are people, and he'll not dare to come. Oh! do not laugh or look so as if it could not happen. It can, it will, for I know Blood; so will you go, and now?" Her voice failed, and she glanced fearfully about with wide, dilated eyes.

Hardinge thrilled with an infinite, half-reverent tenderness. "And you have cared enough to brave all this for me?" he said, gently. "Now do not be afraid. This man Blood is a coward. He is a frightener of helpless women, but he would never dare to harm a hair of my head. If he should come here, which he will not, I too have a pistol, and can use it. At present my first and only thought must be to care for you, and get you under your father's roof once more." Very tenderly he rearranged the shawl that was dropping from her head and shoulders, and then, taking one little trembling hand without rebuke, kissed it. If it had been beneath another roof than his own, and at another hour, it would have been her lips and not her hand that he had kissed; but now it seemed to him that she was sacred. For an instant her head drooped against his breast, and in that instant, for the second time, a face was pressed against the window-pane. There was a faint clicking sound, unheard by the two absorbed in each other's presence, and then a shot rang out that seemed to shock the stillness of the night. Simultaneously there was a cry; did it come from his lips or those of the girl? Hardinge never knew. He only found himself

upon his knees, with Monny's head in his arms, and heard himself in some desperate words entreating her to open her eyes, to look at him, to say some word, that he might know she lived. Whether he had so knelt and so entreated for one moment or many Hardinge could not have told, but presently he saw the door thrown open, and Paulding and Vance come hurriedly in. Just beyond the threshold they paused aghast, fresh from the card-party, to find a scene like this.

"Great heaven! what devil's work is here?" Vance cried out, in accents full of horror and disgust. "Is it murder you've been doing?"

"She can't be dead," said Hardinge, barely hearing. "Get the surgeon, one of you, for God's sake!"

Vance started off, muttering out his horror at what he saw; but Paulding did not follow. "Hardinge, I would never have believed this of you," he pronounced, sternly. "What has happened here I don't know; but, however it may have been, I can but think that you are accountable. Better that the girl should be dead, by her hands or yours, for her own sake, than to live."

"Do you think I shot her?" Hardinge questioned, fiercely. "It was that mad devil Blood, who doubtless has got well off by this time."

"I'll go and send the men out after him," exclaimed the captain, with something akin to relief in his tone, and he started away, at the moment Vance returned, accompanied by the surgeon.

Without a word Dr. Wheeler set to work at examining his new patient's wound. But, if his lips were silent, his eyes spoke volumes in a language full of righteous wrath. "It is not necessarily a serious hurt," he pronounced at length. "The ball has penetrated directly beneath the clavicle, slightly chipping the bone in its passage, and by so doing was prevented from going deeper, as it would otherwise have done. I have removed it, as you see. It is the ball from a pistol of 32-calibre, I should say. The girl has fainted more from the shock than anything else, but she has lost a good deal of blood. I am doubtful if it would be well to take her so far as to her father's house, in her present condition. The hospital would be better; but she is in no danger. She will live, I fear, to regret that the ball did not go a few inches lower."

"She will live, I hope," interrupted Hardinge, deathly pale, but now perfectly composed, "to become my wife. She has received in her own body the shot intended for me, and henceforward the life she came here to save belongs to her. She left her father's house to warn me of a threat Blood had made in her presence, and what you see is the result. If you will take the trouble to go over to that window there, you may probably find a round hole in the glass, made by Blood's shot, which will prove the truth of what I've said, should you wish for proof."

"We don't wish for it," said Vance, promptly. "We're only too glad to know that you're all right. But, see! she is coming to herself."

Hardinge went over to the sofa on which Monny had been placed by Dr. Wheeler, and took her limp hand in his. "You both are witnesses of our betrothal, which is genuine and honest as though it were celebrated in a happier way," he said. "Congratulate me, for I shall have the bravest woman in the country for my wife."

When Monny returned to consciousness, she begged with so much emotion to be taken to her father's house that the doctor consented, rather than excite her by opposition, and she was carried home.

But the next morning many garbled versions of the strange affair had flown about the post, and everybody was certain of one item,—that the usual reward was offered for the recapture of the deserter Corporal Blood.

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It was said in army circles that if Lieutenant Leslie Hardinge should be mad enough to marry the ordnance sergeant's daughter he would be compelled to resign,—it would be impossible for him to do otherwise. But young Hardinge was possessed of a high spirit, and some thought a "stiff neck" as well. In marrying Rosamond Shannon, it was true that he performed an act of gratitude, but, at the same time, she was the girl he loved, and being, indeed, proud of her, he did not mean to seem ashamed. He would not even have recourse to exchanging from his regiment to another, but presently he got leave, with "permission to go beyond the seas," and his wedding-tour was a trip abroad. When, after an absence of eight months, Hardinge and his wife returned to the regiment, the bride's Parisian toilets were the admiration and envy of the ladies at the new post, Fort Hale, while her pretty manners and prettier face demolished all barriers of prejudice among the men.

Her father, with a remarkable sense of the fitness of things, had left the service and subsided into civil life, with a snug slice of his son-in-law's wealth, while his quondam friend, Blood, served out his term in a military prison, forgotten by all his little world. The whole affair had been a "nine-days' wonder" wherever it was known, but its heroine was fair enough and brave enough to live weak gossip down, and now there is no greater favorite in certain army circles than Leslie Hardinge's wife.

A. K. Hamilton.

A WORD ABOUT ALASKA.

WHETHER the interjection forming part of the term Alaska was intended by the aborigines to indicate popular estimation of that Territory at the present time must remain a mystery. Whatever the intention, the word is certainly significant; and we can only wish, in order to make it more truly expressive, that it contained in addition something suggestive of scorn. Officers *at home*, after station in Alaska, are usually indifferent to, perhaps enjoy not infrequent expressions of pity or disdain at the mere mention of our new possession, but the following recent and public announcement by one of our distinguished citizens may reasonably attract attention and invite inquiry: "The Territory of Alaska is the most worthless of our possessions, and has served no other purpose than to satisfy an unreasonable desire for empire." Let us glance at such information respecting our much-neglected Territorial extension as can readily be obtained and embraced in a paper of this length, before accepting as altogether just the above severe and emphatic denunciation. If the Territory of Alaska is prejudged, and our impressions change with contact and development, it will not be the first instance in the history of this and other countries. That deception of this character has occurred it is only necessary to recall that it is recorded as a statement in Congress, about 1847, that the Rocky Mountains would be the limit of railroad extension across our continent; that the barrier presented by these mountains and the extensive *desert* tract beyond must prevent the development of the now Pacific States. If we compare our present and past knowledge of Africa, we are again surprised that we could have been so deceived. In Africa, not many years ago, it was to die of pestilential fevers, or by the hand of the black assassin, if the ferocious beast was escaped; now, it is to freeze or starve in Alaska.

Our scientific knowledge of the Territory is comparatively little, and has not much increased since its purchase seventeen years ago. For the information of this character now in our possession relating to its geography, productions, and climate we are chiefly indebted to the director of the scientific corps of the Western Union Telegraph Expedition. For other valuable information we are indebted to adventurous traders and miners, whose intimate social relations with the natives, in

many cases, gain for them a knowledge not quickly acquired by others. Such information as has been gained through the United States Signal Station at Point Barrow and the late military reconnoissance has not yet been officially promulgated.

The most recent (July, 1883), and perhaps important, discovery since the acquisition of the Territory is that of a river, emptying into Hotkam Inlet, three-quarters of a mile wide near its mouth, and from two and a half to seven fathoms deep. From information obtained from the natives it is thought to be three or four hundred miles long, and to connect, after a short portage, with a second unknown river flowing north into the Arctic Ocean. For this valuable addition to the geography of Alaska we are indebted to an officer of the navy, in conjunction with an officer of the United States Revenue Marine. The former officer will soon explore the river under orders from the department, and his report, which may embrace other valuable information, will be awaited with much interest. This river was ascended about fifty miles, and it may be noted here that the report of the officers mentioned states: "Everywhere the natives were kind, harmless, and hospitable, many of them evidently having never seen a white man before. The heat was intense, vegetation rank, and the natives scantily clad."

The attempt of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in 1866, to build a telegraph line through Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia, and Alaska, thence by cable across Behring Strait into Siberia, to connect with the Russian telegraph lines extending east from St. Petersburg to the mouth of the Amoor, a distance of six thousand miles, is now an interesting item of history. The expedition, it will be remembered, was abandoned, after years of toil and an outlay of three million dollars, on learning of the completion and success of the Atlantic Cable, but not before it had reached Sitka (?), Alaska, a distance overland of about sixteen hundred miles. The liberal manner in which this expedition was conducted by the telegraph company, whose intelligent directors appreciated the advantages to be gained through a better knowledge of the Territory, enabled the scientist of the expedition, and those associated with him, to prosecute an exploration of scientific value to the country, as well as practical advantage to the company.

An idea of the magnitude of this extreme northwestern and isolated Territory can only be obtained by comparing its area with other and better-known countries, when we will find that it contains as many square miles as England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Belgium combined, and, in our own country, is as large as the united areas of our five largest States, viz.: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, and Texas. It contains over sixty known volcanic peaks, three of the largest mountains in North America (Mount St. Elias, nineteen thousand feet, being the loftiest), a seacoast covered in part with forests of choice timber, thousands of islands,

good harbors on the sea-coast, still better in its numerous and extensive channels, sounds, and bays, and a river, the Yukon, which now takes rank with the four largest in the world, "equaling the Plata, and surpassed only by the Amazon and the Mississippi." This great river, flowing through the interior and finally reaching Behring Strait, is estimated to be two thousand miles long, and with its tributary, the Pelly River, nearly three thousand. It is twenty miles wide as you approach its mouth, seventy at its mouth, and is now known to be navigable for river steamers eighteen hundred miles. Of the five hundred and eighty thousand square miles in the Territory, more than one-half, or about three hundred thousand square miles, are thought capable of cultivation. It is then difficult to believe that Alaska, with this vast extent of territory, this majestic river and tributaries, with these lofty mountains, capacious harbors, and numerous islands, is of no greater value than to supply the wants of a small Indian population and afford a resting-place for wild animals and birds.

An examination of the resources of the country during its present neglected condition may lead us to hope that a nobler mission awaits it when better known and appreciated by government and people.

In 1867 the United States, through the agency of the Honorable Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, purchased from the Russians all their Alaska possessions for seven million two hundred thousand dollars. An unlooked-for enterprise of this character on the part of the government, which was to deplete our Treasury so largely (?), was met with opposition, censure, and ridicule. Nor did it end here, for, in addition to the charge of unwarranted extravagance, hostility to tax-payers, conniving with Russians, the government was adjudged quite insane, and thought incapable of future legislative and executive acts tending to our prosperity. The continued assurance of Mr. Seward, however, that the purchase was wise,—necessitated, in fact, by its proximity to the United States,—and that we were only placing our money at interest, induced us finally to accede to the proposition, and, looking to the future needs of our country, to accept his declarations as superior wisdom.

Have we occasion to regret the purchase when we consider the small sum expended for so vast a territory, and the fact that two of its smallest islands (St. Paul and St. George), only a few miles in circumference, have not failed, and will probably never fail, to pay us yearly a good interest on the money invested, and for which the Russian Fur Company paid annually to the Russian Crown three hundred thousand rubles?

The fur-seal fishery at these remote islands in Behring Sea, known as the Pribyloff group, is the leading industry and the chief source of the supply of superior skins. It is thought a modest estimate that, prior to our possession, these islands furnished from three hundred to

five hundred thousand skins annually; and on one occasion, it is said, the Russians destroyed three hundred thousand to prevent the market being overstocked. This wholesale destruction and the fear of final extinction led our government, in its lease to the Alaska Commercial Company, to limit the annual capture to one hundred thousand, which continues the authorized limit. It has been suggested, however, that if an additional fifty thousand were added, it would not more than comprise the number actually destroyed by authorized and unauthorized agents.

The strange instinct of the seal to return yearly in such numbers to be slaughtered is a mystery not easily explained. Cruelty and the destruction of millions during the past one hundred years do not appear to have disturbed their affection for these islands, but, on the contrary, appear to have caused greater persistency in claiming and perpetuating their ancestral homes. In a recent report to the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury it is stated that the number of these annual visitors is increasing rather than diminishing. "The grand total of fur-seal life in 1873, upon actual inspection, is believed to be represented by more than four million seven hundred thousand, and it is estimated one million young seals are born on the Seal Islands every year." In eleven years the United States Treasury has received a revenue from these islands of three million four hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and eight dollars and fifty cents.

Second in importance to the seal, competing with it only in the quality of its fur, more highly prized, and exceeding it greatly in value, is the sea-otter. Originally, we are told, the sea-otter fishery was a more important and valuable trade than the seal-fishery; but increasing scarcity of the otter and greater difficulty in its capture have led to an abandonment of this enterprise to a great extent. Though reduced in importance, it is not extinct, as an annual capture of several thousand indicates. The third branch of the fur-trade active in Alaska includes the land fur-bearing animals. The revenue from this source is also very great, and, in the aggregate, may quite equal those just mentioned. As an indication of the yield of the forests in fur, we refer to the supply of a few only. In past years it is observed that the Territory has furnished annually fifty-seven thousand beaver-skins, eighteen thousand land-otter, of five varieties of foxes seventy-one thousand, and of muskrats two hundred and twenty-one thousand.

All are familiar with the American whale-fishery in Alaskan waters, and the wealth derived by our people therefrom. Though less remunerative than formerly, it is carried on with vigor and success, which may be partly due to the fact that the whaler need no longer lose time, or perhaps season, in seeking an American or friendly port in which to make needed repairs, if such can be accomplished in the waters of the Territory, a privilege which was denied him while Russia was the

owner. The benefit derived by the transfer of the Territory in this particular instance alone cannot be doubted.

Of equal importance is the revenue derived from myriads of smaller fishes inhabiting the banks and inland waters. Conceivable numbers fail to estimate them. They include the cod, salmon, halibut, herring, and ulikon as the principal. For an illustration of the character of this supply, we refer to the records of the California fishermen during 1867–68–69, where we find that in the year first mentioned two thousand one hundred and sixty-four tons of cod, or nine hundred and forty-seven thousand two hundred and sixty-four fish, were caught in these waters; the next year the market was overstocked, and over four hundred and seventy hundredweight were exported from San Francisco to New York; and the following year, one million eight hundred and eighty-two thousand is recorded as the number imported into San Francisco. Three thousand tons were caught in 1879 for houses in San Francisco, and the catch for 1880 is stated, in a recent report to the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury, as six hundred thousand for a single firm in San Francisco.

During late years, the acknowledged variety and superior quality of the salmon has led to the establishment of numerous factories for canning or salting this fish in the waters of British Columbia and Alaska, and, it is needless to say, with immense profit for all concerned. It is probable that a good proportion of this article now offered for sale is the product of these factories, whose supply is often greater than the demand. The fishing season is in June, and it is at this season that the harvest in salmon is reaped. They offer themselves in such numbers that little difficulty and no excitement attend the catch. For their own use the Indians often wade into the streams, and kill them with spears or clubs. At other times, a greater quantity being required, as for canning or salting, a net is used, or a wheel with canvas paddles is made to revolve in the stream, when the fish are lifted from the water with every revolution. Herring and other small fish are caught by the Indians with great rapidity on sharpened nails driven through a lath, by beating the water, or quietly passing the lath to a depth of several feet, and then, with a sweep, raising it quickly; generally a fish is found pierced by every nail. Indeed, the waters of Alaska voluntarily give up their fish, as those who have visited Sitka have observed, the beach there being often strewn after each fall of the tide with a beautiful little fish not unlike our young pollock. When required by the natives and others for immediate use, they are gathered in buckets; but generally the supply is so excessive they are left to decompose upon the beach, when the voracious crow has grown stupid from repletion.

The ulikon is a fish of special interest, peculiar to the Pacific, and destined to enjoy a reputation for usefulness to man equal to that of the

cod. It is about fourteen inches long, and in general appearance resembles smelt. This fish supplies much of the oil used by the natives. It is said alcohol will not preserve them, owing to the excess of oil. When dried, they serve as tapers for the natives, for which reason they are often referred to in Alaska as candle-fish. The refined oil is as clear, not more disagreeable, and, we believe, will prove as beneficial in certain diseases as our much-esteemed cod-liver oil, for which it is substituted by whites in Alaska. Should the supply of cod-liver oil in the future be diminished, ulikon-oil will be an important industry. This fish is so abundant in the Nasse River that the water is said, during the run, to appear to boil from their rapid motion. At such times they are the prey of bird and beast, the latter lifting them without difficulty from the water with their paws. The present neglect to further utilize this superior oil and establish whale-fisheries, including the black and other large fish, in the sounds and channels of Alaska, may be regarded as preliminary to greater activity eventually. Shell-fish, save our favorite oyster, are also to be obtained. The oyster, as is known, is found at few points on the North Pacific coast, and then of an inferior quality.

Limited scientific research in Alaska has recognized and classified seventy-seven different kinds of mammals, thirty-five of fishes, one hundred and ninety-two of birds, and fifty-three of insects, many of them prior to 1867 unknown to science. That this list will be extended upon additional investigation there is little doubt. Congress has been asked to authorize the expenditure of a sum of money to enable further study, but as yet it has not regarded the request favorably. Volunteers possessing the requisite zeal and talent necessary to prosecute a work of this character have not been wanting, and at this time are not without hope that the subject will be regarded with favor by Congress at an early day, from the fact that very recently the United States Senate has approved a bill authorizing a Territorial government for Alaska,—hesitatingly, it is true, and only of a tentative character. In any event the friends of the Territory can now feel that the results of this new and first government provided by the United States will be gratifying to Congress, and lead to further important legislation in her interests.

In the quantity and quality of her timber, Alaska is thought to rival California, Oregon, and Washington Territory, and to hold in reserve a supply of this article for an indefinite period, when the forests of the last-mentioned places have been exhausted and perhaps forgotten. The visitor who has observed several saw-mills in operation on the waters of British Columbia and in the Territory, and the numerous slides for timber from the summits of the elevated peaks, may not feel so confident as to the duration of Alaska forests. At a number of points timber was sawn in steam-mills and transported to San

Francisco, where it is prized for ship-building among other uses. The most highly prized are hemlock, pine, and cedar, though there are other useful woods. The mountainous character of the coast, the absence of roads and facilities for transporting the timber when it cannot be rolled into the water, greatly retard the activity of this industry, and in some instances have caused it to languish.

There is reason for the impression that gold exists extensively in the Territory, and for certain active mining operations connected therewith. At Auk, an Indian village on an inland arm of the sea, placer and quartz-mining have been going on for a number of years during the summer months. As to the results, it is only necessary to state that the yield the first summer was thirty thousand dollars, and that the number of miners at this point has increased each year, and now reaches hundreds. From personal observation at Auk, and information received from the officers of the monthly steamer, it is known that much gold has already been obtained. Inability to continue mining operations during the winter, absence of capital, and distant transportation of necessary working materials for quartz-mining have only retarded the industry. Prior to 1882 mining at this point was chiefly placer; but the expected arrival of a stamping-mill for quartz-mining has probably produced results agreeable to the most hopeful. A discharged United States soldier, a resident of Sitka, in 1881 was the possessor of a gold-mine located fifteen or twenty miles distant. An examination of the quartz impressed us with its value. It was discovered by the owner shortly after the transfer of the Territory, while serving as an enlisted man at Sitka, a small force of United States troops being maintained there at that time. The ex-soldier lamented his inability, for want of capital, to work the mine at Sitka more extensively, but stated that, notwithstanding his primitive means for crushing the quartz, necessarily attended with great labor, he could, with the aid of a son and trusty Indian, obtain, when industrious, about fifteen hundred dollars in gold each year. Prospectors claim the existence of gold at other points.

Among other industries is the American-Russian Ice Company, at Kodiak, where it has extensive ice-houses, which are kept filled, yet no shipments are made. It was once engaged in profitable trade, but recently has accepted the proposition of San Francisco companies not to enter into competition with them.

Coal has been found at different places along the coast, but ignorance prevails as to its quality, the surface coal only having been examined. So far as experimented with, the results have been satisfactory, and justify early and thorough investigation. "Copper and petroleum have been discovered on Copper River; lead on Whale Bay and in Kodiak Island; iron and graphite in many places; marble and sulphur in large quantities; bismuth in Vostovia Mountain; and kaolin, fire-

clay, gypsum, amethysts, zeolites, garnets, agates, carnelians, and fossil ivory are also found."

Maritime industry has received attention. At Wooded Island the natives could boast of a twenty-ton schooner, built by their own hands with wood from their own forests. At Kodiak five small vessels were owned, and sailed as coasters from this port. The revenue steamer "Rush" in a single summer boarded thirty-five trading-vessels in Alaskan waters. The Alaska Commercial Company employed a fleet of four steamers and twelve or fifteen sailing-vessels for trading in various parts of the Territory. The Northwestern Trading Company had also a number of trading-posts, and employed several small vessels in their trade with the natives.

At a point not distant from Sitka are found mineral springs surpassed by few, if any, in the United States. Their tonic and alterative properties were tested by several white residents, and highly commended. Others extolled their virtues in constitutional diseases of a *specific* character.

Alaska's geographical position—her whole northern coast bordering the Arctic Ocean—would seem to forbid that fertility of soil so essential to wealth and permanency of population, and appear to justify a not unusual impression that the Territory is almost a desolate and frozen waste. That the climate has been the great impediment to early and rapid development cannot be questioned, but that the Territory throughout is destitute is denied. In a Territory so vast—extending in latitude due north and south fourteen hundred miles, and in longitude nearly forty degrees, or about two thousand two hundred miles—a variety of climate must prevail; hence deception ensues if the meteorology of one section is accepted as applicable to another remotely situated. Not until the cold of Alaska has abated and its rainfall diminished can we expect it to be voluntarily selected as the permanent home of wealth and culture; but, in the mean time, it is more than probable that capital and labor will expand her industries, and be well rewarded with her now justly-suspected treasures. Then may additional factories and mills be established at suitable places, and the Territory become the home, temporarily at least, of the laborer and skilled worker in metals and woods.

A curious discrepancy is observed in the statements, oral and published, regarding the probable capability of the soil to produce agricultural products. By one we are informed that the character of the climate is such that resources of this nature must fail, or, at most, permit nothing more than a bare existence for civilized man. By another we are told that Alaska may some day furnish California with certain agricultural products. How is this difference of opinion to be explained? In the one case it appears to be the impression of the casual visitor for a limited season at certain coast ports, and at a particular

season; in the other the conviction of a man of science, who has explored, with great labor, much of the interior of the Territory, and can add this knowledge to his previous knowledge of the coast. Then until further scientific investigation exposes the errors of the past, we must respect the teaching of our only Alaska scientist, whose merits were fully appreciated and recognized by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. In his report to the Commissioner of Agriculture in 1868 the following relating to agriculture appears:

"Grain has never been sown on a large scale in the Yukon territory. Barley, I was informed, had once or twice been tried at Fort Yukon in small patches, and the grain had matured, though the straw was very short. The experiments were never carried any further, however, the traders being obliged to devote all their energies to the collection of furs. No grain had ever been sown by the Russians at any of the posts. In the fall of 1867 I shook out an old bag, purchased from the Russians, which contained a handful of mouse-eaten grain, probably wheat. The succeeding spring, on examining the locality, quite a number of blades appeared; and when I left Nulato, June 2, they were two or three inches high, and growing rapidly. As I did not return, I cannot say what the result was. Turnips and radishes always flourished extremely well at St. Michaels, and the same is said of Nulato and Fort Yukon. Potatoes succeeded at Fort Yukon, though the tubers were small. They were regularly planted for several years, until the seed was lost by freezing during the winter. Salad was successful, but cabbages would not head. The white, round turnip grown at St. Michaels were the best I ever saw anywhere, and very large, many of them weighing five or six pounds.

"The treeless coasts of the Yukon territory are covered, as well as the lowlands of the Yukon, with a most luxuriant growth of grass and flowers. Among the more valuable of these grasses (of which some thirty species are known to exist in this district) is the well-known Kentucky blue-grass, which grows luxuriantly as far north as Kotzebue Sound, and perhaps to Point Barrow. The wood-meadow grass also reaches the latitude of Kotzebue Sound, and grows on the coast of Norton Sound with a truly surprising luxuriance, reaching, in very favorable localities, from four to even five feet in height, and averaging at least three. Many other grasses enumerated in the list of useful plants grow abundantly, and contribute largely to the whole amount of herbage. Two species almost deceive the traveler with the aspect of a grain-field, maturing a perceptible kernel, which the field-mice lay up in store.

"I see no reason why cattle, with proper winter protection, might not be successfully kept in most parts of the Yukon district. Fodder, as previously shown, is abundant. The wild sheep, moose, and reindeer abound, and find no want of food. A cow did well at Fort

Yukon for a time, but was accidentally killed by falling into the river. It will be remembered that Fort Yukon is in latitude + 66°, north of the Arctic Circle, and the most northern point in Alaska inhabited by white men.

"Small fruits are found there in the greatest abundance. Among them may be noted red and black currants, gooseberries, cranberries, raspberries, thimbleberries, salmonberries, blueberries, bearberries, dewberries, heathberries, mooseberries, and roseberries. All these berries are excellent, especially the salmonberry.

"Summary: While in the Yukon district we cannot look for self-supporting agricultural departments, nor reasonably expect any one to obtain a sustenance by farming alone, still the settler called there to develop the resources of the country, be they lumber, fish, or furs, may have milk in his tea and many vegetables on his table, if he possesses the energy and knowledge to make the most of his opportunities. It will not be necessary for him to rely on the products of the chase alone, if he will but take the necessary care to provide shelter for his cattle, and to cut the perennial grasses which cover the prairies and lowlands for their fodder during the winter.

"The climate of the Aleutian Islands is moist and warm; the greatest cold recorded in five years was zero of Fahrenheit, and this occurred only once. The greatest height of the mercury was 77° F. The grasses in this climate, warmer than that of the Yukon district and drier than the Sitka district, attain an unwonted luxuriance. For example, Oonalaska abounds in grasses, with a climate better adapted for haying than that of the coast of Oregon. The cattle were remarkably fat, and the beef very tender and delicate, rarely surpassed by any well-fed stock. Milk was abundant. A remarkably rich and genial soil, arable, and well suited for garden and root-crop culture, lies near the coast. It occurs to us that many choice sunny hillsides would produce crops under the thrifty hand of enterprise. They are already cleared for the plow. Where grain-like grasses grow and mature well, it seems fair to infer that oats and barley would thrive, provided they were fall-sown. Several of these grasses had already (September) matured and cast their seed before we arrived, showing sufficient length of season. Russians affirm that potatoes are cultivated in almost every Aleutian village, and at one village the seed has been preserved for planting since the beginning of the century. The climate is as mild as that of the Highlands of Scotland, or the Orkneys, where stock has been successfully kept from time immemorial.

"Summary: In the Aleutian district is situated the larger proportion of arable lands, and in this and the northern part of the Sitkan district the climatic conditions are the most favorable in the Territory. Oats and barley, probably wheat and rye, may succeed on these islands. Their abundant capacity for producing root-crops of good quality,

except possibly potatoes, may be considered as settled. That cattle will do well there is no doubt, and *the Pacific coast may yet derive its best butter and cheese from the Aleutian and Northern Sitkan districts.* Sheep, goats and swine have not been thoroughly tried as yet, but the inference is that they also would succeed.

"The resources of the Sitkan district lie apparently in its lumber. To the northern part of this district the remarks on the Aleutian district will apply."

The capacity of Sitka to produce a variety of garden vegetables was abundantly demonstrated in 1881 by an ex-sailor, who gained a comfortable livelihood by the sale of these products grown in his own garden.

The rainfall and fog, though prevailing more frequently off the southern coast of Alaska, is not peculiar to that region, as the same condition exists as far south as Mexico. The effect of the warm atmosphere engendered by the waters of the Pacific Ocean and Japan currents coming in contact with the colder atmosphere of the Coast Mountains, in producing a condensation similar to that produced by the waters of the Atlantic off the British Islands, is familiar to all. Owing to this almost perpetual saturation of the atmosphere, rubber boots and oiled jackets become a necessary part of the outfit of the Alaska miner and fisherman.

The rainfall in southern Alaska is generally of short duration and frequent. It is quickly absorbed by the earth, and in a few hours is forgotten. Several falls of rain during the day, with intervals of cloudless sky, are not infrequent.

In November the peaks of the Coast Mountains whiten with snow, which gradually descends their sides as winter advances, until finally the mountains are completely enveloped. A truly Arctic scene is presented to the voyager at this time, and it is probable he will experience feelings of awe, loneliness, and desolation. In the spring the mountains are as gradually uncovered, until an elevation of about one thousand feet is reached, where the snow may linger a month or two later, and at still greater heights remain during the entire summer. Along the coast in southern Alaska the snow which reaches the surface is probably not greater than the fall during an ordinary winter in our New England States, and disappears as quickly. In the interior the fall of snow is greater. North of the mountains, or from thirty to fifty miles from the coast, snow to the depth of several feet covers the earth for nearly, if not quite, half the year. Yet at Fort Yukon, about the centre of the Territory, the heat at times during the summer is said to be oppressive, and the mercury has been known to reach 112° F. By reference to such meteorological records as we possess, it is learned that the mean summer temperature at Fort Yukon is 59.67°; for autumn, 17.37°; spring, 14.22°; winter, —23.80°; mean

yearly temperature, + 16.92°. In the Aleutian and Sitkan district, however, the mean annual temperature is thought to be about 44° F.; winter, 33°. At Sitka the minimum temperature was one year 10° F.; maximum, 71°. It may be interesting to note that the mean winter temperature of Sitka and Newport, Rhode Island, are about the same, and that there is only a difference of 6° in the mean yearly temperature, notwithstanding a difference of 16° in latitude. The mean annual temperature of the whole territory is roughly estimated to be about + 25°, and it is remarked that the real opportunity for agriculture in a cold country cannot be deduced from annual mean temperature alone, but is dependent on the heat and duration of the summer months.

Geological changes affecting the temperature are thought to be active in Alaska, as shown by the diminishing size of the many glaciers formed in the mountain gorges. It is suggested by geologists that the peninsular portions of Alaska and Siberia are gradually being elevated, which suggests, in addition to climatic change, the possibility of a visit to Asia by rail.

The villages of Alaska are small and unimportant. Considered as to commercial importance and white population, they may rank as follows: Seal Islands, Kodiak, Sitka, Wrangel, Oonalaska, Belkovsky, St. Michaels, and Auk, the last probably the most active during the summer on the arrival of the miners. The total civilized population in the Territory is about one thousand, which includes the Russians who have remained since the purchase. The total native American population is not more than a few hundred. The Indians, estimated a few years ago at seventy thousand, are reduced by the last census to thirty-three thousand.

The aborigines of the southern coast are said to be the most civilized in America, if the term civilized can be applied to an Indian. They are not nomadic, and have comfortable dwellings in villages of from one to three thousand inhabitants on the rivers and inland arms of the sea. Their dwellings are constructed with logs or sawn lumber, and are thirty to forty feet square, twelve to fifteen feet high, with sloping roofs. At a distance their settlements are not unpleasing, especially when the buildings are whitewashed, as required by a naval commander, and recall the appearance of an early Western frontier settlement. The interiors of the houses are equally simple in architectural design, consisting of a central fireplace on the ground and a slightly-elevated walk on one or more sides, which is used for sleeping, and is usually sufficiently large to accommodate a family, which consists often of twenty or thirty persons. In appearance the Indians are copper-color, the shade increasing or diminishing with location, and of fine physique, save in those instances where the habit of prolonged sitting in a canoe, as in fishing, has prevented the development of the lower limbs.

The coast and interior Indians of southeastern Alaska are not on

friendly terms. The interior tribes, less numerous and warlike, complain that the coast Indians will not permit them to trade directly with the whites. When accomplished surreptitiously, it is at the risk of punishment if discovered. Prospectors who have passed months in the interior state that the interior, or "Stick" Indians, as they are called, are inoffensive. The coast tribes are warriors, and have frequently engaged each other in fierce and protracted wars, on what would appear to us very slight provocation. Usually, however, their quarrels are not long continued, if the conflict at first has been sufficiently decisive to indicate the probable result. Terms of peace can often be quickly arranged, on the basis of indemnity to the friends of the killed and wounded, which is generally the payment of a certain number of blankets, previously agreed upon. The wealth of an Indian or tribe is determined by the number of blankets possessed.

Their relations with the whites are not always friendly, and in these rather exceptional instances their hostility can often be traced to some real or imaginary wrong inflicted by the whites. As a rule, the natives do well, and if they could be entirely deprived of alcoholic drinks, and the whites would treat them more kindly, the few assassinations at the hands of the Indians would be still further reduced. To this there are exceptions, and there will be as long as the Indian feels that the white man and all he possesses within the Territory is his lawful prey. The treachery of the Indian then must not be overlooked under any circumstances, as the following instance, which occurred some years ago, will show. A schooner, having on board a captain and two miners, entered Yakatat Bay, about one hundred miles to the westward of Sitka, with the view of prospecting for gold. The wife of the captain was an Indian woman, and a native of the village off which they were anchored. She and her mother were also on board. A young Indian, supposed to be reliable, was selected as guide, who, after assisting the miners in landing their provisions, conducted them to the suburbs, where, after treacherously separating them, he seized their arms, and, in turn, brutally slew them with blows upon the head from the butts of their guns. Feeling that he had committed no crime, he at once admitted the murders to the family of the captain, and stated his object was the capture of their provisions and guns. Two years later an American man-of-war entered the harbor in pursuit of the murderer. Two Indian chiefs were taken on board and the object of the visit explained to them. One was allowed to depart in search of the murderer, who had fled to the mountains; the other was retained on board as a hostage. In two days the chief who was permitted to depart returned with the murderer, who was at once recognized by the captain and family of the schooner mentioned, and who were brought by the man-of-war for that purpose. When the murderer found himself securely on board, he very calmly described the character of death

he preferred, accepting it as certain and immediate. In this respect he was disappointed, and was sent for trial to the nearest United States court, which was Washington Territory, where he was convicted and promptly executed.

The stolid apathy asserted of the Indian was not observed in the case just mentioned. Among the many canoes which hurried to and from the man-of-war on that sunny November morning—made doubly bright from reflection on the lofty and snowy peak of Mount St. Elias—was observed one in particular containing two Indian women, with heads *bowed* and *weeping*, of comely appearance, and exceptionally neat in attire: they were the mother and sister of the murderer.

Courts, law, and lawyers are unknown in Alaska, nor does a civil officer of any kind exist. Legally, an oath cannot be administered, debt collected, or property transferred. Such authority as prevails is military, and is vested in the commander of such United States naval or revenue vessel as may happen to be present. Instructions from the Navy Department direct the commander of the man-of-war to prevent crime and preserve peace among whites and Indians. He is authorized to arrest, fine, and imprison for a certain period in minor offenses, but all capital offenses must be transferred to the nearest United States court for trial. The manufacture of any kind of liquor, its introduction, or the introduction of materials from which it could be made, such as sugar, molasses, etc., except to authorized merchants, are forbidden. The Indians have learned from the whites the process of distilling intoxicating drinks, and with an ordinary tin can and worm, the latter made of a sea plant, find little difficulty in supplying their alcoholic wants, if the material with which to make it is at hand.

Alaska has found one friend in the United States, which continues faithful,—the Presbyterian Church. With the exception of an occasional visit from a Catholic priest at Wrangel, this was the only American Church, prior to 1882, which had taken any step leading to the evangelism of Alaska Indians. Such religious teaching as the Indians in southern Alaska have received, prior to the establishment of the Presbyterian missions, was in the Greek Church at Sitka and Kodiak, remnants of which exist at these places. During the past few years five missions have been established by the church above mentioned on the waters of the Alexandria Archipelago, remotely situated, and with a result encouraging to the most despairing. The success of the schools they have established at Sitka and Wrangel for the Christian education of Indian boys and girls, with instruction in practical duties also, is now, after years of labor, considered settled. Each year these institutions have yielded better and more mature fruit, a result surely gratifying to us, but not to be compared with that experienced by the earnest and pious men and women engaged in this noble work. In instance of the devotion of these good people, it may not be amiss

to state that the last and most northern mission established in Alaska by the Presbyterians[1] was on Lynn Channel, at the head of inland navigation, where is located a large village of Chilcat Indians, who are considered the most savage in the Territory. At the mission here was found a Pennsylvania lady of wealth and culture and extremely delicate physique, occupying a few rooms, with no other companionship than her husband, infant, and a white trader. Fifty miles distant was the next mission, where resided her nearest white neighbor, and which could only be reached by Indian canoe during the long winter. In answer to an inquiry why she had subjected herself to such a rigorous winter climate, she replied, "My health is impaired, because of a probably fatal malady, and I feel that my years on earth may be few. I wished to devote the strength I still possess to God's service, and I have selected this as most pleasing to him." Under such influence alone there must be a future of importance for Alaska, and we can look for a result at least similar to that obtained at an Indian settlement in British Columbia, where, under the guidance of an English missionary, the Indians not only support their own churches, but send missionaries to their people elsewhere, and produce everything necessary to life. It is probable then that the churches of America will pioneer the way to just recognition of Alaska, and may eventually place her in public estimation as the peer of now more respected and worthier States and Territories.

In a leading New York journal of April 1, and at the conclusion of this writing, appears the following additional encouragement for the friends of early investigation and further scientific research in Alaska:

"A bill was introduced in the Senate to-day by Senator Dolph, of Oregon, to provide for the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars to pay the expenses of a military expedition for the exploration of the Territory of Alaska. A memorandum submitted with the bill points out that the Territory, with the exception of those portions adjacent to the coast and the Yukon River, is as yet unexplored, and that indications point to the presence of mineral and other resources."

J. B. PARKER,
Surgeon U.S.N.

[1] An English mission has existed at Fort Yukon for many years.

THE FIRST SCENES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

(Concluded from page 568.)

WORK and sleep were the sole occupations in Sumter. There was no idling and no amusements. The work was hard and the workmen few. In heaving and hauling the men soon learned the value of a song in securing combined effort. The favorite song was one having the refrain, "On the plains of Mexico." We had rigged a shears, and with an improvised capstan walked the guns from the parade to the terre-plein (a hoist of fifty feet) as an accompaniment to the favorite songs. There was one party hoisting and another mounting guns. It was my lot to have charge of the hoisting party. We sent up all the lighter guns first. They consisted of 32- and 42-pounders and 8-inch columbiads. At last we came to the 10-inch guns. We considered them monsters in those days. We only had three of them in Sumter. They weighed about fifteen thousand pounds each. There was some doubt as to the strength of our tackle, but no better could be had, and we took the risk. The first 10-inch went up finely, and the second nearly so. It had reached the desired height, and nothing remained to be done but to swing it in on the terre-plein. I had given the word, "Avast heaving!"— the use of nautical terms must have been suggested by the song, —and ordered three men up to man the watch-tackle. The others remained below. At the very first pull on the watch-tackle the strap on the upper block of the fall parted, and down went the seven tons of iron. I felt faint for an instant, believing that a hole was made in the garrison; but when at last I looked over and saw the men standing around, astonished but unhurt, and the gun erect, as if set for a sun-dial, in the midst of them, and buried to the trunnions, I experienced a feeling of relief which almost brought the tears to my eyes. Very fortunately, in anticipation of some such accident, a new block had been prepared, and we soon re-rigged the fall, and sent No. 2 up to the same old song without further accident. No. 3 was mounted as a mortar on the parade.

Judging from the quantity of flagstones on hand, it must have been the intention to pave the parade with them. They stood on edge in long columns, and almost covered half the interior space of the fort.

It was necessary to remove them, if for no better reason, to give us room to work. So they were carried and piled up in front of the lower tier of casemates, closing them as high up as the spring of the arch. This was a doubly fortunate arrangement. It left the parade a bare sand patch, capable of receiving with the least possible danger all the mortar-shells the rebels might choose to throw into the fort, and it effectually protected the men in the lower casemates from splinters.

There is very little danger about a mortar-shell exploding in sand; it penetrates to such a depth that when it bursts it acts exactly like a mine. An amusing illustration of this occurred during the bombardment. It was night; the first day's bombardment was over, except that the rebels kept stirring us up with an occasional mortar-shell. This they kept up all night. Somebody had discovered a little rice; it had been damaged by salt water and spread out—perhaps by our predecessors—in an upper room to dry. It was now full of sand, dirt, and broken glass; but it had been scraped up and cooked, and some of the men were straining it through their teeth, and apparently enjoying it. One man, a tailor, who belonged in the magazine on the other side of the work, concluded that his comrades over there might like some of it, so he heaped a lot on a tin plate and started. To reach the magazine in safety involved a long journey round the batteries, which were now in perfect darkness. Across the parade the journey was comparatively short and entirely free from obstructions, and the shells were coming less and less frequently. He determined to cross the parade immediately after the next shell. He had not long to wait; a shell came and burst in due course, and Carroll started with his rice. He had got about half way when that unmistakable whizzing which indicates the approach of a mortar-shell fell upon his ear. It must have been fired before he left the casemate. He halted a moment, glanced upward, and sure enough the fiery messenger was after him. He instantly took to his heels, but hardly had taken five steps when the shell struck right behind him, and immediately burst. Nothing was seen for a few moments but a volcano of sand mixed with fire. We all thought the tailor's goose was cooked, but we were wrong. Presently we saw him gather himself out of the sand and streak it toward the magazine like a scared dog. When he reached safety, out of breath and almost out of mind, he gasped out his grievance, which simply was, "I've lost my rice! I've lost my rice!" That he had got away safely, without loss of life or limb, did not seem to impress him.

The bombardment which we had so long expected came upon us at last almost as a surprise. It was about half-past three in the morning. A steamer approached and fired a gun. That was the signal that somebody on board desired to communicate with the fort. A boat was sent out, and brought back the notification that General Beauregard would open his batteries on Fort Sumter in two hours. The major

was still abed, and, so far as I know, did not get up immediately. He ordered that the flag be hoisted, and that the men remain in bed until the usual hour for reveille. The flag was sent up, and the news spread rapidly among the men. Few remained in bed, although perfect quiet was maintained until the drum announced that it was reveille. As the hour for the opening approached, I stole up on the ramparts to see the first shot fired. It was a damp, raw morning, and intensely dark. Lieutenant Jefferson C. Davis was up there, on the same errand as myself. We hadn't long to wait. Promptly at the appointed hour the first shot was fired. It was a mortar-shell, and very well aimed. I traced its course, which the burning fuse enabled me to do, from the mortar, about two miles away, until it burst inside Sumter. The rebel batteries then opened on every side. It was a grand and fascinating sight. In the pitchy darkness the flashes of the guns looked like lightning; and it required but little imagination to convert the screaming shot and hissing shell into infuriated fiends darting through the murky air. The mortars were admirably aimed; the guns were shooting high. Of course the gunners could not see their object. They were aiming by marks previously made on the carriages. As daylight appeared the grandeur of the scene faded out, and the danger of it became apparent; and we sought shelter in the bomb-proofs. For two hours the rebels had the battle all to themselves, and the Sumter garrison spent the time in studying effects. By the time they opened in reply, they had got used to the racket, and had come to the conclusion that the reality of war was tamer than the anticipation.

Reveille sounded on the morning of the bombardment at the usual hour, as if nothing extraordinary were going on. The men were paraded under the bomb-proofs and the roll was called. The usual time was then devoted to folding bedding and cleaning up barracks, and those who had an appetite that way had an opportunity of enjoying a little artillery pork,—so called on account of its rusty facings—by way of breakfast. Assembly then sounded, the men again paraded, and the orders of the day were announced. The tour of duty at the guns was to be four hours. There were two reliefs, consisting each of one company of artillery, a few of the band, and some workmen. Battery E having the senior captain was the first for duty. It was divided into three parties. The captain took immediate command of the first, and marched it to the battery bearing on Morris Island. Lieutenant Davis, the only other officer with the company, marched the second party to the battery bearing upon Fort Johnson and the James Island batteries. The third party was marched by myself to the guns bearing on Fort Moultrie, the Sullivan's Island batteries, and the iron-clad floating battery, which was moored close to the Sullivan's Island shore. Very soon after fire was opened, the post surgeon, who for some

time had been doing line duty, joined the third party, and was the only commissioned officer with it throughout the bombardment.

Sumter opened fire about 7.30 A.M., the first shot being fired from the captain's battery. By this time the sun was well up, and the enemy's batteries were fairly visible, although surrounded by a bank of smoke from their own guns. I soon found out that the theory and practice of gunnery were by no means identical. The rays of light were so refracted by the smoke bank, that gunners trusting to their eyes alone invariably shot over. Fortunately, I had prepared all the guns for night firing, in advance. Each gun had been carefully pointed at every prominent object which it might become desirable to demolish within its field of fire, and the position on the traverse circle of a pointer screwed to one of the chassis-rails distinctly marked with the name of the object. On the breech of the gun a scale of elevations was painted and marked in a similar manner, the elevation being given by setting a short iron rod in a socket in the cheek of the carriage, and elevating or depressing the gun until the other end of the rod, which was shaped like a chisel, was at the desired mark. Resort was had in the battery with which I served to this night-firing device, and it worked admirably, giving steadier results than I think could have been obtained with the breech sight, on account of the refraction, which was constantly varying. There was little excitement among the men. They worked their guns in a steady, business-like manner, and the marksmanship was fairly good; but Fort Moultrie and the ironclad floating battery were very unsatisfactory targets. We could see our shot bouncing off the iron battery like peas, and Fort Moultrie was so buried in sand-bags as to be almost invulnerable. We were about evenly matched in this respect. Sumter was suffering no material injury, and if the men were reasonably careful, they were as safe as they would have been in New York.

The major having determined to man only the lower tier of guns, we were compelled to the exclusive use of solid shot. Our shell guns were all mounted *en barbette* on the third tier, and many a grumble was indulged in by the men, in a quiet *sotto voce* way, at their not getting a fair show with the Johnnies. They instinctively felt that they were doing no injury to the enemy. They were only throwing solid shot with more or less accuracy into a sand-bank, or against the impregnable sides of iron batteries. It was all very beautiful and noisy, but it failed to come up to the expectations of the men. It was not what they thought war should be. These feelings prompted the commission of an act which no one, not even the perpetrators, would care to justify, but which, being attended with no serious results, everybody can afford to laugh at. Of course no officer knew anything about it.

A large crowd had collected on the Sullivan's Island beach, out of the line of fire, to witness the duel between Moultrie and Sumter.

They were rebels, no doubt, but, so far as we knew, they were non-combatants. Our men, however, were too hungry and too angry to recognize any fine shades of difference. So, after making sure that no officer was around, they trained two 42-pounder guns on the crowd, and fired. The first shot struck the edge of the water, perhaps thirty yards in front of the crowd, and, bounding over their heads, went crashing through the Moultrie House, a large summer hotel from which floated a yellow flag. The second followed a similar course. No damage was done to the crowd,—that is, no physical damage; but you ought to have seen that crowd run.

Another incident, prompted by the same feeling, was justifiable as well as amusing. For four hours we had been pounding away at Stevens's battery and making no impression on it. This was very annoying to the men, and doubtless equally so to the officers. The non-commissioned officers believed they could demolish the battery with the 10-inch gun. The 10-inch gun referred to was mounted *en barbette* on the third tier, and the major had ordered that no guns on that tier should be manned. Orders were sacred in the opinion of Tom Kernan, but the demolition of Stevens's battery was a duty. In this case duty and orders seemed to conflict, and Tom was troubled. Tom was an old sergeant, a veteran of the Mexican war. In his dilemma he consulted with the ordnance sergeant, another Mexican war veteran, and they agreed that if it could be done on the sly, under the circumstances, the major's orders might be disregarded. They would not however, take anybody with them. The blame, if any attached to the act, should rest entirely on their shoulders. Consequently they watched their chance, and when the major was out of the way, slipped up-stairs to the *barbette* battery.

The gun was already loaded and aimed at the very battery they desired to strike. For weeks before the bombardment began all the guns were kept loaded. They had nothing to do, therefore, but slip in a friction primer in the vent and pull the lanyard; this was the work of a moment. The gun was fired, and the two sergeants and those below who were in their secret, watched the flight of the shot with almost painful interest. It missed—missed, seemingly, by a hair's breadth—just grazing the top of the battery. Great was the disappointment. So much risked; so little won. But the two sergeants would not give it up so. They might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. They were determined to have another shot. The gun was reloaded, which was quite a feat for two men, as the shot weighed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds; but when they tried to run the gun "in battery" they failed. It required six men to throw the carriage "in gear," and the two sergeants could not accomplish it.

Although the discharge of the 10-inch gun had escaped the observation of our own officers, it had been noticed by the rebels. They

knew all about the position and power of that particular gun, and had no doubt wondered at its silence. Now that it had opened it was of the utmost importance that it be silenced at once; so every rebel gun that could be brought to bear was turned on it, and a shower of shot and shell came hissing and hurtling about the ears of the two sergeants who were still tugging in vain at the handspikes.

Matters had now reached a crisis. "By Gemini," said Sergeant Tom, "let us fire her as she is." It was the only thing they could do. So the elevating screw was given half a turn, the primer was inserted, and the ordnance sergeant ran down to see if the coasts were clear. Meantime, Tom, who was left holding the lanyard, found himself in a tight place. Shot and shell were coming thicker than ever. The rebel gunners were just getting the range. Tom was lying down because, as he said, there was no room for him to stand up. What could be keeping his friend so long? Traverse circles were being torn up by the enemy's shot, and great blocks of granite were slashing about the terre-plein. He could stand it no longer; the lanyard was pulled, and the shot struck the battery, and seemed to do considerable damage, but the gun having been fired out of battery recoiled over the counter-hurters and turned a somersault backwards.

As the ordnance sergeant reached the top of the stairs he met the 10-inch gun going in the opposite direction, and, looking around for his friend, discovered him hugging mother earth half dead with fright,—not at the enemy's shot, but at having dismounted the boss gun of the outfit. Both compatriots came down. There were now additional reasons for keeping mum about the 10-inch gun; and the major never learned how it was dismounted.

An incident occurred during the first day's bombardment which has been misinterpreted by many writers. When the fleet made its appearance off the bar, which it did soon after the bombardment began, Sumter saluted it by dipping the flag. Just as the flag was making the third dip a shell burst near the staff, and a fragment cut the halliard. The flag, of course, ran down, but the halliard being swollen on account of the dampness, and rather kinky, jammed in the pulley, and the flag could neither be hauled up nor down. It remained, therefore, at half-staff. Upon this foundation the story that Sumter made signals of distress was built. Sumter made no signal of distress; the position of the flag was an accident.

The rebels had the satisfaction of shooting down our flag during the bombardment. A solid shot struck the topmast a little above the cross-trees, and down it came. A dozen men were around it in an instant. The flag was disentangled from the *débris*, a pole was procured,—the old topmast was too heavy to handle,—and the flag was nailed to it. About half a dozen soldiers then carried the new staff to the parapet and lashed it to a traverse made of spare gun carriages. When

the little party appeared on the parapet the rebels turned every gun upon them, and cannon-balls bounced about them like peas thrown by the handful. Yet not a man flinched, and none were hit. It was a gallant deed and nobly done; but I am not aware that any soldier claimed special credit for it; it was their duty, and they did it, and history has not preserved any of their names. Bringhurst, a young Philadelphian, is the only one of the party whom I distinctly remember. He was conspicuous. It was he that nailed the colors to the mast, and I saw him at the post of danger on the parapet lashing the flag-staff to the gun-carriages. It gives me special pleasure to record the facts in this case, as all the glory and rewards were given to another man, a civilian, who had been permitted to come to Sumter to look after Major Anderson after taking an oath to the South Carolina authorities that he would in no way assist in the defense.

The night after the first day's bombardment was one of suffering and anxiety. It was very dark, dreary, and cold,—at least I thought so. The presence of our fleet off the bar added to our anxieties, and increased the responsibilities of the guard. The rebels might storm us. The fleet might send us relief. Both would come in boats. Both would answer in English. Both, perhaps, would say "Friends." I can only judge of the feelings of others by my own on that night of hunger and misery. I had charge of one side of the work—the Moultrie side—from eight to twelve o'clock, and I never knew how long four hours really were till then. I knew the men were tired, and yet I had confidence in their vigilance. But, if any party came, the decision as to its character and reception must be promptly made. There would be no time to refer the question; every moment would be precious. So I crawled into an embrasure from which I could see seaward and Moultrieward at the same time, and made my mind up to accept the direction from which any approaching party should come, as *prima-facie* evidence of its character. If the rebels had sent a storming-party that night, and had approached my side of Sumter from the direction of the sea, they would have had the benefit of every doubt until the very last minute.

My position in the embrasure was not comfortable, but I made the best of it, resting my head on a cast-iron acquaintance which shared the vigil with me. My cast-iron friend had the advantage of me. She was loaded with a double charge of grape and canister, and I was empty. I had forgotten my hunger during the day, but during those quiet hours of the sleepless night my appetite came back like a raging demon. It seemed to be eating up my viscera, and I could hear it snarling and worrying over the repast like an angry dog. And then the cold, or the ague, or a touch of both, made my teeth chatter till I bit my tongue. There was no danger of going to sleep. And

my condition was no worse than that of my comrades. I have described my own, merely as an illustration of theirs. But midnight came at last, and I was relieved, and the doctor gave me a spoonful of brandy which did me a power of good. I slept after it like a top.

The second day's work began pretty much as did the first. We had not been disturbed during the night by either enemies or friends. We were none the better pleased at that, and I heard some bitter things said about the fleet. But the pounding proceeded with as hearty good-will as ever. Early in the day we discovered that the quarters were on fire. We put it out. Then fire broke out in another place. We put that out too. Then fire broke out in several places at once, and we found out what was the matter. The rebels were firing red-hot shot. We let the buildings burn.

The quarters at Sumter were supposed to be fire-proof,—that is, they were built as fire-proof buildings,—but they burned up all the same. That they burned badly was not due to their fire-proof character, but to the fact that they were wet. Our cisterns consisted of immense iron tanks under the roof. These had been riddled during the first day, and the water had escaped and saturated everything below. So the quarters smoked and sizzled, flaring up here and there into a flame, whenever the fire found a dry place.

As the fire approached the magazine we had, of course, to close it, but we kept it open to the very last moment. We had a couple of tailors at work in the filling room making making cartridge-bags out of soldiers' shirts, and every available material. They remained at their post until driven out by the smoke. Even the powder-chamber of the magazine was full of smoke before the doors were closed. To continue the bombardment until the magazine could be reopened, a number of barrels of powder were taken out,—I think nearly a hundred. These proved to be an elephant on our hands. The fire-proof floors began to fall in, and showers of sparks were scattered about and drifted into every corner of the casemates. There was no safe corner which could be used as a temporary magazine, and the powder-barrels had to be covered up with wet blankets. There were also lots of loaded shells which had to be covered, and there were not blankets enough to go round. When the last blankets had been utilized there were still some thirty barrels of powder to cover, and they had to be thrown out at the embrasure.

That the rebels were watching Sumter closely is evidenced by the fact that they discovered the discharge of powder-barrels from the embrasure almost immediately. That they knew what they were may well be doubted. Nevertheless they turned their guns on them all the same, and very soon produced an explosion. Although several men were near the embrasure at the time, no one was injured; in fact, they knew of the explosion only from the fact that the gun at that

embrasure was blown from battery. The explosion did no damage whatever.

At this time the smoke inside the fort was as thick as wool; it was like the darkness of Egypt; it could be felt. No man could breathe standing up. The fire of the fort had been reduced to one shot in five minutes. It might be many hours before the magazine could be re-opened, and it was necessary to husband our ammunition. Meantime the rebel batteries doubled their fire. Shot and shell were screaming and crashing around. Occasionally a salvo of explosions told us that the fire had reached some of our grenades. The magazine was now enveloped in flames, and the fire, having found abundance of dry material around the magazine corner, shot upwards to the sky great tongues of flame, which helped to clear the smoke away a little, and gave us a chance to breathe. But the danger was imminent. That the magazine would blow up was more than likely. From the major's actions I think he had no doubt on the subject. I think he wanted to die in the midst of his men. He called them around him, informally, to be sure, and without any reference to the anticipated explosion; but there was a solemn dignity in his voice and bearing which could not be misunderstood. There he stood, in the midst of a little group of dirty-faced men, wrapped in his military cloak, and waiting. It was a grand tableau. The rebel batteries were pouring in their shot faster than ever, and the major remarked, "Beauregard is behaving like a brute." No one replied. The men knew his feelings about the war, and admired his fortitude all the more.

We still kept firing at five-minute intervals. It became the duty of my battery to fire the next gun, and I withdrew from the major's group to see that it was done. The gun was a 32-pounder. It was already out of battery, and as No. 1 approached the muzzle to sponge out he discovered a face looking in at the embrasure. No. 1 was a soldier named Thompson. The smoke was still very thick, and from my position I saw nothing; but I could hear a somewhat excited conversation going on, the only words of which that I caught were, "For God's sake, don't make me stay here and be killed by my own shot and shell." I then drew closer to the embrasure, and saw Thompson dragging a man in by the hand. The man was in citizen's clothing, was very much excited, and some of us thought drunk. He asked for Major Anderson, and one of the men went to find him. The major soon appeared, stately and solemn as I had left him a few minutes before, with his cloak still wrapped around him. He said, addressing the stranger, "To what am I indebted for this visit?" The stranger replied, "I am Colonel Wigfall, of General Beauregard's staff. For God's sake, let this thing stop; there has been enough bloodshed already." To this the major replied, "There has been none on my side; and besides, your batteries are still firing on me." Wigfall then

turned towards Thompson, who, I now observed, had a white handkerchief tied to something (I think a sword, but will not be certain), and said, "Wave that," pointing towards the embrasure; then, turning to the major again, he said, "I'll stop them." Meantime Thompson handed the white flag to Wigfall, and said, "Wave it yourself." The absurdity of any such proceeding then seemed to dawn on him: the handkerchief could not be seen twenty feet away. He turned to the major, and, holding out the handkerchief, said, "Will you have somebody show this above?" pointing upwards, and evidently meaning the parapet. The major answered, "Yes, to oblige you; but let him take something that can be seen." The surgeon, who, I think, was present during the latter part of the conversation, provided a hospital sheet to exhibit. One of the men carried it to the parapet, and the major and Colonel Wigfall, and officers of the garrison, retired into a casemate which had been fitted up as a hospital.

The white sheet was shown, I suppose, as the firing ceased in a very few minutes, and sentinels were posted immediately. The men very generally jumped out of the embrasures, and were impressed, perhaps for the first time in their lives, with the magnitude of the blessing of fresh air. They sat around on the rocks, like coal miners who had just come up the shaft from a very deep mine. Very little was said. Occasionally one would ask, "Who is Wigfall, anyhow?" or "How in —— did he get here?" But as a rule they were not inclined to conversation.

Presently a small boat put out from Sullivan's Island, and pulled for Sumter. It had no white flag, consequently when it got within musket-range it was warned off. It then displayed a white flag, and was permitted to land. We could no longer indulge in the formality of sending a boat to meet it. We had no boats. Those we had left outside were riddled with shot, and those we had taken in were burned up. The small boat contained three very indignant Confederates. One of them was Stephen D. Lee, formerly a lieutenant in the Fourth United States Artillery. Of the other two, one was named Ferguson, also an ex-officer of the United States army. The third was unknown to me, and I did not learn his name.

On landing, Lee was the spokesman. I do not remember who received him; it was the officer of the day, whoever he was, and I think it was Dr. Crawford. Lee said, "What does this mean?" referring to the action of the sentinel I suppose. "Has not the fort surrendered?" The officer of the day made some reply; then Lee said, "What does the white flag mean then?" I did not catch the reply, only I heard the name of Wigfall mentioned. Meantime Major Anderson approached, and the rebel officers addressed themselves to him. There was quite an animated, not to say angry conversation between them, the words of which I would not pretend to record. The pur-

port of it, as I understood it from the fragments which reached my ears, was that the new arrivals repudiated the action of Wigfall. Then I remember the major's words, because it required an effort to keep from cheering. They were, "Well, gentlemen, you can go back to your batteries; I didn't send for you." They didn't however go back right away, but all went into the hospital casemate. What transpired there of course I do not know. This was between two and three in the afternoon.

In the course of half an hour our rebel visitors took their departure, but the firing was not resumed. The men were instructed to remain by their guns, and be ready to resume the action at any moment. The situation was then discussed by the soldiers from their stand-point of utter ignorance of the nature of the negotiations which they believed were going on. That the rebels had got something unpleasant to chew on, and that the garrison was not going to be surrendered as prisoners of war, were accepted as facts fairly deducible from the circumstances, and gave great satisfaction. As sunset approached the men became more and more convinced that the fighting was over. That they could ever conquer in such an uneven contest was hopeless from the first. That they should be surrendered as prisoners of war within sight of the national fleet was held to be very unlikely. That they would get away somehow, was the main solution of the problem. Either the fleet would send boats for them after dark, or their own boats would be patched so as to float, and they would drop down with the tide. That they would not only be permitted to leave, but furnished with transportation, was never dreamed of.

But the men were not all optimists. There were some who took a gloomy view of the situation. The various little groups of threes and fours which had gathered outside the fort, where fresh air was to be had, to discuss the situation were a study for a painter. The men were hollow-cheeked, cadaverous, grimy. Some cursed their luck, and some the fleet, and some the enemy; but nowhere did I hear the word "surrender." Haggard, hungry, and hopeless, with heartless enemies without, and gaunt starvation, fire, and smoke within, so far as they knew abandoned by their government and forgotten by their country, yet no disloyal word; and they were only enlisted men. Can history furnish an example of greater devotion?

At dusk another small boat bearing a flag of truce approached from Sullivan's Island, and the men felt that a decision upon the pending proposition had been reached. They soon learned that the fighting was indeed over, and that the garrison would be transported to the fleet next day. No surprise was expressed by the men. That they would make their way to the fleet by force or stealth was the solution they had already reached. That they were to go there peaceably was only a slight variation. They were content.

Still another night in Sumter, only less miserable than the last. The barracks were still burning. Blankets were still in use as coverings for loaded shells, and the men had to shiver through the night on the bare stones of the batteries. But morning came at last, and brought with it the bustle and preparation for departure. The men were light-hearted; they would leave Sumter without a single regret. So far as comfort was concerned, Sumter had nothing left. It was a ruin, and the men were jolly over the prospect of leaving it. Their recent unpleasant, not to say dangerous, situation already seemed a long way off. They had got a small glass of brandy each from the surgeon, and it had loosened their tongues. They were particularly hard on one young soldier who had a presentiment that he would never leave Sumter. He was a brave young man, and did his duty nobly. He was the sentinel that held the fort at Moultrie while it was burning, but he had, or at least said he had, this gloomy presentiment, although he was cheerful enough all the time, and the men remembered it. So they bantered him about it now that the battle was over, saying, "Well, Galway, you weren't killed after all." To this he would reply, "I ain't out of Sumter yet." He stuck to his presentiment. And he was right. He never left Sumter; his body lies buried there to-day.

The old flag, tattered and torn, which had floated over us during the bombardment, had been shot down, nailed to a new mast and re-raised, and which still floated over us, was to be saluted with a hundred guns before it was lowered into the arms of its defenders. It was now prepared for the ceremony. The nails were drawn, and halliards were rigged to the improvised flag-staff. In the salute every serviceable gun that could be manned was to be used. Twelve guns were prepared for the purpose, eight in the lower, and four in the upper tier. The upper-tier guns were those on the sea-face of the fort. The salute began below. Eight shots were fired from the lower tier, then four from the upper, and so on. It was deliberate and with full charges. An officer and two or three men stood ready to receive the flag in their arms as it descended when the last shot was fired.

The handling of powder, especially on the upper tier, was rather a risky business. The fort was still on fire, and every discharge would be likely to liberate a shower of sparks, as the tottering walls trembled responsive to the vibration. We had no budge-barrels, and no really safe place to put the cartridges. As the safest convenient place they were placed under a lean-to bomb-proof, constructed of heavy iron embrasure-plates, which the men called a "dodging-hole."

The salute proceeded without accident until the forty-eighth round, which was fired from the last of the upper-tier guns. As it was fired, the second gun on the upper tier was discharged prematurely. Either the gun had been carelessly sponged, or sparks had blown into it as the cartridge was inserted. I was standing on the parapet near the third

gun at the time, and turned to see what had happened. I did not see right away. A second explosion took place which fairly raised me off my feet, and I fell, dazed, but not stunned, on the parapet. I jumped off the parapet, partly for safety and partly to see what damage had been done. The smoke was very thick, and as it cleared away a sad sight presented itself. No. 1 cannoneer, at the gun which exploded prematurely, was killed. He had never known what killed him. Half his head was blown away. No. 2 was fatally injured,—he was the young man who had the presentiment. No. 2 at the adjoining gun was also seriously hurt. He was burned black in the face, and lay covered with the heavy iron plates of which our temporary magazine had been constructed. He still breathed, but there were slight hopes of his recovery. Five or six more were wounded more or less severely. The accident terminated the salute at the fiftieth round, two guns having been fired after the explosion from the lower-tier batteries.

The wounded were carried down to the parade and laid on the ground, and the surgeon attended to their injuries. In about half an hour Galway died. The body of the man who had been instantly killed was also brought down and laid alongside of Galway. Near where they lay was a large pit dug by the explosion of a mortar-shell. It was soon prepared for the reception of the bodies,—a fitting resting-place for two gallant soldiers.

The preparations for the funeral were few and simple. Our enemies had learned of the accident and its fatal consequences, and in the true spirit of chivalry, sent a chaplain to officiate at the funeral. Two companies of South Carolina troops without arms also attended, having come over in a steamboat for the purpose. After the ceremony they withdrew, and left the Sumter garrison alone.

Meantime, the steamer "Planter" had arrived, and the wounded were carried on board. The severely wounded man, who had lain alongside his dead comrades, and, as he afterwards told me, had heard and understood the funeral services, although unable to speak, was considered to be too severely injured to be moved. No one believed that he could recover. No one believed that he was conscious of anything that was going on. But he was; and he said, after he recovered, that when he heard the determination to leave him behind, it nearly broke his heart. The surgeon-general of South Carolina promised to care for him, and if he should recover and wish to go North, to see that he was provided with a pass for that purpose. He did recover, and rejoined his company at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, some time in May, on a pass signed by General Beauregard. His term of enlistment expired soon afterwards, and, although he desired to re-enlist, his injuries, and the partial loss of sight in one eye, were sufficient to cause his rejection. His name was George Fielding. He was an illiterate Irishman, but his heart was loyal, and as true as steel. He

afterwards enlisted in a Michigan regiment and was killed, I think, in one of the battles on the Peninsula.

The time for our departure had come, assembly sounded in Sumter for the last time. The column was formed, the flag of Moultrie and Sumter, wrapped around the topmast which had been shot down, was carried on the shoulders of six sergeants in advance, and the garrison marched out to the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle." The "Planter" carried us to the steamer "Isabel," which next morning carried us to the fleet.

JAMES CHESTER,
Captain Third Artillery.

TEDDIE TUBBS IN A DILEMMA.

"THE compliments of the commanding officer and he'd like to see the *loo*tenant at the office."

Such was the message delivered by the colonel's orderly, that caused me to put down my pipe and book and follow the messenger across the parade.

(For reasons that may hereafter become apparent I shall ask the reader to consider my station at this time Fort Broncho, Gnomemans Territory.)

Arriving at the office, I learned from the colonel that a courier from the next fort had just brought him the intelligence that a party of horse-thieves had made a successful raid on Jack Melton's ranch, in the southern part of the Territory, and had run off thirty head of valuable horses. He directed me to take Long John (the post-guide) and fifteen men of my company, and endeavor to reach the upper ford of Scorpion River before they should reach there, as this was the point where they would undoubtedly attempt to cross. If upon reaching the ford I discovered no sign of them, I was to remain there in ambush for three days, and then, should they not have appeared, I was to return to the fort. No questions were asked nor were orders given beyond this. I knew I was expected to bring back the horses if possible, and horse-thieves in the Territories know what fate awaits them if overtaken. One hour later I had left the fort in company with Long John and my men.

On the evening of the third day we reached the ford designated, and an examination of the surroundings convinced me we were in advance of the thieves. A neighboring cañon afforded an admirable spot for a concealed camp, from which place approach to the ford in three directions could be seen.

I had it all nicely planned. If the thieves were seen in the distance approaching the ford, Long John was to take a fishing-pole he had improvised and take up his position on the bank of the stream, and be apparently indulging in the pastime of the late lamented Isaac. His overcoat was to be on the bank beside him, and when the horses were about to enter the river, should they do so from the south, he was to spring up and shake his coat at them. This would undoubtedly

stampede them, and the chances were they would head for the cañon, where my party, some mounted and some dismounted, would be in readiness to receive them and their villainous drivers. From the ford to the mouth of the cañon was scarcely one hundred yards, so Long John would be under protection of our guns.

But alas! that fickle goddess, Fortune, forgot the very existence of Tubbs. We remained our three days without seeing the slightest trace of them, and then returned to Fort Broncho. Owing to the sickness of three of my men, caused by eating a species of fungi which they mistook for mushrooms, I laid over one day on the return trip. This made it necessary for me to make a forced march the last day to reach the fort at the time our rations would "expire." The sick men duly recovered, and we broke camp about daylight and marched until noon. Then we unsaddled and let the animals graze until four o'clock, when we again "saddled up" and proceeded on our way. Long John and I decided we could not reach the fort before one o'clock in the morning, if we did then. As the day faded into gloaming and gloaming into night, I was reminded of Miller's line,—

"A darkness that would have been black to the blind."

It was so intensely dark one seemed to feel it. We were marching single-file, and I gave my horse her head and trusted to her leading us right. Poor *Carrina!* she had borne me faithfully over

"Leagues on leagues on leagues of desolation,"

and had won me many shekels, but she fell a victim to the hidden undercurrent of a treacherous stream, and was swept from my sight forever.

It was between two and three o'clock in the morning when we reached the fort. I gave my horse to one of my men and told the sergeant to take the detachment to the stables. Long John had dismounted with me, and as the sound of the horses' feet died away in the distance, he said,—

"I can't see nothing, lieutenant, but the trader's store must be right here; and as I could eat a bear, I am going to rout 'em up."

"Rout away," said I; "I am hungry myself."

After several false tacks he at last found the store, and we entered. I made a very fair nocturnal lunch of crackers, cheese, canned peaches, sardines, and beer,—shade of Epicurus!—and then started for my quarters. If I had not been perfectly familiar with the route I should not have reached them that night, for the night seemed doubly black after leaving the light. My quarters were the fifth set from the end, and by drawing my hand along the railing of the low fence, which extended the whole line, I could count each gateway as I came to it. The fifth

was reached in due time, and I entered it, but, alas! only to find my door locked. Being thoroughly acquainted with the soundness of my "striker's" slumbers, I knew that to knock were worse than useless, besides, his room was in the back part of the house. The windows of my front room were very low, in fact, not more than one foot from the ground, and I knew they did not fasten, so I opened one of these and easily gained my drawing-room, so called because I occasionally drew two pairs and flushes there. There were fourteen pockets in the garments I had on, but after a very careful search of each of these, I realized that I had not a blessed match about me. I then recollected that matches were always lying on the table, so I groped around until this was found, but in vain. What does it matter any way? I reflected; daylight is almost here, and I wish to report my return at reveille. I will simply pull off my boots and blouse and throw myself on the bed. By more groping I found the door to my bedroom, which was open, and I was soon in a horizontal position, musing on my unsuccessful trip, and wondering if an owl could see on such a night. I think I lay there fully twenty minutes, when, in attempting to turn on my side, my elbow came in contact with something that gave me a very disagreeable shock; it felt like something human and something decidedly animate. Was this the result of the peaches, beer, etc.? I determined to find out. I carefully slipped my hand along the pillow, and there was no longer a doubt, it encountered a *head*. The sensation was not a pleasant one. Eckerson's ghastly poem of his sleep with "Captain Williams, dead," occurred to me, and I wondered if some of the fellows had put a corpse in my bed to try my nerve. But this was unlikely, for they did not know of my return, neither could they tell I would come matchless, so this fancy was abandoned. At length I concluded it must be my "striker," my villainous Flynn, who was occupying the quarters he was left in charge of. This seemed the most plausible solution of the problem, and I soon felt as satisfied that I was beside Flynn as if the rays of twenty gas-jets were playing on his red hair and beard. All uneasiness had now vanished. I *knew* it was Flynn, and I knew I must invent some terrible punishment for him. But what would be bad enough? Lawfully I could only confine him in the guard-house and prefer charges against him, but I could not bring myself to look upon this as the slightest equivalent for his cool impudence.

"Happy thought!" I would awaken him by jerking his County Donegal beard out of his Hibernian chin. The sentence was no sooner passed than I proceeded to carry it into execution. I slipped my hand out again until it reached the head; then I moved it carefully around to locate the beard before I tangled my hand in his hair (see Miles O'Reilly). Imagine my surprise when a perfectly smooth chin was what my vengeful-seeking hand encountered. Again came the dis-

agreeable chilly sensation; again came thoughts of the nocturnal lunch. But it *must* be Flynn. The beggar had probably shaved up to be floor-manager at some company's ball, or secretary of one of those short-lived temperance clans which are organized about five days after the paymaster's departure, and disorganized with his next advent. It was evident the sentence could not be carried into effect, and he could not be tried twice for the same offense. What *should* I do? I would simply slap his face and wake him up, then run his head into one of my cavalry boots, and belabor him with my sabre.

Not a mean programme to be enacted in total darkness; but Tubbs was mad. I was afraid to move again, lest I should arouse him before I got my slap in; so I concluded to make the best of the present situation, and do my "level best" from where I was.

How is one to describe several things separately that happen simultaneously? It may be done; I do not deny it. I only wish to confess my inability to perform the feat.

I got my slap in nobly, but had hardly done so when three of the most piercing, heart-rending, soul-annihilating "*E—E—E's*," way above "C," emanated from the mouth of the thing beside me, and, while they were being vented, I shot off the bed like a shell from a mortar, caromed on a camp-chair, and landed *en echelon* in something which seemed like a portable wire cage in the centre of the floor. The slap, the shrieks, and the discharge happened almost simultaneously; then silence ensued.

Consciousness and a realizing sense of the situation slowly returned. What was it? Had I not felt the head, I should have known it was a cat, for their vocal staying-powers are well known; but no woman, unless it be Patti, could ever hold that note so long and well. But Granville Sabretasche de Tubbs was not going to be bluffed off so easily. I disengaged myself from the labyrinth of wire into which I had pitched, and, in the steadiest voice I could command, I said, "Who are you, any way?"

"Who are *you?*" This in a high falsetto from the imaginary Flynn.

One doubt, at least, was removed. A man may, under certain circumstances, reply to one question by asking another, but never at such a time as this. It was a woman! Of this I was sure. But who was she, and how came she in my quarters?

"These are my quarters," I at length ventured in reply to the inquiry.

"Then you are—Mr.—Tubbs." (This in a half-sobbing, hysterical tone.)

"Yes," I replied, "I am Mr. Tubbs; and now that you have ascertained this fact, and have learned that these are my quarters, perhaps you will be so good as to tell me who *you* are."

"I am Miss (sob) Screamer."

Miss Screamer! Great Scott! The sister of the wife of Crumbs, of the —— Infantry! Crumbs, my *fidus Achates* and next-door neighbor! Miss Screamer, the young lady whose advent we had all—especially we subalterns—anxiously and impatiently looked forward to! Miss Screamer, who had been expected any time during the past six months, but who, after the ambulance had been sent innumerable times to meet her, and countless hops and rides had been arranged, sent word that her aunt was taken dangerously ill, and she could not come at all! Ye gods! Ye gods! All this flashed through my mind in an instant.

Perhaps I should have preferred charges against myself for breach of etiquette in omitting to say "I am glad to see you" when I learned who she was, and have tried myself before a self-constituted court. But, no; had I seen her, I should not have mistaken her for Flynn. Of course, having jabbed her with my elbow and slapped her face, I was debarred from uttering the conventional "I am happy to meet you;" 'twould have borne falsehood on the face of it. While thus cogitating, a stifled, sobbing "Please go away" came from the adjacent couch.

Certainly I would go. I was groping for the door then, and had just succeeded in finding it by almost splitting my head against it, when—

"Oh, do go! I know I shall *hate* you!" came from the now distant bed.

I did not consider it a fitting time to express any doubts upon the subject, or to enlarge upon my fascinating qualifications. I was bent on finding my bearings, blouse, and boots (the attention of Mr. Swinburne respectfully invited), regardless of any hereafter. My blouse was speedily donned, and I was in the act of drawing on my boots when it occurred to me how necessary it was for me to caution Miss Screamer, *alias* the corpse, *alias* Flynn, in regard to mentioning this *contretemps*. I saw at once, if it leaked out, no end of chaff would be indulged in by the inhabitants of the garrison; so, being ready to go, I approached the door and said,—

"Miss Screamer."

"Oh, you nasty, hateful, mean thing! I knew I should hate you! *Go! go! go!*"

This was even more hysterical than some of the former ejaculations.

"But, Miss Screamer," I replied, "I am going instantly. I want you to promise me——"

"I will promise you nothing. I think it ungentlemanly——"

"Promise me," I continued, "that you will not mention this accidental intrusion to a living soul, and I am off."

"If you do not go, I shall scream," was her only reply.

"Please, pray, for heaven's sake do not scream," I answered, remembering too painfully the blood-curdling "*E's*," which seemed still to be ringing in my ears. "I have a particular reason for asking you to keep the whole thing secret. Will you not?"

"Yes; now go."

"Remember, not even to your sister," I said, fearing she might make a confidante of her.

"Yes, yes, yes! I feel I am going to scream. I *know*——"

But I had reached the window and opened it before her sentence was concluded, and I closed it from the outside as rapidly as possible, lest her threatful belief be carried into effect or fulfilled.

Under cover of the darkness I stole quietly out of the gate, feeling far more like a thief than the rascals I had been in pursuit of.

Where should I go? I must avoid all possibility of the fellows ever learning of this adventure. I would go down to Long John's cabin and tell him I had lost my way in the darkness and I would remain with him. Having resolved on this, I proceeded to steer for the cabin. I had no sentries to pass in this course, and I reached it with less trouble than I anticipated. I found Long John playing solitaire with a pack of Indian raw-hide cards and betting with himself that he could "make it" three times out of five. My explanation was very plausible, and I felt greatly relieved as I threw myself on his blankets.

Somnus had failed to visit me when the first call for "I can't get 'em up" rang out clear and distinct from the parade-ground. Crumbs and the adjutant were both meadow-larks of the most approved pattern, and I knew they would be at the store in a few minutes for their malaria preventive, so I rolled out of Long John's blankets and proceeded in the direction of the trader's. I had not miscalculated; they were already there.

"Hullo, Tubbs! when did you get in?" came from the mouth of each at the same time.

"About a few hours ago," I replied; "but it was so blamed dark I just turned in with Long John. Now, Mr. Adjutant, I wish to report my return from an unsuccessful trip prior to going to my quarters to make myself a trifle more respectable."

"Say, Tubbs," said Crumbs, backing away from the dispensary, where his prescription had been filled, "I want to see you a minute."

So it was coming. The mystery of the Flynn tragedy was about to be unraveled. Together we sauntered to the back part of the store and sat down at a table.

"Say, Tubbs," began Crumbs, "you know Miss Screamer."

"No," I answered. "If you mean your wife's sister, I know to whom you refer."

"Yes; that's who I mean," he replied. "Well, you know, she had been expected here for a long time before you left, and then she sent word she could not come at all."

"Yes," I answered; "I remember all that very well."

"Well," he continued, "when I found she was not coming I thought it a good time, being quartermaster, to fix up my quarters. I have torn the back part out of my house and am building an addition. Right in the midst of all this comes a telegram from Piute Station saying Miss Screamer was *there*. I was as much surprised as if I had caught four aces in a five-card draw. I went right over for her, and, as we were not prepared for her and you were out, you know, I just put her in—your—quarters. You don't mind, do you?"

"My dear fellow," I answered, "certainly I do not mind. I am sure Miss Screamer is perfectly welcome to my quarters if she can make herself comfortable there. I am glad I met you, for I might have walked in on her."

"I thought you wouldn't mind," resumed Crumbs, "and right after guard-mounting we will be fixed for her, and you will find your quarters ready for you."

So in a few hours I knew I should be in my quarters with the knowledge that Miss Screamer—she whom months previously I had made up mind to like and for whom in prospective I had planned rides, fishing excursions, etc.—*hated* me. (Ah, Tubbs! thy lines have not fallen in the pleasantest places since leaving civilization to enter the crack troop in the crack corps.) As I came off parade that evening I was accosted by Crumbs,—

"Say, old man, come and dine with us at seven and meet Miss Screamer."

"Thanks," I replied; "I have just promised to take pot-luck with Rolls."

This was a lie, and a black one, too; but I felt it impossible to meet the lady at dinner whose face I had slapped earlier in the day, and, besides, I knew it would be embarrassing for her, so I deemed the lie justifiable. I knew I would have to meet her eventually, but I thought the longer it could be postponed without exciting comment the better.

About a week after this I had occasion to see the colonel. As he was not in his office I went to his quarters, and, as was the custom, knocked and let myself in. I stepped into the parlor, expecting to find him on the sofa with his pipe, but suddenly paused upon discovering a lady—a total stranger—was the only occupant of the room. She was looking at an album of foreign scenes, from which she glanced up as I entered.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered; "I expected to find the colonel here."

"He will be here presently," she replied. "Is not this Mr. Tubbs? I am Miss Screamer."

In the perfectly self-possessed beautiful young woman who had just presented herself in such a well-bred manner I failed to recognize the voice of the supposed Flynn, who, on a previous occasion, had used the identical words,—"I am Miss Screamer." From this day we were friends, and remained so to the end. No allusion was ever made to my untimely arrival at my quarters; but it will always be a mystery to me how the inmates of that garrison, especially the guard, failed to be electrified by those piercing "*E—E—E's!*"

EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

SHIPS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 531.)

THE "DEMOLOGOS" FULTON THE FIRST, THE FIRST STEAM VESSEL OF WAR.—At the close of 1813, Robert Fulton exhibited to the President of the United States the drawing of a proposed war steamer or floating battery, named by him the "Demologos."

A copy of this original sketch is engraved in Stuart's "Naval and Mail Steamers of the United States," and possesses more than ordinary interest, from its being the only record of the *first war steamer in the world*, designed and drawn by the immortal Fulton, and represented by him as capable of carrying a strong battery, with furnaces for red-hot shot, and being propelled by steam at the rate of five miles an hour.

He contemplated that, in addition to the proposed armament on deck, she should be furnished with submarine guns, two suspended from each bow, so as to discharge a 100-pound ball into an enemy below her water-line, and that her machinery should have an additional engine, by which an immense column of water could be thrown upon the decks or through the ports of an opponent. Her estimated cost was three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, or about that of a first-class sailing frigate of the time.

The project of Fulton was favorably received, and March, 1814, a law was passed by Congress authorizing the President to cause to be equipped one or more floating batteries for the defense of the waters of the United States. The building of this vessel was committed by the Coast and Harbor Defense Association to a sub-committee of five gentlemen, who were recognized by the government as their agents.

Robert Fulton, whose soul animated the enterprise, was appointed the engineer, and on the 20th of June, 1814, the keels of this novel steamer were laid at the ship-yard of Adam and Noah Brown, in the city of New York. The close blockade of our coast by the enemy enhanced the price of timber, rendered difficult the importation of copper and iron, and the supply of coal from Richmond and Liverpool, and also of lead; but all these obstacles were surmounted, and all that the blockading squadron achieved was an increase in the expense of her

construction. Also with respect to tradesmen and laborers there was great difficulty; shipwrights had repaired to the lakes in such numbers for repelling the enemy, and a large number had enlisted as soldiers, so that comparatively few were left on the seaboard; yet a sufficient number of laborers were obtained by an increase of wages. Thus aided by the diligence and skill of the commissioners, the vessel was launched on the 29th of October, 1814, a little more than four months after her keels were laid, amid the plaudits of assembled thousands.

The river and bay were filled with steamers and vessels of war, in compliment to the occasion. In the midst of these was the enormous floating mass of the "Demologos," whose bulk and unwieldy form seemed to render her as unfit for motion as the land batteries that were saluting her.

Captain David Porter, U.S.N., writing to the Secretary of the Navy, under date New York, October 18, 1814, says, "I have the pleasure to inform you that 'Fulton the First' was this morning safely launched. No one has yet ventured to suggest any improvement that could be made in the vessel, and, to use the words of the projector, '*I would not alter her if it was in my power to do so.*'

"She promises fair to meet our most sanguine expectations, and I do not despair in being able to navigate in her from one extreme of the coast to the other. Her buoyancy astonishes every one. She now draws only eight feet three inches of water, and her draught will be only ten feet with all her guns, machinery, stores, and crew on board. The ease with which she can now be towed with a single steamboat renders it certain that her velocity will be sufficiently great to answer every purpose; and the manner it is intended to secure her machinery from the gunner's shots leaves no apprehension for its safety. I shall use every exertion to prepare her for immediate service. Her guns will soon be mounted, and I am assured by Mr. Fulton that her machinery will be in operation in about six weeks."

On the 21st of November the "Fulton" was moved from the wharf of Messrs. Brown, on the East River, to the works of Robert Fulton, on the North River, to receive her machinery. The steamboat "Car of Neptune" made fast to her port, and the steamboat "Fulton" to her starboard, side, and so towed her to her destination at the rate of three and one-half to four miles per hour.

The dimensions of "Fulton the First" were: length, one hundred and fifty-six feet; breadth, fifty-six feet; depth, twenty feet; water-wheel, sixteen feet diameter; length of bucket, fourteen feet; dip, four feet; engine, forty-eight-inch cylinder, five feet stroke; boiler, length twenty-two feet, breadth twelve feet, and depth eight feet; tonnage, two thousand four hundred and seventy-five.

It may be well to compare these dimensions with the following description, published in Scotland at the time, which the author

prefaces by stating "he had taken great care to procure full and accurate information":

"Her length on deck is *three hundred* feet; breadth, *two hundred* feet; thickness of the sides, thirteen feet of alternate oak plank and cork-wood; carries forty-four guns, four of which are 100-pounders; and further, to annoy an enemy attempting to board, can discharge *one hundred gallons of boiling water* in a minute, and by mechanism brandishes *three hundred* cutlasses with the utmost regularity over her gunwales; works also an equal number of heavy iron pikes of great length, darting them from her sides with prodigious force, and withdrawing them every quarter of a minute."

The stores of artillery in New York not furnishing the number and kind of cannon which she was designed to carry, guns were transported from Philadelphia. A prize, taken from the enemy, put some fit and excellent pieces at the disposal of the Navy Department, and to avoid the danger of their capture they were carted over the miry roads of New Jersey. Twenty heavy cannon were thus conveyed by the strength of horses.

The commissioners appointed to examine her by Congress thus describe her:

"She is a structure resting upon two boats' keels, separated from end to end by a canal fifteen feet wide and sixty-six long. One boat contains the cauldrons of copper to prepare her steam; the vast cylinder of iron, with its piston, levers, and wheels, occupies a part of its fellow; the great water-wheel revolves in the space between them.[24] The main or gun-deck supports her armament, and is protected by a bulwark four feet ten inches thick, of solid timber; this is pierced by thirty port-holes, to enable as many 32-pounders to fire red-hot balls. Her upper or spar-deck, upon which several thousand men might parade, is encompassed by a bulwark which affords safe quarters. She is rigged with two stout masts, each of which supports a large lateen-yard and sails; she has two bowsprits and jibs, and four rudders, one at each extremity of the boat, so that she can be steered with either end foremost. Her machinery is calculated for the addition of an engine which will discharge an immense column of water, which it is intended to throw upon the decks and through the ports of an enemy. If, in addition to all this, we suppose her to be furnished, according to Mr. Fulton's intention, with 100-pound columbiads, two suspended from each bow, so as to discharge a ball of that size into an enemy's ship ten or twelve feet below the water-line, it must be allowed that she has the appearance at least of being the most formidable engine of warfare that human ingenuity has contrived."

Owing to the exhaustion of the treasury, and the temporary de-

[24] The "Benton" and some other government steamers on the Mississippi River during the civil war, 1862-64, were similarly planned and arranged.

pression of the public credit, the commissioners were instructed to pay in treasury notes, and issue them solely at par. These even at times were so long withheld that those who had advanced materials and labor were importunate for payment, and the commissioners to a certain extent pledged their private credit. Once the men actually discontinued work. From these causes her completion was retarded until winter rendered it impossible for her to act. Their exertions were still further retarded by the unexpected death of Mr. Fulton, who died on the 24th of February, 1815. The world was deprived of his invaluable labor before he had completed this his favorite undertaking.

At length, all difficulties being surmounted and the machinery in place, it was put in motion, and she made her first trial trip on the 1st of June, 1815, nine months after her keels were laid. In this essay she proved herself capable of opposing the wind, of stemming the tide, of crossing currents, and of being steered among vessels riding at anchor, though the weather was boisterous and the water rough. Her performance demonstrated the success of the project, and that a floating battery composed of heavy artillery could be moved by steam.

She left the wharf near the Brooklyn ferry, propelled by steam alone against a stiff south breeze, which was directly ahead, and a strong ebb tide, and steamed by the forts and saluted them with her 32-pounder, her speed equaling the most sanguine expectations. After navigating the bay and receiving a visit from the officers of a French ship of war, she came to at Paulus Hook ferry, about two in the afternoon, without having experienced any unpleasant occurrence.

This trip, however, disclosed that various alterations were necessary,—some errors to be corrected, some defects to be supplied. She was, however, prepared for a second trial with all practicable speed, and on the 4th of July again made a trip to the ocean eastward of Sandy Hook and back again, a distance of fifty-three miles, in eight hours and twenty minutes without the aid of sails, the wind and tide being partly in her favor and partly against her, the balance being rather in her favor. Not one of the gentlemen who witnessed this experiment entertained a doubt of her fitness for her intended purpose. Additional expedients were sought for increasing her power, and devised and executed with all possible care for quickening and directing her movements.

Suitable arrangements having been made, a third trial of her powers was attempted on the 11th of September, 1815, with twenty-six of her long and ponderous guns and a considerable quantity of ammunition and stores on board. Her draught of water thus equipped was less than eleven feet. She changed her course by reversing the motion of her wheel, without the necessity of putting about, just as the ferry-boats of the present day. She saluted as she passed the forts, overcame the resistance of the wind and tide in her progress down the bay, and performed beautiful manœuvres

around the United States frigate "Java" (44), then at anchor near the lighthouse. She moved with remarkable celerity, and was perfectly obedient to her double helm; the firing of her guns produced very little concussion, and her machinery was not affected by it in the slightest degree. Her progress during the firing was steady and uninterrupted. On the most accurate calculation her average velocity was four and a half miles per hour, and she made headway at the rate of two miles an hour against the ebb of the East River, running three and a half knots. The day's exercise was satisfactory, and it was universally agreed by the respectable company on board that the United States possessed a new auxiliary against every maritime invader. The city of New York was considered as having the means of making itself invulnerable, and that every bay and harbor of the nation might be protected by the same tremendous power. Her performance no more than equaled Robert Fulton's expectations, but it exceeded his promise to the government, which was that she should be propelled by steam at the rate of from three to four miles an hour.

The commissioners who superintended her construction, in concluding their report, congratulated the government and nation on the event of this noble project, and said, "Honorable alike to its author and its patrons, it constitutes an era in warfare and the arts. The arrival of peace indeed has disappointed the expectations of conducting her to battle. That best and conclusive act of showing her superiority in combat has not been in the power of the commissioners to make.

"If a continuance of tranquillity should be our lot, and this steam vessel of war be not required for the public defense, the nation may rejoice that the fact we have ascertained is of incalculably greater value than the expenditures, and that if the present structure should perish, we have the information, never to perish, how, in any future emergency, others may be built. The requisite variations will be detected by circumstances."

After these trial trips, the war having terminated, "Fulton the First" was taken to the navy-yard at Brooklyn, and moored on the flats abreast of that station, where she remained and was used as a receiving-ship until the 4th of June, 1829, just fifteen years after her keels were laid, when she was accidentally blown up.

Commodore Chauncey, in his report of this catastrophe, says that he had been on board of her all the morning, inspecting the ship and men, particularly the sick and invalids, which had increased considerably from other ships, and whom he had intended asking the department permission to discharge, as of little use to the service. He had left the ship only a few moments before the explosion took place. The report did not appear to him louder than a 32-pounder, although the destruction of the ship was complete and entire, owing to her very decayed state, for there was on board at the time no more than two and

a half barrels of damaged powder, kept in the magazine for the morning and evening gun. By this explosion twenty-four men and a woman were killed, nineteen wounded, and five were reported missing, probably killed. Among the killed was Lieutenant S. M. Breckenridge, a very fine and promising officer, and among the wounded Lieutenant C. F. Platt, Lieutenant A. M. Mull, and Sailing-Master Clough. Lieutenant Platt was dangerously wounded, and others severely; four midshipmen were among the wounded.

Captain E. C. Bowers, the only surviving officer of the "Fulton," who had entered the service as a midshipman a few months previous, wrote me December 13, 1881: "I say the destruction of the 'Fulton' was by carelessness. I believe in Divine Providence, but not in accident. I joined her in the early part of 1826 as an acting midshipman, Commander Budd then having command. Her magazine (if it could be called one) was nearly under the ship's coppers (cooking-galley), and separated only by a light bulkhead was the 'bag-room,' in which the sergeant of marines had a writing-desk, on which was a naked oil lamp. Soon after reporting, I had occasion to go down there; the bulkhead had a sliding door, which was open, and his lamp shone on the kegs of powder, one of which was without a head. I remarked to the sergeant, 'If your light was only five feet nearer (all the space that separated it from the powder) there would be trouble.' 'Yis,' said he, turning his beery eyes on me, 'there would be a sinsation.' After that I never turned in at nights without thinking there might be a sensation before cock-crowing, and to this day I have not forgot the appearance of that powder with the light shining on it, and draw the inference that gross carelessness caused 'the sinsation.' Yet at the time there was a story that a gunner's mate had been disrated and punished with the cats the morning before the blowing up of the 'Fulton.'"

Commodore Chauncey reported he was of the opinion that "the explosion could not have taken place from accident, as the magazine was as well or better secured than the magazines of most of our ships; yet it would be difficult to assign a motive to those in the magazine for so horrible an act as voluntarily to destroy themselves and those on board; yet if the explosion was not the effect of design, I am at a loss to account for the catastrophe."

Lieutenant-Commander J. T. Newton, her commander, was at the time of the accident on shore.

This distressing event concludes the history of the *first steam vessel of war* ever built.

The next essay of our government in building a steam vessel of war was not until 1837, when "Fulton the Second" was launched at New York. A small steamer called the "Sea Gull" was, however, purchased in 1824, and used in the squadron under Commodore Porter for the suppression of piracy in the West Indies.

THE SHIP "MARGARET," OF SALEM, 1800. SOME SALEM VESSELS, 1814–18.—The "Margaret" had an interesting history. She cleared for Sumatra November 19, 1800, with twelve casks of Malaga wine, two hogsheads of bacon, and fifty thousand dollars in specie; stood out to sea November 25; arrived in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, February 4, 1801; reached Sumatra April 10, and without stopping to trade proceeded to Batavia. Here her captain, Samuel Derby, found the Dutch East India Company desirous of chartering a vessel to take their annual freights to and from Japan, and engaged his vessel and crew for the service. He left on June 20, and arrived at Nagasaki July 19, being met in the open roadstead with a command to fire salutes and dress his vessel in bunting before entering the port. On once getting ashore, however, the captain and his supercargo were very hospitably entertained by the merchants of the place. They were feasted, the lady of the house was introduced and drank tea with them, and they were shown the temples and public places of the city. The "Margaret" got away in November, and reached Batavia after a month's passage. Her voyage was noteworthy because she was the second American vessel to enter a Japanese port, a Boston vessel, the "Franklin," commanded by a Salem captain, being the first. The whole trade of the country at this time was in the hands of the Dutch, who to retain it submitted to the most vexatious restrictions and to many indignities. Fifty-three years later Commodore Perry's expedition opened Japan to the world.

The "Active," a sharp little brig belonging to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1812 brought a cargo of tea and cassia from Canton in one hundred and eighteen days. Her rival, the "Osprey," made the same voyage in one hundred and seventeen days. The ship "China" left Salem for Canton May 24, 1817, and arrived back, with a cargo of tea, silks, and nankeens, March 30, 1818, barely ten months out. The clipper ship "George" was built in 1814 for a privateer by an association of Salem ship-carpenters. The war ending before she was launched, Joseph Peabody, a leading Salem merchant, added her to his India fleet. For twenty-three years this vessel made voyages between Salem and Calcutta with the regularity of a steamer. She left Salem for her first voyage May 23, 1815, and made the home port again June 13, 1816, one hundred and nine days from Calcutta. She left Salem on her last voyage August 5, 1836, and returned May 17, 1837, one hundred and eleven days from Calcutta, the eighteen voyages performed between the first and last dates varying little in duration from this standard. One item of her imports during this period was seven hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds of indigo.

THE "CLEOPATRA'S BARGE," THE FIRST AMERICAN YACHT TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.—In the year 1816, Captain George Crowninshield, of Salem, Massachusetts, having decided to make a pleasure

trip to the Mediterranean, determined to build a vessel to suit himself,—one every way fitting to carry "Cæsar and his fortunes" across the seas. He consulted eminent ship-builders, and finally adopted a model designed by R. Becket, of Salem, a noted ship-builder in those days, which it was confidently predicted would combine the qualities of a fast sea-boat with comfort, strength, safety, and elegance. No skill or expense were spared in the materials or construction of this vessel, and when it left the hands of the builder it was, for a voyage of pleasure, as complete a vessel in every respect as had ever been seen in this part of the world. The *beau ideal* of the owner was realized.

The "Cleopatra's Barge" was about two hundred tons burden, and was rigged in a remarkably neat and beautiful style as an hermaphrodite brig. She was elegantly painted, and the decorations on her stern and cutwater were conceived in exquisite taste and admirably executed. The accommodations beneath the deck were spacious, and fitted up in a manner truly magnificent. The principal apartment, or grand saloon, was especially worthy of admiration. Its dimensions were nineteen by twenty feet, and it was lined on all sides with the richest polished mahogany, inlaid with various kinds of ornamental wood. The settees and chairs were of ingenious workmanship, with backs modeled from the ancient lyre, and the seats were covered with crimson silk velvet, bordered with wide edgings of gold lace; a large and costly mirror, richly framed, at each end of the saloon, and a superb chandelier, manufactured for the occasion, suspended over the centre of the apartment, gave a richness of effect which had never been equaled in vessels of any description in those days, when steam packets and steam yachts, like gorgeous palaces in size and decorations, were not even dreamed of. The steward's apartment and the cooking apparatus were models in their way, and furnished with everything requisite to enable that important functionary to display his culinary skill and lay a table in a style of almost regal splendor.

When this vessel was completed and lying at the wharf she excited unbounded curiosity. Her fame extended far and wide. Crowds of people, residents of Salem and of the neighboring towns, visited and admired this beautiful specimen of naval architecture and her sumptuous accommodations. It is said that eighteen hundred ladies, attracted by curiosity, boarded this yacht in one day, and were charmed with the elegance displayed and the courtesy of the officers.

It was in this gem of a vessel, profusely provided with everything which could be devised for comfort and luxury, that Captain George Crowninshield undertook a voyage to ports in the Mediterranean for pleasure, observation, and improvement. He engaged a relative, on whose skill and judgment he could rely, to act as sailing-master, in order to relieve himself of all trouble and responsibility. The other officers were men of tried worth and experience, and the crew, compar-

atively few in number, were all young and ambitious, active and intelligent, and were selected from the hundreds of seamen who thronged the wharf, anxious to be employed. Accompanied by a few friends for companions, Captain Crowninshield embarked and sailed from Salem on the 30th day of March, 1817.

On the passage across the Atlantic he touched at the Azores, where the magnificence of his vessel astonished and charmed the simple inhabitants of Fayal, and on the 1st of May he arrived at Madeira, where he was kindly welcomed, and treated by the authorities with respect and hospitality. After a stay of a few weeks at this beautiful island he proceeded on his cruise, and visited Gibraltar, Carthagena, Barcelona, Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, Naples, Civita Vecchia, and other ports in the Mediterranean, examining much which was curious and interesting in nature and art, and exercising the most unbounded hospitality toward all who visited the vessel, attracted by her graceful proportions and elegant appearance, and the report of the magnificence of her equipments.

Wherever the "Cleopatra's Barge" appeared, the owner and his friends met with the warmest welcome from the authorities and people, and were treated with the greatest consideration and respect. The brig was visited by persons of the highest rank, and multitudes of all classes freely availed themselves of the general permission to board the vessel and examine the accommodations. They were all charmed with what they saw, and with the kind manner in which they were received and the urbane deportment of the owner and the other persons on board.

In Barcelona, the Captain-General of the province, Castanos, with all his suite and other noblemen, visited the yacht and were sumptuously entertained. During the few days the vessel remained in port it was computed that twenty thousand persons of both sexes and all conditions went on board. Indeed, Captain Crowninshield was in a manner compelled to leave the harbor sooner than he intended or wished, in consequence of the rush of people to tread the deck and examine the cabin of this wonderful curiosity. When the brig left the port boats followed ladened with men, women, and children, imploring the captain to return and allow them to come on board the vessel and gratify their longings to examine her interior.

While the "Cleopatra's Barge" was at Civita Vecchia, the seaport of Rome, the curiosity of the Sovereign Pontiff was excited in relation to the floating wonder and her unwonted mission. He accepted an invitation to visit her, and was accompanied by many dignitaries of the church and other persons of distinction.

Indeed, the appearance of the "Cleopatra's Barge" in any port in the Mediterranean seemed a signal for jubilee and rejoicing. The effect of her presence was magical. Captain Crowninshield had abundant reason to be proud of his yacht, and to rejoice in having undertaken

the trip across the water, and while he realized all the gratification he anticipated from his cruise, the darling wish of his heart to gratify others was also realized.

Captain Crowninshield was absent from the United States about six months, four of which were passed in visiting places and examining objects of interest in the Mediterranean. He returned to Salem on the 4th of October, 1817, perfectly satisfied with the result of his expedition. The "Cleopatra's Barge" proved everything the owner could wish, and indeed surpassed in excellence his expectations. He found the accommodations on board so well suited to his taste and adapted to his convenience and comfort, that he was unwilling to abandon them for the most luxurious lodgings on shore, so the brig was securely moored alongside the wharf, and there he established his home, and he announced his intention, in the course of the next season, to make another trip across the Atlantic, pass through the English Channel, the North Sea, the Cattegat, Baltic, and Gulf of Finland to St. Petersburg, stopping at the principal ports on the route.

But "the vanity of human wishes" has often been said and sung. Captain Crowninshield, in less than six weeks after his return from the Mediterranean, and while reposing in the saloon of the "Cleopatra's Barge," apparently in the full enjoyment of health, with a prospect of many years of prosperity and usefulness, was struck with apoplexy, and died on board his beautiful yacht.[25]

THE "SAVANNAH," 1818.—This ship, the first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, the sneers and doubts of English writers to the contrary, may well claim a place in our notes of the remarkable ships of the nineteenth century. She has been almost uniformly treated as a myth by the English, but fortunately we have the most ample proof of her having performed the voyage from America to Liverpool at the time stated.

"The Americans," says a recent writer, "who have tried very hard to assume all the credit of the practical application of steam vessels, assert that the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic was the 'Savannah,' built and equipped at New York. This vessel proceeded, *they say*, in 1819 from New York to Liverpool without stopping at any intermediate port. She then went to St. Petersburg, touching at Copenhagen, and subsequently recrossed the Atlantic. Steam was only employed during a part of the voyage. She was of three hundred and fifty tons burden, and the steam apparatus occupied the greater part of the hold from the mainmast to the foremast, a small space being reserved at each side for the stowage of coals, of which this engine required the consumption of ten tons a day. Now, this story has been told and retold with such circumstantial details that it appears almost a pity to try to prove its

[25] Condensed from the *Boston Journal* for January 29, 1874.

fallacy; but Mr. Woodcraft,[26] in the course of his researches, is compelled by stern evidence to include it among the other myths connected with steam navigation in America."

This writer proceeds to say "he is forced into the belief that the 'Savannah' was merely an after-thought of the Americans, and probably the invention of that brilliant genius who periodically 'caves in' the Falls of Niagara," and then claims that the "Rob Roy," a British steam-packet which plied between Glasgow and Belfast, was in reality the first regular sea-going steamer in Great Britain.

In refutation of these doubts and sneers, we state on full and most convincing proof that the "Savannah" was a stout vessel of three hundred and fifty tons, built to ply between New York and Liverpool, under the command of Captain Moses Rogers, a well-known mariner, and launched at New York on the 22d of August, 1818. She made a preliminary voyage to Savannah in April, 1819, where she arrived in seven days, after a very boisterous passage, during which she was several times compelled to take in her wheels and rely upon her sails, which was done with all the promptitude and safety anticipated. This trial trip left no doubt that the "Savannah" would successfully accomplish the object for which she was built. She left Savannah for Liverpool May 26, 1819, and the New York newspapers of the second week in June announced that she had been spoken at sea, all well. In the log-book of the "Pluto," which arrived soon after at Baltimore from Bremen, occurred the following passage:

"June 2d. Clear weather, smooth sea; latitude 42°, longitude 59°; spoke and passed the elegant steamship eight days out from Savannah to Petersburg by way of Liverpool. She passed us at the rate of nine or ten knots, and the captain informed us she worked remarkably well; and the greatest compliment we could bestow was to give her three cheers, as the happiest effort of mechanical genius that ever appeared on the Western Ocean."

Niles's *New York Register* of the 21st of August, 1819, has the following paragraph in italics at the head of its column of foreign news:

"The steamship 'Savannah,' Captain Moses Rogers, the first that ever crossed the Atlantic, arrived at Liverpool in twenty-five days from Savannah, all well, to the great astonishment of the people of that place. She worked her engines eighteen days."

It is further stated, "On the 'Savannah's' approach to Liverpool, with sails furled and American colors flying, the piers were thronged by many thousand persons, who greeted her with the most vociferous cheers, and before she anchored the decks were so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty the crew could move from one part to another in performance of their duty."

[26] Author of a History of Steam Navigation, and now, or recently, connected with the Patent Office in England.

It is singular, with many British witnesses of her arrival at Liverpool, national prejudice should have so blinded the eyes and stopped the ears of British writers as to cause them to ignore her existence. The next record we have of her is that she sailed in August for St. Petersburg, passing Elsinore on the 13th of that month, and that the British "wisely supposed her visit to be somehow connected with ambitious views of the United States." She returned to Savannah in November, making the passage in fifty days from St. Petersburg, *via* Copenhagen and Arendal, in Norway, all well, in the language of Captain Rogers, "neither with a screw, bolt, or a rope-yarn parted, though she encountered a very heavy gale in the North Sea." She left Savannah for Washington on the 4th of December, losing her boats and anchors off Cape Hatteras.

But for the war of 1812 the "Savannah" would have been anticipated by a larger and superior vessel, built by a company for the Russian government. This vessel was called the "Emperor Alexander," and was nearly ready for sea, when, by the declaration of war in June, 1812, her departure was prevented. Under the name of the "Connecticut," she was long known upon the waters of Long Island Sound, and at a later period in her history was a weekly packet between Portland and Boston, and the writer made several passages in her to and fro between those cities.

The preceding statements ought to afford sufficient evidence to the "doubting Thomases" of Great Britain as to there having been such a vessel as the "Savannah," and that she actually did cross the Atlantic; but for their full and perfect convincement, and in order to prove to Mr. Woodcraft against his own convictions as to her reality, we append the following extracts from the petition to Congress, in 1856, of Mrs. Charlotte Taylor, the then only surviving daughter of her constructor and owner, fortified by the sworn affidavit of her sailing-master. It cannot but satisfy every doubter. Mrs. Taylor says,—

"Your petitioner is the only surviving child of the late William Scarborough, of Savannah, Georgia, who, being an energetic and enterprising man of great mechanical genius, caused to be constructed, in the years 1818 and 1819, with his own means and those of every friend he could enlist in the effort, the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic, the 'Savannah,' of Savannah, Captain Moses Rogers, of New London, Connecticut, commanding. For the details of the voyage she refers to the accompanying sworn statement of Captain Rogers, and prays that they will grant her some pecuniary acknowledgment," etc.

Captain Stevens Rogers swears, under date New London, Connecticut, May 2, 1856, that he is aged sixty-eight years; that he was the sailing-master of the steamship "Savannah" on her trip to Liverpool, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, etc. Said steamship was built at the city

of New York in the year 1818, the builders being Ficket & Crockett. She was designed for a Havre packet, and was purchased by William Scarborough, of Savannah, and was named, at his suggestion, the "Savannah"; "he having told me that, in his opinion, the ocean would be navigated by steam, and *he intended that his own State and city should have the credit of sending the first steamer across the Atlantic.* Her castings were made in New York, and her boilers at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, by Daniel Dodge. We sailed from Savannah for Liverpool on the 26th of May, 1819. Moses Rogers, my brother-in-law, was master and engineer; I was sailing-master, and Mr. Blackman was third officer. We made the port of Liverpool in twenty-two days after leaving Savannah, fourteen[27] of the twenty-two under steam. The reason why the whole voyage was not performed by steam was the fear of the fuel giving out. Off Cape Clear the admiral at Cork dispatched a ship to our relief, supposing that we were on fire. At Liverpool we caused a great deal of excitement, and some suspicion as having some design to release Napoleon from St. Helena. From Liverpool we proceeded to Copenhagen, and from thence to Stockholm; at both places she excited great curiosity. At the latter place she was visited by the royal family, Mr. Hughes (our Minister), and Lord Lyndoch. Lord Lyndoch went with us to St. Petersburg. On the passage he desired us to bring the vessel from steam to canvas; he held his watch and noted the time,—fifteen minutes. So delighted was he that he exclaimed, 'I blame no man born in the United States for being proud of his country; and were I a young man, I'd go there myself.' The Emperor of Russia came on board at Cronstadt, and was much pleased with the vessel." Captain Rogers goes on to state that he has in his possession a gold snuff-box presented to him by Lord Lyndoch, upon which is the following inscription: "Presented by Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lyndoch, to Stevens Rogers, sailing-master of the steamship 'Savannah,' at St. Petersburg, October 10, 1819."

"We sailed from St. Petersburg to Arendal, in Norway, and from thence to Savannah in twenty-five days, steaming on our passage nineteen days. We went from Savannah to Washington, in accordance with the suggestion of President Monroe; but the government did not buy her. She was then sold at auction and turned into a packet."

Captain Rogers concludes by saying that Scarborough ruined himself by her and died poor. While at St. Petersburg, she lay opposite the city, about six miles distant. After her return to Savannah she was divested of her steam apparatus and used as a sailing packet to New York. She subsequently went ashore at Long Island and broke up.[28]

[27] Niles's Register, as above, says eighteen days out of twenty-five.

[28] An illustrated account of the voyage of the "Savannah," with a fac-simile of a page of her log-book, has been published in *Harper's Magazine*, and some further account of her will be found in my "History of Steam Navigation."

THE "LA GRANDE GUIMBARDE," OR THE "KAHUMANNA," 1821.—Kotzebue, in his "Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Behring Straits" (London, 1821), speaks of meeting at Honoruru (Honolulu), Woahoo (Oahu), a brig in the royal Hawaiian service, named after Queen Kahumanna. She was built by the French as a privateer, and named "La Grande Guimbarde." Having been taken by the English, she was sold to English merchants, who gave her the name of the "Forester," of London. Captain Piggott brought her out to the South Sea, and sold her to Tamaahmaah (Kamehemaha), king of the Hawaiian Islands. Captain Alexander Adams, Captain Piggott's second officer, then entered the king's service and became her commander.

THE "BARON OF RENFREW," a timber-ship of five thousand two hundred and eighty-two tons, was launched at the mouth of the Saguenay River, in 1824, and sailed from Quebec for England soon after. She made the passage in twenty-seven days, with nine thousand five hundred and fifteen tons of wood and lumber on board, and arrived safely in the Downs; but her draught of water was so great that the pilots were unwilling to take her in the river through the Western Channel, and in attempting to carry her around the Goodwin Sands, being unable to beat up against a strong north wind, she got ashore on the Flemish Banks, near Gravelines, where she was soon broken up by the heavy sea. Nearly all her contents was saved. Rafts of great size were made of the lumber and towed into France and the river Thames. Some of these rafts contained fifteen to twenty thousand feet of lumber. On the top of one of these rafts was towed to London her foremast. It was a single white-pine tree, ninety feet in length and of surprising diameter, and was regarded with great admiration as a specimen of the woods of America.

The "COLUMBUS," also a timber-ship, of three thousand five hundred tons, was lost in May of the same year, on her way from St. John's to England.

The "Columbus" was built at Quebec in 1824 by Charles Wood, of Port Glasgow, and launched with about four thousand tons of her cargo on board. The dimensions of this ship, which was only nine months on the stocks, were: length of keel, three hundred feet; breadth of beam, fifty feet; and she measured three thousand eight hundred tons. Her size has been exceeded in these days of monster steamers and ironclads, but she was an immense ship of her time, and was a third larger than the "PRINCE REGENT," a first rate of that date. The largest ship in the British navy in 1824 measured but two thousand six hundred and twenty tons, and was several years upon the stocks.

HER MAJESTY'S STEAM FRIGATE "GORGON," 1838.—This ship was, in 1838, considered the most powerful vessel in the royal navy. *The Mechanics' Magazine*, in speaking of her, says, "Notwithstanding her immense bulk and her draught of water,—thirteen feet forward and

fourteen and one-half feet aft,—on an experimental cruise she speedily attained a velocity of eleven miles and a quarter an hour, the engines making nineteen strokes and a half per minute; and yet, with this great speed, there was not the least sensible vibration on board. A tumbler of water placed on the taffrail, as well as on the paddle-beam, right over the engines, remained undisturbed. The total freedom from vibration or concussion in this ship may be attributed, first, to the admirable construction of the vessel, and, secondly, to the important improvement adopted in the engines (three hundred and twenty horse-power), whereby a mass of moving material of forty-five tons' weight is dispensed with, and the energy of the piston is at once carried to the paddle-shafts, and the whole force of the action and reaction confined within the base of the cylinder upon which the engine stands. The consumption of fuel, ascertained by weighing, was one ton of Welsh coals per hour, equal to seven pounds per horse per hour at full speed."

Her coal-bunkers held four hundred tons, equal to seventeen days' consumption at full speed, and ten days' more coal could be stored, if required, in the fore- and after-holds,—sufficient, at an average speed of nine miles, to carry her a distance of five thousand eight hundred miles by steam alone.

The "Gorgon," besides her crew, was designed to carry one thousand troops, with stores and provisions for two months.

THE "PRINCETON," 1843.—A full description of this remarkable and successful vessel, the first screw vessel of war ever built, has been given in "Notes on Steam Navigation" in THE UNITED SERVICE for February, 1882, and a more complete description of her can be found in my "History of Steam Navigation."[29]

She was a noted ship, not only from being the first screw steamship intended for war purposes, but also from her carrying guns of greater calibre than had previously been known in naval history. According to a report made to the Secretary of the Navy, her armament consisted of two long 220-pounders and twelve 42-pounder carronades. Her projector, Commodore Stockton,—Ericsson being the designer of her engines,—said of her, in concluding a report to the Secretary of the United States Navy,—

"It is confidently believed that this small ship will be able to battle with any ship however large, if she is not invincible against any foe. The improvements in the art of war adopted on board the 'Princeton' may be productive of more important results than anything that has occurred since the invention of gunpowder. The numerical force of other navies, so long boasted, may be set at naught; the ocean may again become neutral ground, and the rights of the smallest as well as the greatest nations may once more be respected.

[29] "History of Steam Navigation," published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., 1883, pp. 181–185.

"All of which, for the honor and defense of every inch of our territory, is most respectfully submitted to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, for the information of the President and Congress, by yours, etc., etc."

But it is with only one tragic event in her history that we propose to deal here. After being exhibited to the magnates at Washington and members of Congress, on the 28th of February, 1844, an excursion down the Potomac was proposed, to which the President of the United States with his Cabinet and a party of distinguished persons were invited. The river had been frozen the better part of the month, and among the many lauded possibilities of the "Princeton" were the facility with which she plowed her way through the ice on her trips down the river, leaving behind her a track as clear and even as a canal. The company gathered on board the ship as she lay off Alexandria was large and brilliant, numbering not less than four hundred of the most fashionable and distinguished of the nation, of both sexes and every age. There were on board, among others, the President and Mr. Southard, of New Jersey, the acting Vice-President; Mr. Webster, Mr. Spencer, the Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Wilkins, the Secretary of War; Generals Scott, Jessup, Eaton, United States army; Commodore Shubrick, United States navy; Mr. Gilmer, the Secretary of the Navy; Senators Mason, Mangum, Choate, John Quincy Adams, Senators Rives and Benton, Mr. Upshur, the Secretary of State, most of the foreign legations, and, in short, everybody that was anybody in Washington at that time, together with their families and many distinguished visitors from every section of the country.

The ship had proceeded down the river some distance below Fort Washington, and the day been spent in feasting, romping, dancing, and singing, with music that was almost unceasing, and mirth that was infectious and uncontrollable. During the passage down one of her large guns—the 220-pounders—was frequently fired, to the enjoyment of all on board, whose surprise at its wonderful power and capacity and its formidability as a weapon of war was only equaled by the ease and rapidity of its loading and discharge.

About half-past four in the afternoon, on the return to the city, when nearly opposite Fort Washington, Captain Stockton consented to fire another shot from the monster gun. The ladies had been invited below to partake of a sumptuous repast. The gentlemen had succeeded them at the table. Some of them had left it, and with the ladies were lounging about the saloon. The majority of the latter were between the decks, so that the crowd about the gun to witness the loading (which Stockton was explaining), though quite large, did not contain any ladies whatever. The loading completed, Captain Stockton gave the word and the gun was fired. Following the detonation, and almost instantaneous with it, shrieks were heard

from the midst of the smoke that enveloped the gun and the crowd about it. The monster had burst at a point some three or four feet from the breech and scattered death and destruction on every side. Five had met their fate without an interval of pain. Seventeen seamen were wounded and mangled, and almost every one within sight of the piece had been severely stunned by the concussion. In a moment the scene was one of confusion and indescribable agony. Women and children came hurrying on deck, mingling their cries and shrieks with the exclamations from the men who hurried to the scene from every quarter of the ship. Wives were there widowed in an instant, children orphaned in the midst of their play. In the midst of the piteous grief of the spectators, the wounded seamen were borne below and the dead removed from the scene of their fate.

Those instantly killed were the Secretary of State, Hon. Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia; the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Thomas W. Gilmer, also of Virginia; Captain Beverly Kennon, of the United States navy, chief of the Bureau of Construction and Equipment; Hon. Virgil Maxey, of Maryland, late *chargé d'affaires* to Belgium, and the Hon. David Gardiner, from Long Island. Captain Stockton was stunned by the concussion, as were also Lieutenant Hunt, of the "Princeton," Senator Benton, of Missouri, and many others. The scene had changed in a moment from mirth and festivity to woe and mourning, although the perfect discipline of the ship was preserved. No seaman stirred from his post; officers continued to give orders and men to obey them with the same regularity and calm precision as had accompanied the whole trip, while some, happening to look upward in the confusion immediately following the explosion, beheld every flag flying at half-mast, as though the horrid disaster had been anticipated.

Many were the wonderful escapes narrated by the survivors. One, for example, William Strickland, Esq., of Philadelphia, said,—

"If I had been one foot farther to the right or left I would have been killed. Captain Stockton had all his hair burnt off, and was otherwise injured. I was immediately behind him while he was explaining the construction of the lock of the gun and when he ordered it to be fired, and the first sensation which I had was that I was prostrate on the deck without the power of hearing."

"The mental sufferings of Captain Stockton must have been piteous in the extreme," says another. "Though not seriously injured, he was so stunned by the explosion as to be incapable of hearing the anguish about him, and was as one alone with his bitter thoughts. He had given the word which struck down those for whose safety he would have periled his own life."

It was not until the morning of the 29th that the news of the disaster became generally known in Washington, the excursionists reaching home late in the evening, and the bodies of the unfortunates re-

maining on board the "Princeton." On Thursday morning they were brought ashore and, at the request of the President, taken to the White House, where they were placed in the East Room, which was hung in the deepest mourning, and from that moment unto the hour of burial crowded with sympathizing visitors. Both Houses of Congress having met at the usual hour, the following message from the President was received and read, after which both Houses adjourned until after the funeral obsequies:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

"I have to perform the melancholy duty of announcing to the two Houses of Congress the death of the Honorable Abel P. Upshur, late Secretary of State, and the Honorable Thomas W. Gilmer, late Secretary of the Navy.

"This most lamentable occurrence transpired on board the United States ship of war the 'Princeton,' on yesterday, at about half-past four in the evening, and proceeded from the explosion of one of the large guns of that ship.

"The loss which the government and the country has sustained by this deplorable event is heightened by the death at the same time, and by the same cause, of several distinguished persons and valuable citizens.

"I shall be permitted to express my great grief at an occurrence which has thus so suddenly stricken from my side two gentlemen upon whose advice I so confidentially relied in the discharge of my arduous task of administering the office of the Executive Department, and whose services at this interesting period were of such vast importance.

"In some relief of the public sorrow, which must necessarily accompany this most painful event, it affords me much satisfaction to say that it was produced by no carelessness or inattention on the part of the officers and crew of the 'Princeton,' but must be set down as one of those casualties which, to a greater or less degree, attend upon every service, and which are invariably incident to the temporal affairs of mankind. I will also add that it in no measure detracts from the value of the improvement contemplated in the construction of the 'Princeton,' or from the merits of her distinguished commander and projector.

"John Tyler.

"Washington, February 29, 1841."

As a particular mark of the public respect and sympathy, all the courts then sitting within the District adjourned, public meetings, receptions, theatres, and all projected public gatherings were postponed until after the funeral, and every mail from all sections of the country brought announcements of similar action upon the part of legislative and municipal bodies, and resolutions of condolence from public and private quarters.

Saturday, March 2, was designated as the day for rendering the last tributes of respect to the bodies of the victims. The funeral services were held at the White House, which was thronged to its utmost capacity, as were the grounds and approaches crowded to suffocation. The procession, which moved about noon, reached the entire length of the avenue, and was grand and imposing. Following the military escort, commanded by General Winfield Scott, came the four hearses (Mr. Maxey's remains having been taken home by his family),

each preceded by twelve pall-bearers, and followed by carriages containing the friends and relatives of the deceased. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, headed by Senator Archer, of Virginia, and the House Committee by Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, acted as a guard of honor to the body of the Secretary of State; the Senate and House Committees on Naval Affairs to the Secretary of the Navy; the officers of the army and navy to Captain Kennon, and the senators and members from the State of New York to that of Mr. Gardiner.

These were followed by the President and Cabinet, the Supreme Court, both Houses of Congress, and municipal bodies, civic societies, and the public generally by thousands. Minute-guns were fired from several points along the route, the church-bells tolled, and manifestations of sympathy shown by the mournful decorations hung from every house in the city. Several batteries of artillery from Fort McHenry, under the command of Major Ringgold, accompanied the procession, which moved slowly along the avenues to the Congressional Cemetery, where were laid to rest all that was mortal of the victims of the "Princeton."

The sequel to this tragedy has yet to be told. Congress adjourned on the 20th of June following, and on the 28th the New York correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* sent to that paper the following announcement:

"MARRIED.—In this city, on the 26th instant, John Tyler, President of the United States, to Julia, eldest daughter of the late Hon. David Gardiner, of New York, who lost his life at the explosion on the 'Princeton,' near Alexandria, Va., in February of this year."

Miss Gardiner was present on board the 'Princeton' at the time of the explosion, and at the moment of the disaster was conversing with Mr. Tyler, whose attentions to her and her younger sister during the wretched days that followed their orphanage were unremitting. It was said that he had solicited her hand and been refused prior to the unfortunate event; also that the fatal excursion was planned by Mr. Tyler in compliment to Miss Gardiner, and, in fact, all sorts of stories concerning the pair were immediately circulated, and every conceivable romance woven about their heads. But it is certain that the marriage grew out of the tragedy on board the 'Princeton,' and that despite the argus-eyed press a President of the United States carried on a courtship, and wooed, won, and had actually married his bride before it had the least suspicion of his intentions.

The "big gun," as it was called, twin to the one which was the cause of the disaster, was for a long time preserved at the Brooklyn navy-yard, and, for aught I know, is there still. For the after-history of the "Princeton," I must refer the reader to my earlier paper in this magazine.

THE PILOT-BOAT "WILLIAM J. ROMER," 1846.—New York was thrown into a state of great excitement early in February, 1846, by the announcement that a vessel of "extraordinary speed, with choice sailing-masters and a picked crew," would sail in a day or two on a special express trip to Liverpool. Wall Street was in a state of sensation; the bulls and bears looked mysteriously at each other, expecting another corner, and the street looked suspiciously throughout the day.

"No one could tell," said the *Herald*, "whether the announcement was a hoax or not. Some thought it was to affect the price of stocks; others that the clipper was dispatched with an Oregon treaty. Some believed that she was to carry out a declaration of war, and a few said that the devil intended to take a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health. It was not ascertained with any certainty till late in the day that 'a vessel of extraordinary speed, with choice sailing-masters and a picked crew,' was really to sail for Liverpool.'

"On the 1st of February the pilot-boat 'William J. Romer,' about the chartering and sailing of which there had been so many speculations, sailed for Liverpool. She was lying at the wharf, at the foot of Rutgers Street, and by eleven o'clock A.M. as many as five hundred people were gathered around to see her start. They were separated in little knots, discussing the probable object of the voyage. One said she was going on a mercantile speculation; another she was going out to bring Queen Victoria over here; one that she carried the result of the Oregon negotiations; and one fellow swore that he saw six heavy brass cannon taken into her, and that he believed she was going a pirating or privateering. There were some small bets made upon the time she would make, compared with that of the packet-ship 'Patrick Henry,' which sailed at the same time, forty-eight hours odds being given on the pilot-boat. As twelve o'clock began to draw nigh the hands on board began to clear up the deck, and a few minutes after twelve she rounded the pier and shot out into the river as fleet as a courser. As she left the wharf the assembled crowd sent out nine hearty cheers, which were returned from the boat in the same manner and by the firing of a gun. The wharves all the way down to the Battery were covered with people eager to catch a glimpse of her. She went round the Battery, and then returned to the East River and lay to off the Battery, detained by the late arrival of the Southern mail. About four o'clock the packet-ship 'Patrick Henry' came down the river, and, as she was passing out by Governor's Island, the pilot-boat took a sudden start, shot across the bows of the packet, and soon left her far behind. There were hundreds of persons assembled on the Battery. With the Southern mail a special British messenger arrived and went on board. There will be a fine chance for a race between the pilot-boat and the packet."

The same day the *New York Sun* announced: "The main business,

if not the only business, upon which the pilot-boat 'William J. Romer' was yesterday dispatched to Liverpool is now no longer a mystery. She was chartered at one hundred dollars per month for the boat alone, the crew employed individually, to run to Liverpool, remain two days, and then run back in the quickest time possible, and to carry two passengers. One of those passengers was Mr. Charles Metringaw, the confidential and special messenger of the State Department at Washington, who has with him dispatches from that city. The other passenger is said to be Mr. Bidwell, attached to the British Legation. She hauled into the stream yesterday morning and remained till she sailed, no communication being allowed with her in the mean time. She is said to be the fastest pilot-boat belonging to our port, and is expected to make the trip to Liverpool in fifteen days, and leave again the 25th inst."

It seems now a little singular that full eight years after the arrival of the steamships 'Sirius' and 'Great Western,' and six after the establishment of the Cunard Steamship Line, important dispatches should have been intrusted to a little sailing pilot-boat.

The *New York Tribune*, after her return, in April, gave the following rather high-flown account of her voyage, and her log going and returning was published in the same journal: "Graphic and almost pictorial as were some of the accounts respecting the 'Romer,'" said the *Tribune*, "they yet can convey no adequate idea of the state of agitation created by the sailing of this audacious little clipper. The Battery and the wharves were lined with crowds of spectators. One would have thought that the whole city had turned out to bid God-speed to the little vessel. The old sea-dogs shook their heads and looked wise, the politicians winked and looked knowing, reporters walked about with long lead-pencils in their hands and gigantic memorandum-books protruding from overcoat-pockets, and, with a look of awful mystery, seemed to say, 'We could enlighten you poor people on this subject, but mum's the word; reporters never blab, you know.' Sporting men bet largely as to whether she would ever return; some sneered, some turned up their noses and cried, 'Humbug!' and all were, in one way or another, greatly excited on the subject. At length, as has been stated, the mysterious clipper, nodding *au revoir* to her friends on shore, gave her wings to the wind and flew down the bay, passed the frowning shade of Castle Garden, and soon the straining eyes of the thousands who watched her departure were withdrawn in disappointment. The beautiful clipper had disappeared from their vision as a bird melts and sinks from sight behind the curtains of the air.

"At half-past four o'clock in the evening the Sandy Hook Light bore west by south, four miles distant, and the 'Romer' passed the Highlands and stood out to sea.

"No sooner had the pilot-boat got her nose out of the smell of the land than it came on to blow, as if Old Neptune had invoked Æolus to punish this daring little craft for so boldly adventuring out to sea. At six o'clock they were obliged to take one bonnet off the jib, double-reef the mainsail, and take in the squaresail altogether. In the course of the evening, however, the wind moderated a little, when both reefs were turned out of the mainsail; before midnight the gaff-topsail was set, and the little clipper singing over the water at the comfortable rate of twelve knots.

"The weather was quite cold, and, the vessel being cut unusually low in the bulwarks, was covered with spray created by her own course which froze as it fell upon deck and lay piled about the vessel like an amateur snow-storm and tipped the ropes and rigging with frosty feathers.

"At half-past eight (on the 12th) the wind came strong out of the east, and Captain McGuire tacked to the southward and eastward, double-reefed the mainsail, unbonneted the jib, and finally hauled it down and stowed it, lowered the foresail, set the storm-staysail, and put a balance reef in the mainsail. The wind now blew a gale, accompanied by rain, snow, and hail, and the sleepless discomforts of the voyagers, stripped of romance and reduced to the most practical terms of reality, commenced in earnest.

"The next day the gale continued, the wind having skulked round into the northwest and spitting out bitter snow squalls. The wind constantly increased and the waves ran in mountains. The vessel now shipped a tremendous sea, which swept over her deck and carried away the binnacle. One after another the sails were taken in and the little craft brought to under the storm-staysail, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and all hands expecting every moment to be their last. All this and the next day they were forced to lie by, the gale not having moderated in any perceptible degree. The next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the wind subsided a little, and the vessel was put upon her course.

"The next day, however, a tremendous gale came on from the south-southeast, hauling round to the west-northwest, and they were obliged to lie to again in a heavy cross-sea, under a double-reefed foresail. This time the gale was accompanied with thunder and lightning, rain, hail, and snow,—a choice variety.

"On the 18th the gale still continued, and the clipper (which had again been put on her course) shipped a heavy sea, which carried away a portion of the cockpit bench. The next day they were obliged to luff to, there being a tremendous gale blowing, with a heavy sea and plenty of thunder and lightning, rain, snow, and hail. The storm went on hourly increasing until the next day, when it again claimed the name of a hurricane, with a tremendous sea running. Lay to all

day and part of the next, and made a drudge by lashing two spars together, the vessel making bad weather of it and expecting to lose the foresail every moment.

"On the 22d the weather was thick and heavy, the wind strong, and a tremendous sea running. At half-past eleven, however, the sky cleared; the captain was lashed to the mainmast, and succeeded in taking an observation,—latitude 43° 23′. This was the first observation they had had in several days.

"On the 23d the weather continued very heavy, and the clipper passed a bark bearing north under close-reefed topsails, with her head to the westward. She hove to for six hours to-day, but resumed her course in the evening, and kept on through the next day, although there was a heavy gale blowing and a sea running with which the clipper found it almost impossible to contend. On the next day the captain was obliged again to heave to, and at half-past seven in the evening a squall from the northwest struck the vessel and buried her to her hatches, where she remained for ten minutes, no one knowing whether she would right or go down.

"At length she righted, shipping a sea which swept the deck fore and aft, one man narrowly escaping being washed overboard. At half-past eight o'clock the wind had somewhat moderated and the clipper wore round and kept on her course, Captain McGuire being anxious to get the eastward. But in ten minutes a heavy sea pooped her and nearly washed the man at the helm overboard. For several minutes after she broached to all was supposed to be lost; but, fortunately, the vessel was brought to and lay with her head to the wind, every sea making a clear breach over her and the sky furiously pouring out wind and rain.

"The next day and the next (26th and 27th) the gale continued with unabated violence and at length increased to a perfect hurricane, with the vessel laboring very heavily. The *drudge* [drag] was now hove overboard and a small piece of the storm-staysail hoisted to bring her round to the wind. But the hawser [of the drag] parted, losing sixty fathoms of hawser, with the squaresail-boom and yard and two pigs of iron.

"While lying to during these protracted tempests, the hatches of the 'Romer' were obliged to be kept constantly closed, and the crew and passengers were confined in the little cabin, the wild seas leaping and lashing themselves on deck like infuriated animals, while the hurricane roared and howled among the cordage and over the raging seas, like a prophetic voice which came at once to warn and destroy. For three days and three nights at one time all were thus confined below, not knowing at every sharp dip of the little boat into the tremendous gulf between the mountain seas whether she was to struggle up again to the air or sink farther and farther down until she reached, with her living

freight, to those dreary depths of mid-ocean where float suspended so many ghastly and imperishable wrecks of things passed away forever from the knowledge and the memory of man.

> "Along the dark and ruffled waters fled
> The straining boat. A whirlwind swept it on,
> With fierce gusts and precipitating force,
> Through the white ridges of the chafed sea,
> The waves arose. Higher and higher still
> Their fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's scourge,
> Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.

"Fearful and long protracted was the struggle between that little boat and the cool and determined skill of those who directed it and the mighty ocean, lashed into its most magnificent grandeur by the torturing tempest. Often did hope quite abandon them, yet no cheek blanched with fear. Sometimes the captain or the mate would creep to the companion-way, cautiously open the hatch a little way, and look out to see the weather, watching the coming seas as they tumbled their shapeless mountain masses towards the little vessel, and instantly closing the hatch as she buried her bows in the wave, which passed over her deck with a furious trample, making the vessel shudder through every timber. One great fear was that if she escaped being swamped her deck would be broken in by these tremendous seas, and in that case she would have filled and gone down ere the luckless voyagers had got a last glance at the sky.

"But the glorious little clipper lived through all, and on the afternoon of the 27th resumed her course to the eastward, skimming the waters like a bird. On the 1st of March she passed and spoke the ship 'St. Patrick,' from Liverpool for New York, and on the 4th, for the first time during the voyage, a dry spot was visible on the main-deck. At half-past four P.M., on the 6th, she made the Skelley Rocks, with two lights bearing northeast by east, distant eighteen miles. At half-past eleven P.M. made Cape Clear light, bearing north-northeast, distant sixteen miles.

"At nine o'clock the next morning a pilot-boat came alongside, and a pilot was bargained for to take the 'Romer' into Cork. A line was thrown from the Irish boat to the 'Romer,' in the centre of which, in a tight noose, was securely fastened the pilot, who was then thrown into the sea, his friends keeping fast hold of the other end of the line. He was hauled on board the 'Romer,' and jumping on deck with the water dripping from him in streams, he made a dash for the helm, singing out, in the most indifferent manner imaginable, 'Port your helm!' On being asked by the captain if he would take something to prevent his catching cold, he pulled out a Father Mathew temperance medal, which, he said with a smile, was a sure preventive against taking cold.

"Arrived at Cork, the man in the glazed cap started directly for

Liverpool, whence he returned on the 12th, and at noon on the next day the clipper got under way and started for home. In the mean while, however, an incident occurred on board the clipper which must not be omitted. On the 8th, while lying at Cork waiting the return of the messenger from Liverpool, the first officer of Her Majesty's ship 'The Crocodile' was sent on board by the admiral with a request to Captain McGuire to haul down the American flag.[30] Suffice it to say that this strange request was peremptorily refused by Captain McGuire, and the officer took his departure. About three-quarters of an hour afterward he returned with a very polite apology, stating that the admiral, from the smallness of his vessel, had taken Captain McGuire's clipper to be an English pilot-boat. This explanation was of course sufficient, and we are happy to state that the gun on Admiral McGuire's vessel was not required to be used, and his starry pennant remained unruffled as his temper.

"On leaving Cork Harbor the 'Romer' had the pleasure of outsailing the Irish pilot-boat which started with her, as well as of leaving several other vessels far behind her. She arrived home on the morning of the 11th instant, with five days' later foreign intelligence and with all on board in capital spirits and much improved in appearance by the voyage. It must be remembered that the clipper in returning home ran to the southward in search of smooth water, and thus made a thousand miles more of way than the packets which sailed at the same time. The fact about the relative speed of the pilot-boat and our best packets seems to be this: with a smooth sea and a good breeze the pilot-boat can show anything that sails a clean pair of heels, but in rough weather and heavy seas the boat must lie to while the ship cracks on in safety. On the voyage out the time consumed by the 'Romer' in lying to was equal to nine days and nights, and when this is deducted from her running time we find the 'Romer,' in favorable weather, can make the trip either way in fifteen days. Captain McGuire, an experienced and skillful navigator, is of opinion that he can cross the Atlantic with the 'Romer' in all ordinary seasons, even in the winter, in less time than is required by any of the packet-ships.

"The following is a list of the passengers, officers, and crew of this notable little craft on her late voyage:

"*Passengers*, Monroe F. Gale, William Brogan.[31] *Officers, etc.:*

[30] It appears from the following extract from the "Romer's" log, it was her pennant that was objected to; no British merchant vessel being allowed to wear a pennant in the presence of one of Her Majesty's ships:

"March 10.—Moderate breezes from the southwest. 5 P.M. vessel all ready to sail, waiting for orders. This day the first officer of Her Majesty's ship 'Vanguard' came on board with orders from the admiral to haul our pennant down, which was peremptorily refused. In the space of three-quarters of an hour he came on board with an apology, stating that the admiral thought it was an English schooner."

[31] The names of these passengers are not the same as those she sailed from New

Captain, James McGuire; First Mate (one of the owners), James J. Wilkie; Second Mate, James Conner; Steward and Cook, Marshall Green. *Seamen*, James B. Johnson, George Colton, James McLeslie, Edward Fryer.

"The 'Romer' anchored at Cork Harbor March 6, having been twenty-four days on the passage, not a bad one considering the gales she encountered and which delayed her progress westward. Referring to her log-book, we find:

"'March 12.—Light easterly winds, clear and pleasant. 9.30 A.M. messenger arrived from Liverpool; commenced getting under weigh immediately.

"'March 13.—Moderate breezes from the southwest. 12.30 P.M. got under weigh and made all sail in company with a Cork pilot-boat; beat her very easily, the wind being ahead and the tide against us. 4 P.M. the pilot left us, Cork Light-House bearing north by east, distant four miles.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"'April 11.—Light winds from the eastward and thick. 4 P.M. wind south-southwest and foggy. 1 A.M. made the Highland Lights, being very thick. 2.30 A.M. Hook Lights bearing west, distant one and a half miles.'

"The round trip of the 'Romer,' it seems, occupied fifty-nine days, her homeward trip having been delayed from causes already mentioned and westerly gales. Probably a more tempestuous season for a small vessel making the passage both ways could not have been chosen.

THE CHINESE JUNK "KEYING," 1846.—Since Vasco da Gama sailed from Lisbon, discovered and rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, and proceeded to India, there has been no voyage around that cape from the East Indies or China more remarkable than the voyage of this Chinese junk from Canton to the United States in 1846. She has the honor of being the pioneer "junk," and, up to the present time, the only Chinese vessel that has made the voyage. As Chinese junks are now being replaced by vessels of modern construction, it is probable she will remain the only "junk" that has performed the voyage.

The "Keying," a name given her by her European purchasers, left Canton, under the command of Captain Kellett, an Englishman, on the 19th of October, 1846, rounded the Cape of Good Hope March 30, and anchored at St. Helena April 17, 1847, where she remained until the 23d, and then put to sea. The original intention was to proceed to England, but the mutinous state of the crew and a deficiency of provisions compelled Captain Kellett to steer for a United States port. She arrived accordingly at New York on the 9th of July, 1847, where

York with as given by the *New York Herald*. They probably returned in her, the outward passengers being satisfied with the experiences and discomforts of that passage.

she was exhibited, and subsequently at Boston. Her crew on arrival consisted of forty Chinese and twenty Europeans.

The following advertisement of her exhibition in Boston is from the *Boston Evening Transcript* of December 7, 1847, and it was continued daily in that journal until December 18:

"THE CHINESE JUNK, OR CELESTIAL SHIP!

"This astonishing vessel, having been roofed over for the convenience of visitors, is now READY FOR EXHIBITION at CHARLESTOWN BRIDGE WHARF.

"Also to be seen on board, the Mandarina 'HESING,' the first and only person of Chinese rank that ever visited this part of the globe.

"Admittance 25 cents. Open from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

"☞ A splendid lithographic likeness of the Mandarin 'Hesing,' executed by Davignon, may be had on board, also a colored lithographic design of the Chinese Junk."

The *Transcript* of the 17th says, "A large model of the Chinese junk drawn on a cart, and preceded by a wagon containing a band of musicians, passed through State Street yesterday, and attracted much attention."

The junk was cleared for London, to Elliot & Gray, February 12, and sailed from Boston for England on the 18th of February, 1848, reached Jersey on the 15th of March, after a passage across of twenty-five days, and was towed by a steamer to the Thames, the whole voyage from Canton, including stops, having occupied nearly a year and a half. After her arrival she was exhibited in East India docks, London, and was on exhibition on the Thames, in London, in 1851, when I saw her there, an ordinary Chinese merchant-junk of large size.[32]

The "Keying" was built of teak, and was of about seven hundred and twenty tons burden. She had a length of one hundred and sixty feet; beam, twenty-five and a half feet; depth of hold, twelve feet; and her height from the water was forty-five feet. Her rudder weighed eight tons; mainsail, nine tons. Her mainmast was seventy-five feet long from the deck. Upper mainyard sixty-seven feet long; lower mainyard, sixty-one feet long.

The "Keying," soon after her arrival in England, was visited by the Duke of Wellington, who spent over an hour in the examination of her interior fittings, embellishments, and means of defense, and on the 16th of May, 1848, she was visited by Queen Victoria and Prince

[32] A full description of the "Keying" can be found in Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal*, July 15, 1848, in Timb's "Year-Book of Facts," 1849, and in the *London Illustrated News* for May 20, 1848, which has illustrations of exterior, interior, and stern. I have also a colored lithograph of her "as she appeared in New York Harbor July 18, 1847, two hundred and thirteen days from Canton." She has an American ensign at the fore and a Chinese flag aft.

Albert, and the next day by the dowager Queen Adelaide and a distinguished party. On the 19th she was opened for public exhibition in the East India docks. Surrounded by steamships of modern construction, the strange vessel had an arkite, aboriginal character beside those huge scientific structures. As a requisite precaution, the junk was surrounded with a timber-hoarding, passing which, you stood beside the ship, with its three masts draped with flags and streamers, and its mainmast surmounted with a fish-like vane, bearing, in Chinese characters, "*Good Luck to the Junk.*" The vessel and everything on board transported you back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The rudder was, perhaps, the most singular part of the vessel. It was made of iron, wood, and teak, bound with iron, and its weight was between seven and a half and eight tons. It was perforated with rhomboidal holes, and in deep water was let down twelve feet below the bottom of the vessel. The great elevation of the stern (forty-five feet) allowed of the rudder's being elevated or depressed, according to the depth of water, and so the draught might be made to vary from twelve to twenty-four feet. When the rudder was raised up in shallow water, the vessel was steered by a short tiller on the second poop. When let down to its greatest depth, it occasionally required the strength of fifteen men to work the large tiller, and even then the aid of a luff-tackle purchase and patent blocks; otherwise thirty men would not suffice. On one occasion during the voyage, when the junk was running before a fresh gale, attended with hail squalls, a tiller-rope of nine inches was snapped asunder. Instead of braces and pintles, two immense ropes, made of bamboo and grass, were passed under the bottom and over the bows to the upper deck, where they were fastened, thus confining the rudder to the stern.

The anchors were made of iron and wood; one weighed three thousand, the other two thousand seven hundred pounds. The flukes were shod with iron, and attached to the shank by strong lashings of bamboo. The stock was fixed to the crown, and was composed of three pieces of wood, lashed together by rattan ropes. The flukes were of about the same dimensions as on similar-sized iron anchors with us, but straight, not rounded, and without palms. The kedges had only one fluke.

The construction of the junk was of the roughest kind,—the sides of the timbers were not squared, but left as they grew; no artificial means were resorted to for any bends; whenever a branch was found with the requisite natural curvature, it was employed without further adaptation. Fine work, the Chinese said, was ridiculous where not necessary, and it was absurd to make the boards of the hold level and smooth, when goods and ballast were to be put there, and the timbers on the sides or deck were quite good enough to be shot at without bestowing any pains upon them.

Everything on board was different from what is seen on a European vessel,—the mode of construction, the absence of a keel, bowsprit, and shrouds, the materials employed, the masts, the sail, the yard, the rudder, the compass, and the anchor, were all dissimilar. The appearance of the deck, however, reminded one of the pictures of the ships of war of the sixteenth century, such as the "Great Harry," with its lofty forecastle and poop. Her immense poop had three galleries rising one above the other, and her square bow was of the same height as the stern, or poop. The stern was elaborately painted with birds of imaginary forms, and on the bow were painted two large eyes. A similar ornament was used by the ancients on their vessels, the emblem denoting vigilance and activity. The Chinese, when asked about them, say, "Have eye, can see; can see, can savey; no have eye, no can see; no can see, no savey."

During the voyage in crossing and recrossing the Atlantic she proved an admirable sea-boat, and rode out the violent storms and the buffeting of the waves she encountered in a surprising way. Her sailing qualities were, however, found to be very imperfect, and with anything like a head-wind she went fast to leeward.

From the bow to the after-part of the "Keying" there was a series of twenty water-tight chests or compartments, similar to those that have been adopted in all modern steam-vessels. The vessel had no keelson, and consequently the mast was not stepped, the end, or heel, of the mainmast being about four feet from the bottom, and held in its place by a toggle. Examining the construction of the vessel, instead of the timbers being first raised, as with us, they were last to be put in their places, and the vessel was fastened together with immense spiked nails. The next process was doubling and clamping above and below the decks. Two immense beams or string-pieces were then ranged below, fore and aft, which kept the other beams in their places. The deck frames were an arch; and a platform erected on it protected it from the sun and from injuries otherwise inevitable. The seams of the vessel were paid with a cement or putty called chinam, made of burnt pounded oyster-shells and the oil from the chinam-tree. When dried the chinam becomes very hard, and never starts; the seams were thus made water-tight. The gunwales were very large, enabling the sailors to pass outside the vessel. The wales also projected three feet from the side. It was supposed she might measure about four hundred tons and carry seven hundred.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.—In the May number of THE UNITED SERVICE, page 510, foot-note, for "David S.," read "David G. Farragut;" page 515, third line of account of frigate "Boston," for "Eighteenth" Century, read "Nineteenth;" page 519, in syllabus, for "Keysing," read "Keying;" page 528, foot-note, for "completing," read "contemplating."

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR G. GRAHAM, V.C., K.C.B., R.E. (COMMANDING THE SOUDAN FIELD FORCE), WITH A REMINISCENCE OF THE SACKING OF THE "YUEN-MIN YUEN," OCTOBER, 1860.

THERE are two officers whose names appear every day now in our foreign cablegrams, because of their prominence in the Soudan affair, who, oddly enough, played a part in what I am about to relate, but only perhaps in a small way, they being at the time simply captains of engineers, whereas they are now both major-generals.

I allude to Major-General Charles George Gordon, C.B., R.E. (Chinese Gordon), and Major-General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C., K.C.B., R.E., commanding the British forces in the late operations against Osman Digna for the defense of Suakim. "Chinese Gordon" is so well known, I shall pass on to his old friend and comrade, "Gerry Graham," for you must know they were at the Royal Military Academy together, and they received their baptism of fire together in the Crimea.

General Graham was born in 1831, and received his commission from the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in 1850, entering the Royal Engineers. He is very tall,—something like six feet three inches in his stockings, with a slight stoop, and lisps when speaking. If he has not what is called strictly a handsome face, it is one that will always attract your attention, so open and candid is the expression, with light-brown hair and moustache (for he wears neither beard nor whiskers), and he is, I suppose, about the most quiet, modest, unassuming man you ever met with, so gentle, and yet withal so brave,—that cool sort of bravery that will carry a fellow at a walk across a hot spot where others run across.

He served throughout the Crimean war, being present at Alma, Inkerman, and the siege of Sebastopol. He is a V.C. man for his distinguished bravery in leading a storming-party on the enemy's works on the 18th June, 1855.

In the model-room at the School of Military Engineering, Bromp-

ton Barracks, Chatham, there hangs a painted board, about twelve feet long by six feet wide, on which are inscribed the names of all officers of Royal Engineers (and others who performed the duties as assistants, detailed from regiments of the line) who did duty in the trenches before Sebastopol during the siege both night and day. I cannot just at present recollect the number of officers, all told, nor can I remember the total number of nights and days that took the palm; but this I know, that white squares denoted days, and black squares denoted nights, after each officer's name; for instance:

	November								
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Lieut. G. Graham . . .	□	■	□	■	—	□	■	—	□
	Day	Night	Day	Night		Day	Night		Day

and so on for every day while present in the Crimea; and of all the officers thus serving, living and dead, Lieutenant Graham did most duty both night and day. This goes far to show the stuff he is made of, never being absent from duty during the whole course of the siege, except twice on account of wounds received, but which did not long prevent him taking his wonted place in the advanced parallel.

He has, besides the Crimean war-medal for this campaign, received the Legion of Honor, the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal.

He next served in the China war of 1860, commanding the Twenty-third Company of Royal Engineers, and was again wounded leading the stormers on the attack of the Taku Forts, but sufficiently recovered to take part in the capture of Pekin and sacking of the emperor's summer palace.

On obtaining his company, he got his brevet majority, and for his services in China received besides the brevet of lieutenant-colonel the China war-medal, with two clasps,—"Pekin" and "Taku Forts" and C. B. This was his last appearance in warfare for some years.

We were in the same company of Royal Engineers (Twenty-third, which he commanded), and stationed at Shorncliff Camp when the "Trent affair" took place, in December, 1861. We both volunteered for the expeditionary force which was then ordered to reinforce the Canadian command. I obtained an exchange with a married man, but Graham failed; and well I remember the morning the transfer arrived from the Horse-Guards, and the look of touching disappointment on his fine face as he shook me by the hand, wishing me joy on my luck, while he, poor fellow! was doomed to stay behind and ding-dong the old thing over again at Shorncliff.

That was the last time I saw Graham, so you may imagine with what glee I read the telegrams with the name of my old friend and comrade chosen for a command in the army of Egypt under Lord Wolseley. His distinguished gallantry in the Crimea and China was

not overlooked by Sir Garnet, who knows how to pick men; he put Graham in the front, and let him have the brunt of the fighting.

He landed the first troops at Ismaïlia; fought at El-Magar and Tel-el-Mahuta; led the advance to Mahsaueh and to Kassassin, where, on August 27, with seventeen hundred men and three guns he withstood and beat off the attack of ten thousand with fifteen guns, showing the highest qualities of a general,—caution, firmness, patience, pluck, and determination. In the second battle of Kassassin and in the final battle of Tel-el-kebir he still led his brigade to victory. The soldiers of his brigade were greatly attached to him, who, while stern as to discipline, was ever mindful of their comfort and watchful for their safety, and certain, as they believed, to lead them to victory.

He is now commanding the British forces for the defense of Suakim in the Soudan, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the forces that have been, as the work given him being accomplished, the war in that locality is stopped for the present, at least with British troops, the climate not allowing white troops to *live* there in this season, let alone to *fight*.

For his Egyptian services as commander of the Second Brigade of the First Division he received the thanks of Parliament, the Egyptian medal and bar for Tel-el-kebir, the bronze star and Medjidie from the khedive, and K.C.B.

I have thus far retrograded from the pith of my story to give some note to the fact that the two officers to whom the detail was left to carry out the instructions for the burning of the palace were Gordon and Graham, then captains in the Royal Engineers, and commanding respectively the Tenth and Twenty-third Companies of Royal Engineers. I was at this period attached to the Tenth Company, but afterwards exchanged into the Twenty-third, returning with it and Graham to England in June, 1861.

I don't think it has ever fully appeared in print what decided the fate of the summer palace, and the reason why the Earl of Elgin and Baron Gross (English and French ambassadors to the court of Pekin) caused it to be given to loot and afterwards burnt.

To go back a little to describe an incident is necessary,—I mean to go back to some three weeks before we reached the summer palace. It was about noon. Both armies were marching in quarter-distance column by brigades, cavalry and horse artillery on flanks, with cavalry scouts far in advance. Suddenly the scouts halted, and a staff-officer immediately afterwards cantered in from the front, with a message that the enemy were intrenched all along our front, but that white flags were flying on the parapet. An immediate halt was made, when a consultation was held, at which were present the two ambassadors before mentioned, with the general officers commanding each army,—Sir James Hope-Grant and General Montauban.

It was decided to send forward, under a flag of truce, Mr. Harry

Parkes, the British consul at Canton, but on Lord Elgin's staff as adviser, being an accomplished Chinese linguist, as well as having great experience among Chinese. He was accompanied by an escort of twenty sowars (troopers in an irregular Indian cavalry regiment), under command of Lieutenant Anderson, of the First Sikh Irregular Cavalry (Probyn's Horse), and with him also went, as volunteers, Colonel Walker, of the Second Dragoon Guards, assistant quartermaster-general on the staff for cavalry division, with his orderly, private Phipps, of the King's Dragoon Guards, Mr. De Bulby, war correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Lock, Lord Elgin's private secretary; and just as they were moving off, Captain Brabazon, of the Royal Artillery, who was on the staff, rode up and asked permission to go also, which was granted.

We could see them all the way until they disappeared, as it were, in a gap in the enemy's intrenched line,—I should think about one mile and a half. Very anxiously all eyes were kept on the gap they disappeared through, and I think a full hour must have elapsed, when hark! that yell, followed by dropping shots, told of some disturbance within the lines. It soon burst forth in the shape of a single horseman coming into the gap, surrounded by men on horse and foot, who appeared to us to be trying to impede his progress by thrusting at him with spear and sword while he himself was laying about him right lustily. It was a treat to see how he cut them down on all sides; it was first cut one at cavalry, and then cut one at infantry, until he got clear, and then away he came at a hand-gallop amidst the most infernal din of all arms, from an iron 70-pounder down to a 4-ounce matchlock. The balls tore up the ground in front and rear and on every side of him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for he still kept on and on, making straight for the headquarters party, where he arrived at last; but such a sight! He was covered with blood and dust, as was his horse,—it was Colonel Walker.

He said he owed his life to his powerful horse; but had he not been a splendid swordsman, and mighty besides, he could never have cut his way through that horde of devils. He was and is the beau-ideal of a heavy cavalryman, over six feet in height, and made in proportion, and acknowledged to be one of the finest cavalry officers in the service (now Sir B. P. Walker, lieutenant-general). He went on to say that while Mr. Parkes was haranguing the mandarin in command, he (Walker) noticed that by degrees his party were being surrounded by small and afterwards by larger bodies of the enemy; then a gun was fired, which appeared to be a signal to close, some getting so close as to endeavor to seize the bridle of Walker's charger. He took in the situation at a glance; he drew his sword, and calling on his men to follow, he drove his horse into the mass to his right front, at the same time again shouting, "Cut your way through, men!" He was by this action

making for the gap they had entered; after that he saw none of his people, being particularly well engaged himself. He kept his sword playing round his head like a flail, with an odd cut or thrust at some fellow more venturesome than the others, always pushing his horse forward towards the gap, where we eventually saw him surrounded, and amidst a cloud of dust, when what followed has been already described.

Lord Elgin was terribly affected,—Mr. Parkes was one so highly thought of, besides being a personal friend, and his place could not possibly be filled.

Mr. Lock was his private secretary, and had been with him for years; and De Bulby, Brabazon, and Anderson were so well known to the whole army as to make the occurrence one of surpassing magnitude. Now this was all done under a flag of truce; and when it was considered what was likely would be the fate of those in captivity, one shuddered, for we well knew the terrible tortures some of our fellows had undergone when prisoners of war on other occasions (storming of Canton, December, 1857).

This is the event I allude to that settled the fate of the summer palace. Lord Elgin's Scotch blood was aroused, and he expressed himself in not very parliamentary language as to what he would do if our people were not delivered up alive. As is known, only two were ever seen alive again,—Parkes and Lock. They were given up by order of Prince Kung after experiencing untold tortures. Mr. Parkes, in relating what occurred after Colonel Walker cried out, "Cut your way through, men!" said, "There was a general scrimmage; the sowars fought like devils, as did Anderson, Brabazon, and Phipps, of the K. D. G.'s. De Bulby, Lock, and myself were almost immediately overpowered, bound together, and hustled off on a cart to Pekin."

He (Parkes) made himself known and those who immediately accompanied him; and it is supposed that, after keeping them in torture for two weeks, they "funked," for Parkes and Lock were released, but all the others taken prisoners (and also carried to Pekin) must have been tortured to the death, as it afterwards turned out to be. Prince Kung tried to shuffle out of it by saying he gave orders for *all* to be released; but be that as it may, with the exception of Parkes and Lock, the remainder of our people taken prisoners were delivered in Chinese coffins; and after Pekin had capitulated we pushed on for the palace, which lay southwest, ten miles from Pekin; but here our allies stole a march upon us. It was arranged between Sir Hope-Grant and General Montauban that both armies were to bivouac at a certain rendezvous, and from there conjointly occupy the palace.

It was the British custom daily to loan to the French two squadrons of cavalry, they (the French) being short of this arm, these squadrons always returning to the British lines before sunset; and on

this particular day they were furnished by the K. D. G.'s (King's Dragoon Guards), and commanded by their major.

The rendezvous was reached before dark, but no sign of our allies; and Sir Hope, thinking perhaps they had mistaken the route as well as to give a beacon to our cavalry should they be trying to find us, ordered guns to be fired at intervals all through the night.

About midnight Major Slade rode in with his two squadrons of the K. D. G.'s, and reported that the French were bivouacked outside the palace.

We felt rather sore; but, not wishing to make ill feeling prevail, little was said, and next day we moved and took up our position on the left of our allies. I think General Montauban offered some explanation, but, at all events, we heard nothing more about the forced march of the French.

The palace was doomed; to be sacked and burnt was the order of the day; but, before I describe what the loot comprised generally, with an anecdote here and there of men in various stages of the excitement, among all the grandeur they were about to behold and then destroy, and how some fared in the spoils, I will try in a poor way to give a description of that part of the palace that I first entered at.

I cannot say in what century of our era this palace was erected, or whether it was built in parts at different periods; but some of the temples that it happened me first to set foot in, and which I afterwards found led to the imperial apartments, are still impressed upon my memory. The outside of the palaces could boast of no architectural beauty, and one only sees large buildings of a gray color; but, once admitted within the gates, wonder upon wonder strikes the view.

The first impression was the glorious brilliancy of the jade-stone, the material of which most of the interior was composed.

I forget much, but as I recall the circumstances now what I first saw were two or more quadrangular courts, open to the sky; in the centre of each was a large building, or joss-house, with a shrine of the joss to whom the temple belonged. In front of these were covered porticoes, supported on pillars of jade; and it was the ornamentation and carvings upon these pillars and on the roofs of the porticoes that were to me so wonderful. The pillars, light in construction, were divided in their length into compartments between two and three feet in height; and around the pillars in these compartments were all sorts of figures of men and animals, most beautifully executed, and in such relief that the hand could be inserted between the figures and the shaft of the pillar, and all in jade-stone. From the top of the pillars, again, sprang most wonderfully light and graceful arches, some serpentine, others of various forms, but all enriched with the most lovely ornamental carving; and on these arches rested the roofs, the interiors of which were equal to the other parts, the jade carvings affording a treat to the eye. Of

the inside of the shrines I do not remember much; I think they were rather plain, with a seated brass figure of the joss in one or two of them. But there were other wonders. Along each side of the quadrangular courts ran a sort of covered corridor or cloister. This was formed by a double row of pillars, placed, as nearly as I can recollect, about eight or ten feet from the wall and from each other as regarded the first row, and the second row at the same distance in front of them, thus marking off the corridors into a double row of spaces of about eight or ten feet square. The pillars were carved and ornamented in a manner similar to those supporting the porticoes, but perhaps not quite so elaborately, while a cornice ran along the four sides of each space, upon which were carved in high relief almost every species of beast or bird; and I even thought I could recognize the now extinct "dodo" among them; and above the cornices each space was roofed with the most exquisite carving it is possible to imagine, and no two roofs alike, so far as I was able to detect.

One roof especially struck me as the most lovely thing of the kind I had ever seen, and I will try to describe it. From above the cornice projected a thin leaf of most beautifully fine lace-work for a few inches; immediately above this another thin leaf of lace-work extended a few inches beyond the first; a third of the same a few inches beyond the second, and so on,—I cannot remember the number of rows,—to a depth or height of between three and four feet, by which time half the space was covered. The leaves of lace-work then began to recede and to descend, until growing smaller by degrees, they ended in an ornamental point on a level with the top of the cornice, and exactly in the centre of the space. The fineness of the lace-work, which was perforated in holes like real lace, executed in jade was most astonishing.

I must not forget some figures, to me like elephants, about four or five feet high, with howdahs and riders on their backs, some of which were broken, exceedingly well executed in jade-stone; but these did not impress me nearly so much as the marvelous richness and wonderful execution of the ornamentation of the pillars and roofs, of which I have attempted to give what, I fear, is a very feeble and inadequate description. Adjoining these temples or joss-houses were the apartments of the emperor and his suite. They were equally magnificent in architecture, but better for looting from the rare and costly devices on everything in the way of furniture. Solid gold and silver and precious stones of every hue glistened on the arms and backs of chairs, and lounges, and pictures, and vases. Jade and agate were dispensed profusely around in the shape of knobs for door-handles, and on vases, etc., etc.

I remarked that all the furniture was of European manufacture, and afterwards studded with these precious stones and metals. One apartment our fellows called "the watchmaker's," it being entirely de-

voted to clocks and watches, which were, in a similar manner with the furniture, all covered with pearls and other stones. The clocks and watches were principally of American manufacture, but the vases, perfect beauties, were for the most part of brass and blue enamel,—"the lost art,"—and nowhere to be found except in the possession of the emperor. It was all very easy to pocket a watch, or a chop-stick, or an agate cup, or a nugget of gold or silver; yes, even some of the josses were small enough to be carried by our soldiers (some of these josses were very valuable, being solid gold inlaid with precious stones), but when it came to vases and jade-stone carvings, it was a horse of another color, and our men really did not know their value, but there were others around who took advantage of the occasion. Some large mercantile houses had their agents along, evidently expecting something of the sort; and when they came across a soldier tugging away at a large vase or jade, why, they simply bought it from him on the spot by giving him a note of hand on their firm, to be paid at sight; and I may here say, in this respect, that every note so given was in every instance promptly met on presentation afterwards.

Everything was in such reckless profusion that the eye was dazzled, and one could not make up his mind what to seize on, dropping one thing to take up another which he thought was of more value than the last. I must say this was my case in many instances.

The looting of the summer palace was more or less fraught with danger for the simple reason that so many men of different nationalities were concerned,—*i.e.*, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Chinese, and natives of the "Indies." We had a Chinese Coolie Corps, organized in Hong-Kong, strength about two thousand; and then our Indian contingent contained "Sikhs," "Punjaubies," and "Madrasies," of all castes and creeds. I saw some desperate encounters in my search for jewels, but in every case I think the fiercest was always between the Chinaman and our "Sikh." You must know a Chinaman thinks himself far above a blackman,—as he called our native troops,—and his way of expressing himself on the subject is as follows: Englishman, No. 1, pieceman; Frenchman, No. 2, pieceman; Chinaman, No. 3, pieceman; and Blackman, *No.* 44, pieceman. You perceive he acknowledges the supremacy of the Englishman and Frenchman, but considers himself far superior to a blackman, as he dubs him. These encounters nearly always ended in the death of one or other, sometimes of both contestants. Englishmen and Frenchmen were allowed to pass and choose before any other in every case that came under my notice.

As I said before, all vases, etc., that our men came across were disposed of to agents; but there were some very fine specimens taken to England and France by officers serving in both armies.

The emperor of the French (the late Napoleon III.) had a splendid collection, the majority of which he got as a present from General

Montauban, the commander of the French forces in China; and Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, have each collections which can always be seen at "Windsor Castle" and "Marlborough House."

One of the most beautiful specimens of jade that I saw there belonged to Major Probyn, V.C., commanding the First Sikh Irregular Cavalry (Probyn's Horse). It was a baton about two feet long of jade-stone, with a solid gold handle, studded with precious stones. If I remember right he sent it home as a present to Her Majesty.

A corporal of the Sixtieth Rifles found a pearl necklace, which he took home to London, and, I believe, sold it there for seven hundred and fifty pounds.

Every one had something or other which afterwards brought money if he chose to sell. Of course, in many instances, presents were made of this loot, as in my own case I had boxes made and hired Pekin coolies to carry them to the Taku Forts, had them put on board a man-of-war in which I had a cousin first lieutenant, who took them to England for me. I had a very fine collection, composed of "vases, jade, agate, and josses," with ivory and gold chop-sticks, nuggets of gold, and gems of various descriptions, with silk and crêpe in galore; but the best in my collection was, I think, a nine-story pagoda made of "the lost art." It was of bronze with blue enamel run in. I sent all these to my father's house in Ireland, where they are highly prized.

It is so long ago now (twenty-four years) that I find it hard to recollect many incidents that I know would have been interesting to read about, and what gave rise to my writing what I have done was the striking coincidence that the two officers at present so prominent to the world in military affairs with relation to the Soudan (Graham and Gordon), were then simple captains in the Royal Engineers, and commanding companies.

The burning of the palace followed immediately after the looting, and was carried out under the superintendence of Graham, Gordon, Courtney, and Sandford, with their companies of Royal Engineers.

"UBIQUE."

WILLET'S POINT, April, 1884.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Greeley Relief Expedition is at last fairly afloat, with whatever assurance of success good ships, good equipment, and good *personnel* can give.

We have before now expressed our want of faith in Arctic expeditions as conducive to any practical benefit, and in our judgment the only motive that can justify such an expedition is the sad necessity which inspires this one of searching for and, if possible, rescuing the members of a previous expedition.

But why keep up this dreary succession? Why not stop the whole business of these Arctic expeditions, and leave the frozen Northern wastes to the solitude which has never yet been broken with any practical effect at all commensurate with the suffering and loss of life involved?

The quest for a passage by the Northeast or the Northwest to India, which was the incentive to the first Arctic expedition, has long since ceased to be a motive for their continuance, McClure, in 1850, having discovered a Northwest Passage, only to have it demonstrated that its obstruction by ice made it of no practical utility. One English commander, Collinson, did, in an exceptional year, come within fifty miles of threading it, but was then forced to retreat in order to avoid the inevitably fatal consequences of further persistence in the attempt.

Since that period the motive of Arctic expeditions has been the advancement of science, or the search for previous explorers. Something has been accomplished for geographical science by these repeated voyages to the high Northern latitudes, but nothing, we insist, that constitutes a fair equivalent for their cost in life and money. Little or nothing has been added to our knowledge of the magnetic conditions of the earth, which has been one of the results hoped for from these expeditions, nor are we aware of any important addition which they have contributed to any department of science.

If Arctic expeditions have demonstrated anything, it is their own futility in the compassing of either scientific or practical results. Let us hope, then, that the return of the present one, crowned with success as to its special object, shall put a period to the profitless expenditure of life and money involved in prosecuting Arctic researches.

THE services share most heartily the wide-spread sympathy with General Grant evoked by the financial calamity that has befallen him. His entire innocence of conscious complicity with whatever was irregular in the operations of the firm with which he was connected needs no evidence to substantiate it in the minds of either his countrymen at large or of his former subordinates and comrades in arms. The proposition to place him on the retired list of the army is one that is entitled to the favorable action of Congress, irrespective entirely of any consideration of his financial condition. As the foremost captain of the age, as one whose name is inseparably linked with the successful issue of the most terrible crisis our country has ever passed through, it is both a privilege and a duty, on the part of his fellow-citizens, to restore his name to the army list, and to keep it there while his life is spared to us.

AN event of more than ordinary interest to military men was the successful casting, on May 6, at the South Boston Iron Works, of the first of the four experimental guns of large size ordered by the government. Its largest diameter is fifty-eight inches, and smallest twenty-six inches. It is thirty-nine and one-half feet long, and there were melted to make it one hundred and eight tons of iron in three furnaces, each containing thirty-six tons. The time occupied in casting was twenty-five minutes. It was one of the most successful ever made, so that a good gun is likely to be the result. When finished it will be a 12-inch breech-loading rifle, thirty feet in length, carrying a projectile of seven hundred pounds weight, which, with a charge of one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, it is estimated, it will project to a distance of six miles. When completed it will weigh about ninety-eight tons. The next gun to be cast will have a steel tube in it; a third will be wound with steel wire, and a fourth will have a steel tube and be strengthened by steel hoops. All these guns are contracted for by the South Boston Iron Works Company, and will be completed as quickly as possible. There is no doubt but these guns, if they fulfill the anticipations entertained regarding their capacity and endurance, will mark an important step in the construction of powerful heavy artillery. It is said that the French government is now making large guns of a similar size and character to those in course of construction at South Boston. It is understood that twenty-six of these monster guns, lined with steel tubes and strengthened with steel hoops, are now in process of construction in the French government foundries. If these great guns are a success, it would seem as if the ironclads would have to give up the contest, for no armor that could be floated could probably withstand projectiles from ordnance of their character.

THERE is doubtless much to be desired in the improvement of discipline on board of our passenger-carrying ocean steamships. The spectacle afforded by the crew of the recently lost steamship "State of Florida" in seizing upon the boats and securing their own safety, while nearly all the passengers—men, women, and children—were left to drown, is far from edifying. While it is, perhaps, too much to say that, had there been on board that vessel a proper state of discipline, the whole ship's company might have been saved, there can be no doubt that a much nearer approach to that result might have been attained had good discipline existed. With all due charity to the survivors of the catastrophe in question, we are not prepared to accept as gospel truth all the statements that have been published as emanating from them in explanation of the fact that scarcely any but officers and members of the crew were saved. Under the circumstances, they are naturally somewhat on the defensive, and their account of the affair must be received with some degree of allowance. From a personal acquaintance with the captain of the unfortunate ship, derived from a voyage made with him last summer, we are very loath to believe that any fault of his contributed either to the occurrence of the collision or the consequent loss of life. He impressed us as a brave, skillful, and careful officer, and we think it is probable that had he been longer in command (this, we believe, was his first voyage in command of the "Florida"), he would have brought about such an improvement in the discipline of his ship as would have made the disaster which befell her less terrible in its loss of life. Be that as it may, there is far too much laxity of discipline on the majority of our passenger steamships, and if this disaster shall have the effect of causing a reformation in this regard, the sacrifice of life which it involved will not have been wholly in vain.

THE situation of affairs in Egypt grows daily more unpromising for the safety of General Gordon, who seems now to be completely hemmed in by the rebel forces, making escape impracticable in any direction. His danger, and apparent abandonment by the government, has stirred England from centre to circumference, and the excitement attending the closing hours of the debate in the House of Commons on the motion to censure the government for its Egyptian policy is represented to have been unparalleled. The motion failed by a majority of only twenty-eight against it in a total vote of five hundred and seventy-eight,—an exceedingly narrow escape for the government, and a warning which it will doubtless heed.

SERVICE LITERATURE.

THE *Bay State Monthly* for April contains as its leading article a very well written memoir of Captain George Hamilton Perkins, U.S.N., by Captain George E. Belknap, U.S.N. It is illustrated with an excellent steel engraving of Captain Perkins, a map of the defenses below New Orleans, and wood engravings of the landing at New Orleans in 1862, and of the United States gunboats "Cayuga" and "Chickasaw," and Confederate ironclad "Tennessee." Captain Perkins is shown by his friend and biographer to have done the most damage to the Confederate ironclad, and to have been entitled by all the rules of war to have received her surrender, which he relinquished to Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Leroy, who came up in the "Ossipee" just at the right moment.

THE same magazine has a printed fac-simile of a Fourth-of-July oration pronounced at Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1800, by Daniel Webster, then a member of the Senior Class of Dartmouth University. The close of the war of the American Revolution was then nearer in time to the people of the United States than the close of our civil war is now to the American nation, and Washington had been dead only six months. One sentiment of the youthful orator in this oration is worthy of the future expounder of the Constitution.

"No sooner was peace restored to England," he says, "the first article of which was the acknowledgment of our independence, than the old system of confederation, dictated at first by necessity, and adopted for the purposes of the moment, was found inadequate to the government of an extensive empire. Under a full conviction of this, we then saw the people of these States engaged in a transaction which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet experienced, and which, perhaps, will forever stand in the history of mankind without a parallel. A great republic, composed of different States, whose interests in all respects could not be perfectly compatible, then came deliberately forward, discarded one system of government and adopted another, without the loss of one man's blood."

REAR-ADMIRAL ALMY, it is understood, is the writer of some interesting reminiscences of the navy in time of peace, published in the *Washington Republican*, showing its usefulness in peace in times past as well as in war. It is to be hoped he will continue his communications.

"THE STORY OF CHINESE GORDON," by A. Egmont Hake, with additions, bringing down the narrative to the present time, by Hugh Craig, M.A., is a work which is not intended as a simple record of the splendid military achievements of General Gordon, but in addition as an exposition of his noble and Christ-like character. It is ably and lovingly written, and throws strong light upon the various phases and moods of an extraordinary personality. Mr. Craig, whose scholarship is as ripe as his facts and information are accurate, has carried the biography down to the present time, when, in full sympathy with the oppressed and wretched Soudanese, he enters on his mission of freedom and relief. Published by R. Worthington, New York.

UNDER the title "A Confederate Soldier in Egypt," General W. W. Loring, late "Tereck Pacha," and major-general in the army of the late Khedive Ismail, writes in a very intelligent and interesting manner of his experiences in Egypt, where he spent ten years. He was a distinguished officer on the Southern side in our civil war, and during his Egyptian service was second in command in the ill-fated Abyssinian campaign. His book gives an admirable account of Oriental life and customs, and discusses in a thorough and searching manner the present complication of affairs in the land of the Pyramids. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

APROPOS of Medical-Director Gihon's graphic and interesting account of the United States steamship "Idaho" in a typhoon in Eastern seas, published in the April number of THE UNITED SERVICE, Admiral Preble refers us for a parallel to "An Account of the Perilous Situation of His Majesty's Ship 'Centaur,' of Seventy-four Guns, during a Hurricane in the West Indies, July 29, 30, 1805. By A. Sailor." After the gale she was towed to Halifax, but was so much damaged as to be prevented sharing in the glories of Trafalgar.

"COPP'S UNITED STATES SALARY LIST AND CIVIL SERVICE LAW." Our readers will welcome the solid information contained in the one hundred and sixty pages of this recently-issued book. It is prepared by Henry N. Copp, a lawyer of Washington, District of Columbia. All the government salaries are given, from President Arthur's fifty thousand dollars to postmasters with five hundred dollars, officials of the Treasury, Interior, War, and Navy Departments, custom-houses, post-offices, and fully twenty thousand Federal offices arranged by States and Territories. Specimen examination questions for admittance to the civil service throughout the country are added. The price of the book is only thirty-five cents.

GENERAL SHERMAN, responding to an invitation, on behalf of the Reynolds Monument Association, to be present at the unveiling of the statue to General Reynolds on July 1, has written as follows:

"ST. LOUIS, May 8, 1884.

"HON. A. G. CURTIN, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia:

"MY DEAR SIR,—It will be impossible for me to come to Philadelphia at the 1st of July, and write you to express my sense of pleasure at learning that the people of his native State have honored the memory of my old comrade, John F. Reynolds, with an equestrian bronze statue, to be unveiled in front of the majestic Public Buildings in Philadelphia on that date.

"I knew Reynolds, as boy and man, from the day he came to West Point in 1837 to the breaking out of the civil war in 1861. We served nine years together in the same regiment, the Third Artillery, and when, in 1853, I left New Orleans for California he was aide-de-camp to General Twiggs, and volunteered to perform my office of commissary of subsistence during my absence on a leave for six months, during which I made my resolution to leave the service and embark in civil pursuits. We all supposed he would succeed me in that office, but the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, gave the appointment to another, Captain Kilburn.

"During our civil war our spheres of action were wide apart, but knowing his ability I watched his upward career with intense interest, and mourned his death as a brother. His death was heroic,—at the head of his corps, at the very beginning of the great battle of Gettysburg,—and the State of Pennsylvania does herself honor in thus stamping with approval the career of one of her bravest, best, and most heroic sons. It is thus that the youth of the present generation will be encouraged to imitate his example, and, if need be, shed their life-blood in her cause. I wish I could be with you to witness the ceremony of unveiling, but distance and other engagements will deprive me of the privilege of assisting in doing this honor to a noble gentleman and great soldier.

"With great respect, yours truly,

"W. T. SHERMAN."

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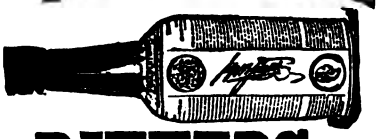

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"Yours respectfully, FRANCIS H. ATKINS."

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